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SEBASTOPOL

THE STORY OF ITS FALL



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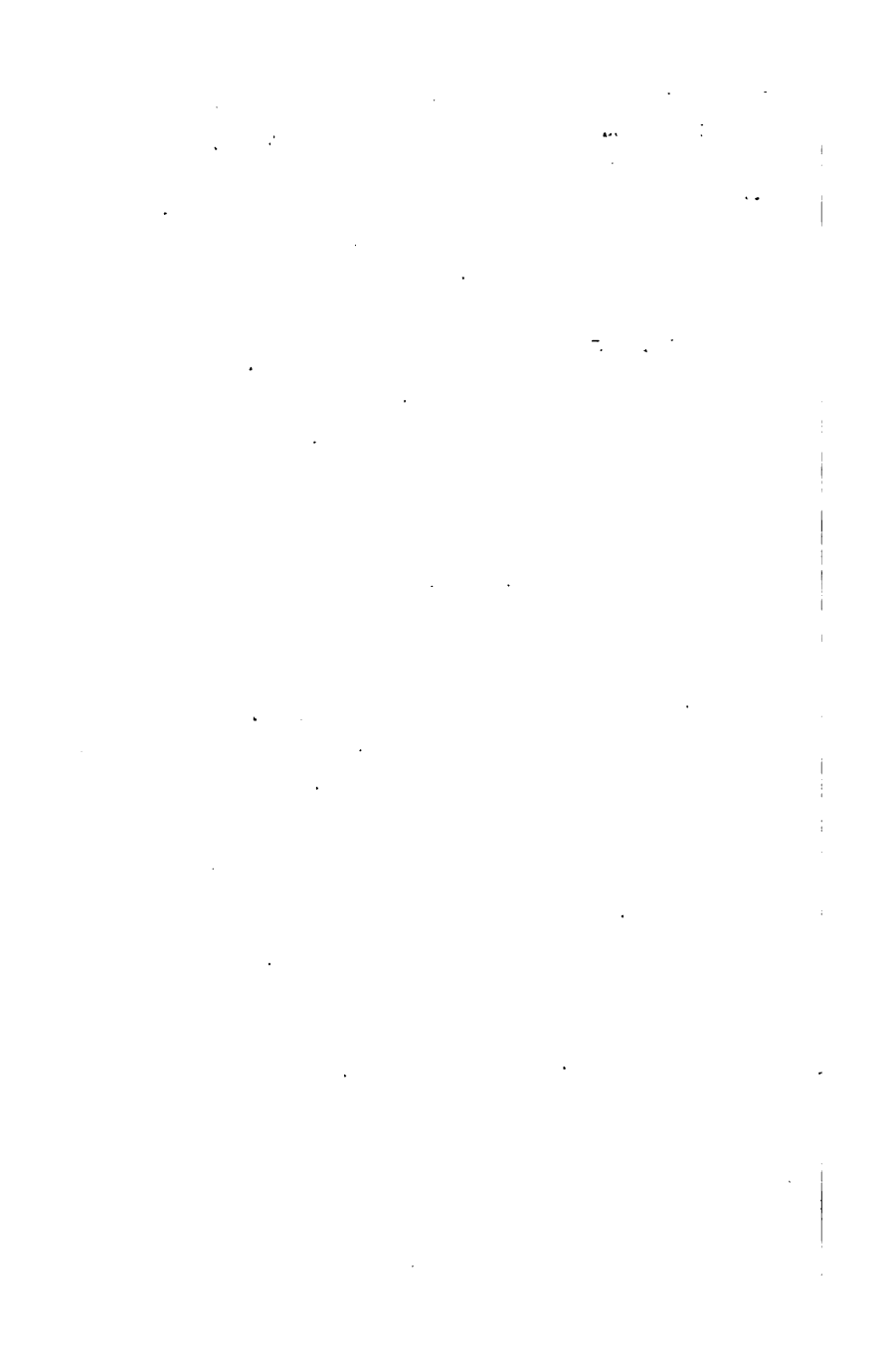
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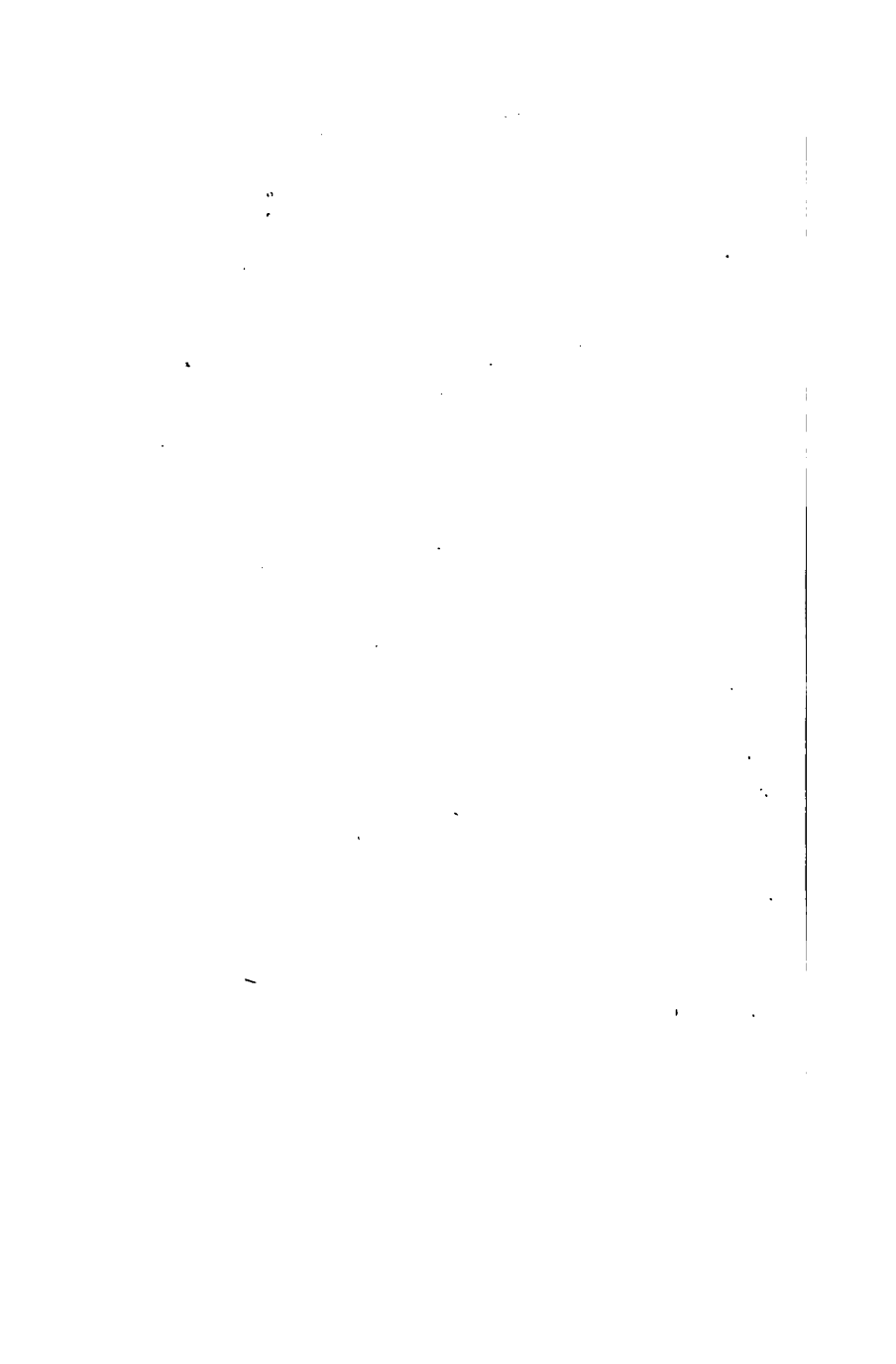
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PREFACE.

THE following narrative of the greatest event in modern military history has been compiled with but little intention of recording the technicalities of a great siege, or those particulars which are more peculiarly the province of the professional historian or critic. The author has throughout endeavoured to do justice to the moral qualities of the armies engaged, the heroism, fortitude, and unquenchable determination which have made the Crimean expedition illustrious in the annals of even French and British chivalry. If he has succeeded in tracing out the gradual encroachments of Russian ambition, and conveyed any adequate idea of the spirit which has animated the Western Powers in the great struggle for freedom and civilization, he has achieved something of his object; and he quits his task, conscious that it must be reserved to abler pens to do full justice to the mingled lights and shades which have almost elevated to the regions of romance the Siege of Sebastopol.

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SEBASTOPOL:

THE STORY OF ITS FALL.

CHAPTER I.

History and traditions of the Tauric peninsula, or Crimea.—Its Cimmeric aborigines.—Greek colonists.—The legend of Iphigenia.—Conquests and death of Mithridates.—Roman period.—Barbarian irruption.—The great Tartar empire.—Genoese colonists.—Turkish annexation.—Catherine II. of Russia.—The Crimea a Russian province.

THE great tide of events is flowing backwards towards shores and landmarks long since isolated and forgotten in the onward march of western civilization. The borders of the Euxine, on which the Assyrian and Persian set the boundaries of empire—where “Macedonia’s madman” exercised himself for the conquest of a world—where Mithridates fought and died, and where Pompey’s Roman legions trod—indelibly associated with the history of the rise and fall of the great empires of the ancient world—again resound to the crash of contending armies, and again are the battle-fields on which the great stake of the world’s civilization and progress is contended for.

In all ages the waves of the Euxine have been the limits to personal ambition and the extension of overgrown dominion. Assyria and Persia reached them on the south-eastern shores, and there they paused. Alexander and Mithridates stood upon the beach, but never pushed their empire beyond the rolling waters. The Roman cohorts swept along the hills of Asia Minor, gazed from the towers of Byzantium, and even reached along the western shore as far as the wall of Trajan; beyond that the barbarian hosts stayed their progress, and bade defiance to the boast that the Euxine should become a Roman lake. Zenghis Khan and Tamerlane devastated Asia, but the Tartar halted in the Crimea, and knew that there was the *Ultima Thule* of his power. And now, in these latter ages of the world’s growth, when Greece and Rome are names of interest, but not of power—when the pride and pomp of Assyria are being dug from the bowels of the earth, which

for centuries had hidden them from human research—two of the foremost nations of the new world—nations sprung to life from the ruins of the ancient empires—are standing on the old battle-field, and telling the great aggressive power of our time, that beyond the Euxine he shall not pass, that there his career of annexation must end, and that there must be the frontier line of his unwieldy power. He has reached the northern shore—the Crimean peninsula, jutting to the very centre of the great lake, is his; but for twenty years a few Circassians have withstood his endeavours to establish himself upon the eastern margin, and now England and France have united to attack him in his stronghold, and forbid him to plant foot in the fertile plains of European Turkey and Asia Minor, which form the western and southern boundary.

This great struggle, which has occupied the attention of the whole civilized world—which is essentially the contest between the free genius of liberal institutions and the spirit of autocratic tyranny—has been so fertile in great deeds, so romantic in its characteristics, that its incidents become invested with an interest unusual in mere historical detail, and worthy of a circumstantial narration. Let us, then, relate the “Story of Sebastopol;” and let us commence with a rapid glance at the previous history and physical peculiarities of the theatre of these great exploits.

Stretching southwardly into the Black Sea, of an irregular lozenge-like form, and containing about 8,600 square miles, connected at the northern extremity to the main land by a narrow isthmus, scarcely five miles wide, lies the world-renowned Crimea—the *Taurica Chersonesus* of the Greeks, the *Chersonesus Magna* of the Romans, and the Island of Caffa, and Crim Tartary of later days. A thousand years before the Christian era, adventurous navigators from Thracia had dared the perils of the deep and emigrated to its shores. These Cimmerians, as they were called, are the earliest known inhabitants—the aborigines of the Crimea. For about four hundred years they alone peopled the vast plains and steppes; then came the Scythians, and drove them from their land, to be themselves superseded by another nation of greater civilization, energy, and enterprise. About five hundred years before Christ, the Greeks settled on the southern part of the peninsula, and soon established thriving seats of commerce. Stretching eastward, they included in their dominion the eastern tongue of land now known as the peninsula of Kertch, and erected there the kingdom of Bosphorus. Henceforth the dark and unknown Cimmerian land, whose very name became proverbial to express mystery and darkness, was a subject for the poet and tragedian. Greek temples rose upon shores, and Greek philosophy and art found there an abode. has not heard the touching story of Iphigenia? When

Agamemnon vows to Diana to sacrifice at her altar the first person he meets on his return, and that person proves to be his daughter, precious and best-beloved, the gods themselves relent, and Iphigenia vanishes from the scene, a goat or cow being substituted as a victim. Thus rescued from the awful consequences of her father's vow, it is to the Taurica Chersonesus that the virgin is transported, and there, consecrated a priestess of Diana, she devotes herself to the service of her protectress. But the tragedy is not yet ended—the terrible fate which pursues the family of Agamemnon reaches even to the place of her retreat. Orestes, the avenger of his father's murder at the hands of his mother Clytemnestra and her paramour Ægisthus, fleeing from the pursuing Furies, in company with his sister Electra and his friend Pylades, reaches Taurica, and takes refuge in the Temple of Diana. Iphigenia, who is under an injunction to destroy all strangers who set foot within the sacred precincts, becomes aware that one of the fugitives is her brother; and making herself known to him, they together kill Phocion, the guardian of the temple, and, taking with them the statue of Diana, fly from the place. Such is the story which has been the subject of poets' genius from Euripides to Goethe, and especially connects the modern Crimea with classic antiquity. A Greek monastery now occupies the site of the Temple of Diana, situated on the lofty cliffs between Balaklava and Cape St. George, and overlooking the sea that washes the southern shore of the Crimea.

For about four hundred years the enterprising Greeks occupied the fertile valleys of the Taurica Chersonesus. Cities sprang into being, and were peopled by a busy race, rearing splendid edifices, and industriously trafficking in such merchandise as the country afforded. It was the period of the decline of the political power of the Greek nation. On the banks of the Tiber a mighty rival had arisen. Rome was bidding for the world's supremacy, and was destined soon to assert dominion over even the glories of Athens, and the precious memories of Sparta and Macedonia. But while Greece was declining, it seemed that a new Hellas might arise in the colony settled on the shores of the Euxine. There was a country yielding abundantly the materials of wealth and luxury; there were delicious fruits, and countless herds of cattle, camels, and horses; the soil was fertile, and the atmosphere rivalling in purity the skies of the blue Ægean. Another Greece might have emulated the valour, wisdom, and artistic perfection of the father-land,—another Alexander might have arisen, to have commanded from his central throne the homage of a mighty empire. But the hour came, and the man. Mithridates, king of Pontus, on the southern shores of the Euxine, ambitious of conquest, for a time

overran the neighbouring provinces, and even defied the colossal power of Rome herself. He ruled over more than twenty kingdoms, and could speak fluently the language of each.

Defeated by the Roman arms on Asiatic ground, he poured his legions into the Crimea, and the Greeks were driven from their adopted country. At Panticopæum (on the ruins of which Kertch now stands) he established the capital of his new kingdom. Thither came the Roman cohorts. Beaten in the field, Mithridates, like another Sardanapalus, resolved to perish amid his harem, and administered draughts of strong poison to his wives and concubines, himself drinking of the fatal mixture. But, it is said, his constitution was so guarded from the effects of poison by the constant use of antidotes, that he survived the draught, and remained, amid the heaps of female corpses, a living man. Two favourite daughters were among his victims. Seized with terror he stabbed himself, but also ineffectually; and was at length killed by a Roman soldier. On the death of Mithridates, his son Pharnaces was confirmed by Pompey in his dominions, as a tributary to Rome. When Rome fell beneath the great barbarian invasion from the north, the kingdom of Pontus fell too. For centuries the Alani, Goths, Huns, and other tribes alternately dominated; and, in 1237, the adventurous Zenghis Khan added the Crimea as a province of his great Western Tartar empire. From the warriors of Zenghis and Tamerlane, who drove out the northern barbarians, are descended the Tartars of the modern Crimea. In the fifteenth century another enterprising European people settled on its shores. Some Genoese, struck with the commercial advantages which the situation promised, established themselves at different points along the coast, and founded cities of great wealth and magnitude. Kaffa, now a miserable little village, peopled by a few poor Tartars, in the time of Genoese supremacy contained 44,000 houses, and was a place, as may well be supposed, of considerable importance. Remains of the fortifications built by the men of Genoa to protect their commerce may still be seen. When our vessels of war entered the harbour of Balaklava, a few Russian soldiers fled in dismay from the ruined towers of an old Genoese castle, which frowned at the entrance of the port. For a time these merchant princes held their proud dominion; then they, too, passed from the scene, and the native Tartars were for a short time their own rulers, governed by their khans, and forming an independent kingdom, only, after a brief interval, to be subdued by the Turks, to whom the Crimea was an important acquisition.

But other eyes had been directed towards the peninsula which jutted out into the Euxine, and occupied so commanding a central position between the Asiatic and European conti-

nents. Catherine II., empress of Russia, was steadily pursuing the designs of her crafty predecessor, the shipwright Peter. The leading idea of that extraordinary man was the erection of Russia into a great naval power. For that end he wrought in the dockyards of Holland, and toiled laboriously at Deptford; to realize that demand of his ambition he founded St. Petersburg amid the swamps at the mouth of the Neva; and when others thought him mad, and demanded what better metropolis he could desire than imperial Moscow, the residence of a line of kings, and the centre of his European dominions, he saw, in the remote future, a splendid fleet riding in the Gulf of Finland, prepared to assert Russian supremacy against all challengers, and a rich argosy of merchant vessels discharging their wealth into his favourite city of the marshes. The situation of Russia was and is peculiar. The largest empire in the world, comprising nearly one-seventh of the habitable globe, it is wonderfully deficient in the means of access to the great oceans. Its only sea-coasts are the Arctic Ocean and the Baltic and Black Seas: the first is almost perpetually frozen, and consequently of little use for commercial purposes; the others possess an outlet only by sufferance of other nations. The conquest of Finland was a preliminary to the formation of a powerful marine force in the Baltic, strong enough to overawe Denmark, which held the gates, as it were, of that great inland sea. But if, in the north, difficulties presented themselves to the full development of Russia as a naval power, in the south they were immensely aggravated. Muscovite ships might be built in the dockyards of Nicolaiev, and provisioned at Odessa; but their voyage must be confined to the waters of the Euxine, if Turkey thought fit to bar the passage of the Bosphorus. Well-armed vessels might force their way from the Baltic through the channels of the Sound or Cattegat, even against a powerful opposition, but no naval skill and courage, or weight of metal or number of guns, could run the gauntlet of the narrow channel, the only outlet of the Black Sea, which the Sultan had enfiladed by forts which would inevitably blow out of the water any hostile vessel. This is the secret of Russian aggression on Turkey, and this is also the secret of Russian desire of supremacy in the Crimea.

Catherine II., the Semiramis of the North, was a worthy inheritor of the legacy of ambition which the great Peter left to his successors. That extraordinary woman, profligate and sensual as she was, steeped in every licentious indulgence, was ambitious enough to labour incessantly to carry forward the schemes of aggression her predecessor on the throne had planned, and crafty enough to enlist in their behalf the co-operation of her most influential subjects. Though an autocrat, maintaining

with the most uncompromising rigour the theory of the "right-divine of kings to govern wrong," she was sagacious enough to perceive that public opinion, though not legally operative, had a very vigorous mode of asserting its prerogative. Orloff was still about her court, and Orloff had not scrupled to assassinate her young husband, when his removal was convenient for the plans of the conspirators. When, therefore, Catherine desired to annex the Crimea as a province to Russia, she artfully aroused the patriotic and religious feelings of the masses of her people. The example of Peter had infused a new idea into the Muscovite nobility. A powerful party had been formed, who shared his appetite for territorial aggrandisement; and to that party the prospect of the possession of such an important position was full of promise. The religious part of the population remembered that it was in the Greek church of St. Basil (near the entrance of the harbour of Akhtiar, now Sebastopol), that Vladimir, the first Christian Prince of Russia, was baptized, A.D. 988, and that under his direction Christianity was introduced into their country. The Crimea, then, was a land of the future and of the past: of the future, from the promise it afforded as a means of overawing European Turkey, and subduing the warlike tribes of Asia; and of the past, from the associations it bore as the nursery of the national faith.

Catherine, then, in her declining years, satiated with sensual gratifications, retaining, of her worst vices, only her ambition and ferocity, roused herself from the embraces of her paramours, and commenced her work of aggression and annexation. The process adopted was the one invariably patronized by Russia—protection first, conquest afterwards. In 1774, the empress stipulated with Turkey for the independence of the people of the Crimea under the native khans. Seven years subsequently, civil dissensions broke out among the Tartar population, and Russia felt bound to interfere (as Russia generally does when any advantage can possibly accrue). The maternal counsels of the empress prevailed, and peace was restored; in other words, Sahim Gheray, the reigning khan, was first cajoled into the adoption of Russian principles of government, which excited a revolt among his subjects and his forced evacuation of the throne, then dragged a prisoner to an obscure Russian town, and finally delivered to the Turks and beheaded at Rhodes, and the Crimea became the Russian province of Taurida. The Turks were compelled to assent to this assumption on the part of Catherine, and by a solemn treaty in 1784, she was confirmed in her newly-acquired possessions.

A new career now opened to the impetuous czarina: she would be crowned queen of Taurida, with such splendour as that country had never yet beheld, This idea was, however,

partially abandoned, and a tour of inspection through the conquered provinces decided on. This was truly a royal progress: the prince de Ligne, who, in 1787, accompanied the empress in her tour through the southern portion of her dominions, then recently wrested from the Tartar hordes, thus describes the magnificent style in which the gorgeous Catherine astonished her new subjects:—"We have been traversing, during several days, an immense tract of deserts formerly inhabited by hostile Tartar hordes, but recovered by the arms of her majesty, and at present ornamented from stage to stage with magnificent tents, where we are supplied with breakfast, collation, dinner, supper, and lodging; and our encampments, decorated with all the pomp of Asiatic splendour, present a noble military spectacle. The empress has left in each town presents to the amount of 100,000 roubles. Each day of rest is marked by the gift of some diamonds, by balls, by fireworks, and by illuminations extending for leagues in every direction. During the last two months I have been daily employed in throwing money out of our carriage windows, and have thus distributed the value of some millions of livres."

In such gorgeous state did Catherine reach the city of the khans, Baktchi-Serai (the "garden-palace"), that beautiful town, embossed in magnificent woods, and containing the choicest buildings, erected by the Tartar rulers. In this charming retreat, the latest monarchs of the native race had loved to dwell; and in its neighbourhood had assembled a strange colony of peaceful Jews, claiming descent from the tribes who did not return from the Babylonish captivity, and holding themselves a separate people from the other Jewish tribes, prohibiting intermarriage with them, or any association. Some persons readily believe this distinctive nationality, from the circumstance that these Karaitish Jews were universally reputed to be the most honest of men. Here Catherine reposed like a female Alexander. Magnificent banquets were partaken of, amid the strain of the most entrancing music; and, true to her character of mingled cruelty and voluptuousness, powerfully executed paintings adorned the walls, depicting with amazing accuracy the storming of Ismail, and the frightful massacre of the inhabitants. Upon these pictures the royal tigress loved to gaze, even when the emotions of gratified ambition, and the seductive strains of flattery, or the efforts of musical genius, might have been expected to subdue the ferocity of her character.

It was necessary to create a metropolis for this new kingdom. Prince Potemkin, the favourite minister of the empress, adopted a ready way to settle the contending claims of the various cities to the high honour. He tossed up a coin, and Simferopol (*Ak-Metchet*, or White Mosque), the ancient capital of the Crimea,

was the lucky town. Henceforth the seat of government was established in this place, barracks were erected, and a strong garrison placed in occupation.

But the crowning achievement was yet to be performed—the establishment of an enormous arsenal and harbour for ships of war, strong enough to defend the Crimea from external attack, and to serve as a formidable centre of aggression. The town of Akhtiar possessed the essentials for such a purpose. Enormous works were at once commenced; harbours were formed, colossal forts erected, dockyards furnished, and an arsenal established, filled to overflowing with all the munitions of naval warfare. This hitherto insignificant port, under the energetic stimulus of Russian ambition, aided by the talents of an English engineer, became the most powerful, admirably situated, and impregnable of naval depôts, and under its Russian name of Sebastopol is renowned throughout the civilized world.

Thus was Russia the monarch of the Euxine. She had gained a marine fortress of surpassing strength, a country of great fertility, and a position invaluable to her designs, not only upon Turkey, but upon the courageous tribes of the Caucasus. It threatened the integrity of the Sublime Porte, and was another step towards the untold riches of the far East. The southern shores of the Crimea, too, afforded a delightful retreat for the Russian nobility; and splendid palaces soon rose amid the beautiful scenery and beneath the balmy skies, which almost rivalled the attractions of southern Europe. We have narrated the story of its conquest; we have now to relate the history of those great events which the present time has brought upon the scene.

CHAPTER II.

Development of Russian designs on Turkey.—The "Secret Correspondence."—Quarrel of the Holy Places.—Passage of the Pruth and contests on the Danube.

WE must recite the prologue before we draw the curtain, and exhibit the scenes of the great drama which we have undertaken to illustrate. The Russian attempt upon the integrity of the Ottoman empire was no result of a sudden ebullition of warlike feeling arising from the exigency of unforeseen and exciting circumstances, but was the natural and premeditated termination to a long series of diplomatic intrigues and preparatory manœuvres. The tiger tracks its prey before it makes its spring, and treads

stealthily in many a devious jungle-path before the fitting time arrives which consummates its victim's fate. So Russia, in steady pursuit of one leading idea of territorial aggression, made many a treacherous advance, and many an artful feint before openly exhibiting its purpose to the world. With a wily cunning, the Emperor Nicholas felt, as it were, the pulse of the great powers of Europe, previous to venturing on a step which might probably array against him the arms and influence of the western world.

Let us, then—for it is essential to the right understanding of the history we propose to narrate—trace the steps by which the czar endeavoured to tamper with English integrity, to suborn English statesmen to his purposes, and, while disarming the active opposition of this great country to his schemes, to bribe it to an acquiescence in its views. The official correspondence on this subject—long kept secret, from a feeling of honour, by the English ministers, and only made public when Nicholas taunted this country with having listened to his propositions, and been a silent participator in his schemes—throws a very striking light upon the policy of the Russian government, and upon the history of that correspondence it now becomes our province to enter.

..In the House of Commons, on Friday, the 17th of February, 1854, Lord John Russell, upon the motion for going into committee of supply, in reply to an interrogation from Mr. Baillie, member for Inverness, made a brilliant speech, detailing the origin and progress of the Russo-Turkish dispute, and the part which England had taken, and purposed to take, in the matter. The language of the distinguished speaker was singularly bold and uncompromising. Throwing off every approach to official equivocation, he openly denounced the policy of Russia, and unhesitatingly promised the assistance of this country to the Turkish cause. He said—and the words are worth quoting, as admirably exhibiting the straightforward character of English policy, as contrasted with the tortuous winding of Russian diplomacy:—

“Be it observed, and this I think gentlemen should always bear in mind—that when the emperor of Russia and his ministers say that it is not the policy of Russia to destroy the integrity of Turkey, I believe that so far that declaration is sincere, that the object of Russia has been not at present to force on the conquest and partition of Turkey, but that she would rather have delayed that conquest and partition, and that her intention in the present year was to degrade Turkey still more than she had done before, and that she hoped by some menaces of force, and by means of the most costly and lavish diplomacy, to obtain terms from the sultan, which would make him completely subject to

Russia; and that if at any time he should show a disposition to throw off his chains, he would then be so helpless and prostrate as to make the conquest of the country a matter of easy achievement. Let it be remarked that the emperor of Russia is reported to have said at the conference at Olmutz, that if the terms proposed to Turkey were such as Turkey did not consider it would be consistent with her dignity to accept, it would not be unreasonable to put them in such a form that when proposed next they would be such as Turkey would accept. Well, the four great powers exerted themselves to obtain terms. When these terms arrived at St. Petersburg, the first impression was to give no regular or formal answer to the proposition; the next was to transmit some kind of proposition to Vienna, without taking any formal notice of the proposition of the Four Powers. Now I must say that, considering these Four Powers were England, France, Austria, and Prussia, and that they represented all the great powers of Europe, with the exception of Russia, and that the terms were proposed with the view of preventing a bloody and costly war, which was likely to extend over all Europe—I must say that the emperor of Russia showed a total disregard of the peace of Europe—an utter contempt of the opinion of Europe—and an entire disrespect of those sovereigns with whom he had been in alliance. * * * * What must be our course? It can be but one. It must be on the side of Turkey, defending her against the unjust aggression of that power. What are the means which we look to—what engagements do we propose to make? I answer, in the first place, there has been an exchange of notes between the governments of England and of France, promising and undertaking to co-operate with each other in giving that assistance to Turkey, and declaring on the part of those powers that no selfish interest—no increase of territory or power, is sought for on the part of either one or the other. Such is the nature of the engagement into which these two great powers have mutually and willingly entered. They both feel that the cause is one in the first place of the independence of Turkey—a power which has been most cruelly outraged—a power which has resisted with great firmness and with great ability the unjust demands of those who administer the diplomatic affairs of Russia—a power which has resisted with courage and skill her armies in the field. But the cause in which we are engaged is still more—it is to maintain the peace of Europe, of which the emperor of Russia is the wanton disturber—and to throw back on the head of that disturber the consequences which he has so violently, and, as I believe, so imprudently invoked. It is to maintain the independence not only of Turkey, but of Germany, and of all the European nations."

After paying a high compliment to the ability and firmness of Napoleon III., the French emperor, and adverting to the supercilious manner in which Nicholas had replied to the official announcement of his having ascended the throne of France, Lord John proceeded, amid deafening cheers from both sides of the House, and in language that will be long remembered :—

“ Let no man suppose that we can enter into a struggle with the empire of Russia, in support of a power comparatively feeble, without making considerable efforts—and without calling on the people to bear burdens greater than they have had to sustain during the time in which we were at peace with all the world. If they are not prepared to bear those burdens, let them not enter into the war ; but, if they do enter into the war, let them endeavour to carry it to a successful issue. For my part, if most unexpectedly the emperor of Russia should recede from his unjust demands, and at the sight of all Europe disapproving of his conduct, and of two of the most considerable nations of Europe prepared to act in arms against him, if he should acknowledge the independence and integrity of the Porte in that manner in which alone it can be satisfactorily acknowledged, I shall, as I am sure we all shall, rejoice to be spared the effort and the burden of the conflict. But if that cannot be done, and if peace is no longer consistent with our duty to England, to Europe, and to the world—if this enormous power of Russia has got to such a pitch, that even in her moderation it is more aggrandising than is the ambition of other states—if it will not be content with less than the subjugation of the whole empire of Turkey and the possession of Constantinople itself—if such be her meaning, and such be her object, then, I say, *we can only endeavour to enter into this contest with a stout heart, and may God defend the right* ; and, for my part, I shall willingly bear my share of the burden and responsibility.”

Language so plain, or defiance so manly and outspoken, coming from one of the most eminent and popular of English statesmen—a man illustrious by descent and more illustrious by ability—words, too, which were enthusiastically responded to as well by the members of the House as by the millions beyond its walls—rankled in the breast of the autocrat. With a mingled insolence and satiety, he replied by exposing his own attempts to bribe the English Government into a compliance with his wishes ; and taunted the Ministry with exhibiting an unnecessary prudery and virtuous indignation at a course of proceeding of which they had long been aware. In the *Journal de St. Petersbourg* of the 2nd of March appeared an article, known to express the czar's own sentiments (for the paper named is the official exponent of Government, and besides, the Russian press has very small chance of publishing aught that is not in agreement with the

powers that be), which thus replied to the speech of Lord John Russell:—

"We have just received the report of the sitting of the House of Commons, February 17th, and the speech delivered by Lord John Russell on that occasion. This is not the proper place to signalise atrocious outrages, of which every faithful servant of the emperor will preserve the remembrance, but which do not reach the illustrious personage at whom they have been aimed. We shall limit ourselves to the remark, that one would seek in vain among parliamentary annals for an instance of similar intemperance of language in the mouth of a cabinet minister respecting a sovereign against whom the country of the speaker has not declared war. That which is of importance in this harangue is not the invectives of the minister, but the nature of the determinations revealed by it on the part of the Government. It becomes henceforth self-evident that the peace of the world no longer depends on chance, but that war enters most decidedly into the plans resolved on by the English minister. To this must of necessity lead that fatal distrust which, in the Eastern question, has been the germ of all the previous difficulties, and which at length is about to bring them to the most deplorable solution. That this distrust might have been conceived by France—that up to a certain point it might have found a place in the mind of a Government still recent, that had not yet had time to acquire, by a long experience of our previous relations with it, an exact notion of our true intentions, and which might yield involuntarily to the opinion almost traditional that has been formed of Russian policy in the East—is very easily to be conceived. But the British Government should have been the last to harbour such suspicions. It has in its hands the written proof, that they are based on no foundation. For long before the present situation—before the questions which have been raised through the mission of Prince Menschikoff to Constantinople had assumed as yet the character of a serious dissent—before Great Britain had placed herself on the same line of action as France—the emperor had *spontaneously explained his views without the slightest reserve to the Queen and her ministers, with the intent of establishing with them an intimate understanding respecting even the gravest eventuality that might befall the Ottoman empire.*"

This daring assertion of the complicity of our English statesmen in the base designs of Russia, involving so seriously the characters of her Britannic Majesty and the ministers to whom is entrusted the guardianship of the honour of the country, caused an immense sensation. All classes felt that unless some denial or explanation could be furnished on the part of those who guided the vessel of state, a deep stain would remain upon the

national character. Interpellations from members of Parliament were showered upon the members of the Cabinet. The earl of Aberdeen, in the Upper House, and Lord John Russell in the Commons, explained the circumstances under which the correspondence took place, and the nature of the proposition made by Nicholas, and the replies of the English ministers. Not only were living statesmen impugned, but the memories of the duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel—names dear to every Englishman—were involved. The Ministry felt themselves relieved from the obligation of preserving further silence on the subject, by the base misrepresentations in which the Emperor Nicholas had indulged; and complete copies of the correspondence to which he had referred were laid before Parliament, and were soon, by the medium of the press, made patent to the whole nation.

The first document in point of time was a memorandum by Count Nesselrode, the Russian chancellor, of conversations which took place during the visit of the Emperor Nicholas to this country in 1844. This paper was delivered to the English Government as an exposition of the views of the czar regarding the Ottoman empire. In this document Nicholas broadly says, that the Turkish empire contains within itself the elements of dissolution; "that the danger which may result from a catastrophe in Turkey will be much diminished if, in the result of its occurring, Russia and England have come to an understanding as to the course to be taken by them in common. That understanding will be the more beneficial inasmuch as it will have the full assent of Austria." Here was at once apparent the infamy of the scheme. Another Polish partition, and nothing less, was the object proposed. We shall see presently the share which our country was to have of the spoil; and Nicholas probably concluded that a liberal slice of the principalities of Wallachia and Moldavia would purchase the acquiescence of Austria in his designs. In a subsequent portion of the memorandum, the object was stated to be "to enter into previous concert, as to everything relating to the establishment of a new order of things *intended to replace that which now exists*, and in conjunction with each other, to see that the change which may have occurred in the internal situation of that empire shall not injuriously affect either the security of their own states and the rights which the treaties assure to them respectively, or the maintenance of the balance of power in Europe."

Although this memorandum is not written in a dialogue form it is not difficult to distinguish the authors of the sentiments expressed. Thus, it is evidently the emperor who urges that the Sublime Porte is faithless in its engagements, and that "it is necessary constantly to make the Ottoman minister sensible of

the truth, that they can only reckon on the friendship and on the support of the great powers on the condition that they treat the Christian subjects of the Porte with toleration and with mildness." And it is evidently the English ministers (the duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel) who reply, that "while insisting on this truth, it will be the duty of the foreign representatives, on the other hand, to exert all their influence to maintain the Christian subjects of the Porte in submission to the sovereign authority. It will be the duty of foreign representatives, guided by these principles, to act among themselves in a perfect spirit of agreement. If they address remonstrances to the Porte, those remonstrances must bear a real character of unanimity, though *divested of one of exclusive dictation*. By persevering in this system with calmness and moderation, the representatives of the great cabinets of Europe will have the best chance of succeeding in the steps which they may take, *without giving occasion for complications which might affect the tranquillity of the Ottoman empire*." This would seem but small encouragement to the czar's peculiar views; but, not to be driven from his position, he throws out another feeler:—"However, they must not conceal from themselves how many elements of dissolution that empire contains within itself. Unforeseen circumstances may hasten its fall, without its being in the power of the friendly cabinets to prevent it." This suggestion is replied to by the English ministers with a scarcely concealed contempt, thinly veiled by the politeness prescribed by official etiquette, which at once settles the question as to the part the representatives of the British nation were disposed to take in such a matter: "As it is not given to human foresight to settle beforehand a plan of action for such unlooked-for case, it would be premature to discuss eventualities which may never be realised." There can be no doubt that this sentence emanated from the Iron Duke. It bears his autograph as distinctly as if it had been worded:—"F.M. the duke of Wellington presents his compliments to the emperor of Russia, and as it is not given," &c. Any individual of the thousand and one who yearly pestered the illustrious old warrior on as many different subjects, could produce a reply as tersely written, and as nearly as possible in the same language.

Though thus repulsed, Nicholas did not recede from his favourite project. Nine years later he renewed the subject; and in the course of conversations with Sir Hamilton Seymour, the British ambassador at the court of St. Petersburg, so far opened his plans, that our envoy thought himself justified in reporting the particulars of these interviews to Lord John Russell, then Foreign Secretary. These letters form a portion of the "Secret Correspondence" from which we have already quoted. It is necessary to give a brief abstract of these me-

morale conversations, illustrating, as they do, the insidious course of Russian policy, and her earnest desire to secure the countenance of England to her nefarious schemes.

Writing on the 19th of February, Sir H. Seymour reports the particulars of a conversation which occurred on the previous day:—"The emperor said, 'It is very essential that the two Governments (that is, the English Government and I, and I and the English Government) should be upon the best terms; and the necessity was never greater than at present. I beg you to convey these words to Lord John Russell. When we are agreed, I am quite without anxiety as to the rest of Europe; it is quite immaterial what the others may think or do. As to Turkey, that is another question; that country is in a critical state, and may give us a great deal of trouble.'"

The next day, on being pressed by Sir H. Seymour for further explanations, Nicholas proceeded: "'The affairs of Turkey are in a very disorganized condition. The country itself is menaced with ruin; the fall will be a great misfortune, and it is very important that England and Russia should come to a perfectly good understanding upon these affairs, and that neither should take any decisive step of which the other is not apprised.' I observed, in a few words, that I rejoiced to hear that his imperial majesty held this language; that this was certainly the view I took of the manner in which Turkish questions are to be treated. 'Stay,' the emperor said, as if proceeding with the remark—'we have on our hands a sick man—a *very sick man*; it will be, I tell you frankly, a great misfortune if, one of these days, he should slip away from us, *especially before all necessary arrangements are made.*'"

Sir H. Seymour saw through the specious suggestions of the emperor, and replied to them with the frankness suitable to his character of an English envoy. He comments thus, in his letter to the home Government, upon the position of the case:—"The sum is probably this, that England has to desire a close concert with Russia, with a view to preventing the downfall of Turkey—while Russia would be well pleased that the concert should apply to the events by which this downfall is to be followed."

In a further conversation, the emperor recurs to his simile of the "sick man," and proceeds to open up his policy still more freely. It appears that Russian and English notions of the characteristics of a "gentleman" are somewhat different. Sir H. Seymour writes, quoting the emperor's words: "'Turkey, in the condition which I have described, has by degrees fallen into such a state of decrepitude, that, as I told you the other night, eager as we all are for the prolonged existence of the man (and that I am as desirous as you can be for the continuance of his

life, I beg you to believe), he may suddenly die upon our hands ; we cannot resuscitate what is dead ; if the Turkish empire falls, it falls to rise no more ; and I put it to you, therefore, whether it is not better to be provided beforehand for a contingency, than to incur the chaos, confusion, and the certainty of a European war, all of which must attend the catastrophe if it should occur unexpectedly, and before some ulterior system has been sketched. This is the point to which I am desirous that you should call the attention of your Government.' 'Sir,' I replied, 'your majesty is so frank with me, that I am sure you will have the goodness to permit me to speak with the same openness. I would then observe that, deplorable as is the condition of Turkey, it is a country which has long been plunged in difficulties, supposed by many to be insurmountable. With regard to contingent arrangements, her Majesty's Government, as your majesty is well aware, objects, as a general rule, to taking engagements upon possible eventualities, and would, perhaps, be particularly disinclined to doing so in this instance. If I may be allowed to say so, a great disinclination might be expected in England, to disposing by anticipation of the succession of an old friend and ally.' 'The rule is a good one,' the emperor replied—'good at all times, especially in times of uncertainty and change like the present ; still it is of the greatest importance that we should understand one another, and not allow events to take us by surprise. Now, I desire to speak to you as a friend and as a *gentleman*. If England and I arrive at an understanding of this matter, as regards the rest, it matters little to me ; it is indifferent to me what others do or think. Frankly, then, I tell you plainly, that if England thinks of establishing herself one of these days at Constantinople, I will not allow it. I do not attribute this intention to you, but it is better on these occasions to speak plainly ; for my part, I am equally disposed to take the engagement not to establish myself there, as proprietor that is to say, for as occupier I do not say : it might happen that circumstances, if no previous provision were made, if everything should be left to chance, might place me in the *position of occupying Constantinople*.' "

Lord John Russell was not the man to permit such overtures as these to pass unrebuked ; and he expresses the decision of the British Cabinet in a despatch to Sir H. Seymour, containing a very pithy sarcasm, which, like the tail of an epigram, conveys a great deal of truth in a very stinging form. "In considering this grave question," says Lord John, "the first reflection which occurs to her Majesty's Government is, that no actual crisis has occurred which renders necessary a solution of this vast European problem. * * * * It is to be inferred that, as soon as Great Britain and Russia should have agreed on the

course to be pursued, and have determined to enforce it, they should communicate their intentions to the great powers of Europe. An agreement thus made and thus communicated would not be very long a secret; and while it would alarm and alienate the sultan, the knowledge of its existence would stimulate all his enemies to increased violence and more obstinate conflict. They would fight with the conviction that they must ultimately triumph; while the sultan's generals and troops would feel that no immediate success could save their cause from final overthrow. Thus would be produced and strengthened that very anarchy which is now feared; and *the foresight of the friends of the patient would prove the cause of his death.*"

Finding that English statesmen were too clear-sighted to be deceived by his sophistry, and were not to be blinded to the real nature of his plans, he adopted another line of argument, and boldly appealed to what he believed to be the vulnerable point of the British character. Judging from his own peculiar ethics, he appears to have imagined that the English ministers, like some frail beauties, were assuming coyness in order to enhance the price of their complaisance; and, throwing aside all equivocation, he proceeds like a shrewd man of business to name the terms he is willing to offer to insure the bargain. On the 22nd of February, Sir H. Seymour, after detailing the reception by the emperor of Lord John Russell's despatch, proceeds:—"The emperor went on to say that in the event of the dissolution of the Ottoman empire, he thought it might be less difficult to arrive at a satisfactory territorial arrangement than was commonly believed. The Principalities are (he said), in fact, an independent state under my protection: this might so continue. Servia might receive the same form of government. So, again, with Bulgaria—there seems to be no reason why this province should not form an independent state. As to Egypt, I quite understand the importance to England of that territory. I can then only say that, *if, in the event of a distribution of the Ottoman succession upon the fall of the empire, you should take possession of Egypt, I shall have no objections to offer. I would say the same thing of Candia; that island might suit you, and I do not know why it should not become an English possession.*"

Were this not atrocious, it would be amusing. We could almost suspect Sir H. Seymour of a little dressing up, so exquisitely impudent is the phrase, "that island might suit you." Never, surely, were countries and peoples offered for sale with such *sang froid* and polite indifference. It is satisfactory to know that our ambassador replied in a spirit fitting to his position:—"As I did not wish that the emperor should imagine that an English public servant was caught by this sort of overture, I simply answered that I had always understood that the

English views upon Egypt did not go beyond the point of securing a safe and ready communication between British India and the mother-country."

The remainder of the "Secret Correspondence" was of a similar import. The emperor still hinted, expostulated, and endeavoured to cajole the British Government; and Sir H. Seymour still refused to compromise our national honour and dignity. On the 23rd of March, a long despatch was forwarded from England by the earl of Clarendon, who succeeded Lord John Russell at the Foreign Office, in which the determination and policy of the British Cabinet were clearly developed, and this, in effect, closed the correspondence. The emperor, in a subsequent communication, yielded a sulkily acquiescence to the arguments of the noble earl. The publication of this correspondence was sufficient to remove any doubts which might exist as to the duplicity of the czar, and the integrity and honour of those statesmen to whom has been committed the care of our national character. Every line displays the efforts of Nicholas to veil his real designs under the most sophisticated and transparent of excuses; and every despatch of the English ministers, and every comment of the English ambassador, exhibit a generous and independent spirit worthy of themselves and their nation.

When the czar designated the Ottoman power as "a sick man," he attached a somewhat different meaning to the phrase from that which was generally entertained. English orators and writers fired with arguments and bristled with statistics, to show that the elements of prosperity were more active than ever in the Turkish constitution. Commerce was extending, arts were encouraged, many of the Moslem prejudices were already yielding to the advance of Western civilization, and the tide of events was rapidly flowing towards Constantinople, and establishing it as an important station in the highway of nations. Politicians and practical commercial men were sanguine as to the future stability of the Turkish empire. But Nicholas saw what escaped these reasoners. Sooner or later, he anticipated there must come a great contest of opinion, which would scatter to the winds the institutions of Mahommedanism, in Europe at the least. Already the Greek subjects of the Porte were in a large majority. True, they were excluded from many civil privileges; but it was scarcely possible that it would be long before concessions must perforce be made to such an influential body. They were the chief merchants and artisans, the most adventurous and energetic of the population. Greek Christianity had penetrated even to the arena of politics. Several of the ambassadors accredited by the Porte to the European kingdoms were Christians. The Greek Church notoriously looked to the czar as their great protector and temporal head. He was

emphatically to them, "The defender of the faith." It was natural to think that, at the proper moment, they would rally round him as their chief, accept him as their leader, seat him by acclamation as their monarch, and drive the sultan and his Mahomedan race once more beyond the Bosphorus. Though refused the complicity of England in his nefarious projects, Nicholas was not inactive in his work; and events soon arose which favoured his purposes.

It is a sad truth that no historian can undertake to recount the history of great wars, without tracing the origin of the vast majority of them to disputes arising from mistaken zeal for religion. The philosopher must marvel at such an unhappy fatality, and the philanthropist turn depressed from the perusal of narratives, showing how terribly men have mistaken the fundamental principle of the royal law of love, and disguised the fair image of religion, pure and undefiled, with a veil woven from their own superstition, ambition, and bloodthirstiness. The great war which we are chronicling—the war which has sent thousands of our bravest and best to their last account—which has involved half Europe in a deadly contest, and cast a fatal shadow over many a happy home—which has been the occasion for the display of the noblest valour and self-devotion, and aroused again the old spirit of chivalrous adventure and manly endurance, amid plague, starvation, and bloodshed;—this war originated in a petty squabble between monks of the Greek and Roman Churches, acting as watchmen over a few temples and "holy places," as they are termed, in Palestine. Nicholas saw the spark, and fanned the flame. He hoped that it might prove the occasion of uniting in one concentrated focus the energies and sympathies of the Greek population, and thus forwarding his ultimate projects. Fanaticism and superstition are the readiest tools of despotism and tyranny, and the Russian emperor well knew their value and their uses. Protestants are strangers to the feeling which bestows upon shrines and relics the odour of a special sanctity; but it is impossible to divest the mind of a certain veneration for scenes where holy men have trod, or sacred truths been enunciated direct from their Divine Author. Could the least superstitious and most intensely spiritual among us gaze upon the lowly manger where the Saviour lay in infant helplessness, the temple where He confuted the proud priesthood of the Pharisees; Gethsemane, where He poured out the agony of his ineffable spirit; or Calvary, where his mission was consummated,—the tear would start unbidden to the eye, and the soul be subdued and chastened by the suggestions of the scene. But the Latin and Greek devotees believe that still a precious sanctity is exhaled from the stocks and stones, and that the most exalted privileges of their respective Churches are the guardian-

ship of the chapels which they have erected at the spots made eminent in sacred history. For many years the custody of the principal shrines had been, by a series of treaties between the Sublime Porte and the Christian states, divided between the contending Churches. A precise definition, however, as to the special charge of each was still wanting. Thus, the Latins claimed the exclusive possession of twelve of these renowned "holy places," including the chapel of the Holy Sepulchre, the tomb of the Virgin, the great church which commemorated the nativity at Bethlehem, and a portion of the garden of Gethsemane, the scene of our Lord's passion. Hitherto the Greeks had shared the guardianship of these sacred spots, and the services of the rival Churches had been alternately performed, not without occasional scenes of altercation and confusion of a very unedifying character.

Singularly enough, when the great cupola of the Holy Sepulchre became so dilapidated as to require repairs, neither of the claimants was disposed to undertake the necessary outlay, each insisting that the other was bound to perform the necessary work. For many years the disputes between the rival hierarchies had agitated the Divan, though little regarded by the mass of Europeans. The Greeks, being subjects of the Porte, continually contrived to obtain firmans from the sultan confirming their pretensions, which were as continually rescinded when the representatives of the states which protected the Latin Church thought proper to interfere. As Russia was considered the real protector of Greek interests, so upon France devolved the duty of supporting the claims of the other church. Religious feeling there was none: it was simply a contest for ascendancy between two great powers. The leaders of the first revolution, who had no religion at all, were as strenuous to maintain the ascendancy of the Roman Church in Syria as the professing Catholics of the legitimate branch, or as the Emperor Napoleon, who was ready to adopt any creed which suited his purpose, or the Protestant minister of state, Guizot, or the *spirituel* Lamartine. Louis Napoleon, the astute President of the French Republic, was not the man to permit any cause which he chose to espouse to be compromised in dignity, or weakened by opposition.

At length, in 1850, the French ambassador at Constantinople, General Aupich, received instructions to make inquiries into the alleged grievances sustained by the Latin Church in Palestine, and to lend to its just claims the countenance and support of the French Republic. The Ottoman Government, willing, doubtless, to conciliate so powerful an ally, readily appointed a mixed commission to investigate the grounds of the dispute. The result of this commission was, that the Latins were declared to have the right to the guardianship of the "holy places" in

question, they having been specially named in a firman granted to that church by the sultan. Here was obviously a ground for the interference of the "protector of the Greek Church," the pious Nicholas. A fairer opening for a profitable quarrel could scarcely have been desired: it at once afforded a plausible pretext for his intervention between the Moslem and Christian portions of the sultan's subjects, and it was eminently calculated to arouse the feelings of the Greeks themselves. In an autograph letter to Abd-ul-Medjid, the czar insisted upon the preservation, in all their integrity, of the exclusive privileges so long enjoyed by his co-religionists, and condemned the Turkish ministry for affording any countenance to the pretensions of the French *protégés*. Somewhat alarmed, it may be supposed, at the appearance of such a redoubted champion upon the scene, the sultan hastily negatived the proceedings of the mixed commission, and appointed another, composed exclusively of Moslem officials. Nicholas, however, with characteristic duplicity, was not disposed to rest satisfied with such a concession, but actually made propositions to the French president for settling the dispute themselves, leaving the Sublime Porte no voice in the matter. This offer was rejected by Louis Napoleon, who seems to have had no desire for a Russian alliance; and in the meantime the members of the new commission made their report. Their proposition, by which they hoped to solve the difficulty, was, that the great cupola of the Holy Sepulchre should be common alike to Greek and Latin; that the latter should have access to the tomb of the Virgin, and a key to the church of Bethlehem. This arrangement was agreed to by the French Government, under a protest, as a temporary settlement only; but the czar, proud of his partial victory, demanded that a firman announcing the new decision should be published throughout the sultan's dominions. Such an insolent exultation was of course deeply offensive to the French, and M. Lavalette was despatched to Constantinople to make an energetic protest against such a proceeding; and a compromise was acceded to, that the publication, though made, should be managed in such a private manner as to gain but little publicity. And here a new element of discord was introduced by the Russian ambassador. He insisted that the key which the Latins were to have should be that of a side gate only; but the Porte, showing an unexpected firmness, insisted that the contending sects should in that respect be on terms of perfect equality. The Russian agents, however, were determined not to be baffled in their attempts to cause a rupture between the opposing factions. The Greeks at Jerusalem, when the day arrived for the promulgation of the firman in that town, insisted on the reading taking place in the most public manner. The officer appointed to the duty wrote

home for instructions ; and the czar's envoy at Constantinople so energetically did his master's bidding, that the vacillating Ottomans decided that the reading should be as public as possible. Here was a positive triumph for Russian interests ; but on the subject of the key the sultan's ministers were more inflexible, and the entrance to the grand door of the church of the Holy Sepulchre was formally conceded to the Latin monks. It would seem to ordinary comprehensions that such a settlement of the question, by which mutual concessions had been made, would have been amply satisfactory ; and it is probable it would have been so considered by the French nation, but Nicholas had far other purposes in his intervention. He had succeeded in establishing a rupture between the subjects of the Porte, on that most sensitive of all subjects, ecclesiastical supremacy, and it was no part of his project to permit a quarrel so successfully initiated to fall short of its ultimate and desired fruit. The time had now arrived for the development of those plans which he had so long fostered in secret. In the spring of 1853, it was announced that the czar was about to despatch to Constantinople a special ambassador of high rank, with extraordinary powers, and commissioned to make demands as extraordinary. On the 1st of March, Prince Menschikoff, whose name hereafter will be frequently mentioned, arrived at Constantinople, and on the following day obtained an interview with the sultan. His very first act was characterised by an insolent neglect of the etiquette usually observed on diplomatic missions. It is customary at all European courts for an ambassador, special or otherwise, accredited to a foreign power, to communicate in the first instance with the minister for foreign affairs, previously to having an interview with the monarch. This rule, which has many obvious advantages, Menschikoff thought fit to violate ; and Fuad Effendi, the Turkish foreign minister, conceiving himself to have been unduly slighted, immediately resigned. He was known to be strongly opposed to Russian influence, and the cavalier treatment to which he was exposed was evidence of the arrogance with which Russia was disposed to insist upon her wishes being complied with. The remainder of the ministry followed the example of Fuad Effendi ; and so alarming was the aspect of affairs that, Colonel Rose, who, in the absence of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, represented our country in Turkey, wrote to Admiral Dundas, then commanding the Mediterranean fleet, requesting that he would detach some vessels of war to the Bosphorus. The time, however, had not yet arrived for England to take the decisive step of entering the Dardanelles, which would have been almost equivalent to a declaration of hostilities, and the admiral declined to accede to the wishes of Colonel Rose. In a few weeks Lord de Redcliffe, who had been absent in England,

returned to his ambassadorial duties, and the presence of so experienced and astute a statesman doubtless contributed to encourage the sultan and his advisers in the resolute position they felt it incumbent to assume.

Now came the moment when the mask so treacherously worn was to be cast aside, and the true nature of those schemes, which for more than a century had been the cherished idea of Russia, was to be made apparent to the eyes of Europe. On the 5th of May, after two months of arrogant dictation and officiousness on the one side, and alarm and uneasiness on the other, Menschikoff announced that he had received the directions of his imperial master to present to the sultan an ultimatum, the acceptance of which on the part of the Sublime Porte would prevent the recurrence of any such difficulties as that which had produced his unwelcome visit. This ultimatum, the unconditional acceptance of which the prince insisted on, demanded the acknowledgment of a Russian protectorate over all the Greek subjects of the Ottoman empire, a concession which, if made by the Porte, would have been equivalent to establishing a Muscovite supremacy over two-thirds of the Turkish population. Twelve days Menschikoff announced he would allow for the consideration of this ultimatum. If not then accepted, the consequences must be on the heads of those who dared to oppose themselves to the power of Russia. Some dismay was excited at Constantinople, and the ministry felt that they must submit to the generally-expressed opinion of the Ottoman people, and resist so colossal an encroachment on the integrity of the empire. They felt themselves unequal to the occasion, and resigned their offices. The new foreign minister—a man whose long intercourse with the Western Powers, as ambassador to the English and French courts, had imbued him with somewhat of the independent spirit of the freer nations—announced to the four great powers that Turkey felt it incumbent to reject the proffered ultimatum, and make military preparations to defend its rights. The czar, however, was not disposed to accept this prompt defiance. It was necessary to gain time for the concentration of his enormous armies at the scene of operations, and he therefore transmitted another demand, or “ultimatissimum,” for the consideration of which, in his great desire to avert the horrors of war, he generously allowed eight days. This last claim was as indignantly rejected as the prior one had been, and the insolent Menschikoff departed for St. Petersburg, bearing to his imperial master the news that the small empire of Turkey—“the sick man,” defied the sovereign of one-seventh of the habitable globe, and dared him to precipitate his legions into the Ottoman territory. •

The four great powers now felt it incumbent to proffer their mediation in this great quarrel. The representatives of England,

France, Prussia, and Austria, met at Vienna, and framed a document which they hoped would satisfy both parties. Russia accepted the arrangement thus proposed, seeing with characteristic shrewdness that terms so loosely framed might be easily misconstrued or evaded. In truth, the interference of the Western Powers, though well intended, had been by no means wisely carried out; and Reschid Pacha, in an admirable reply to their overtures, somewhat disdainfully pointed out the inaccuracies of language, and insisted on such precision of definition as would at once prevent the possibility of any subsequent misunderstanding or treachery. Nicholas refused such an amendment of the proposed treaty, and on the 26th of June, 1853, issued a manifesto, announcing his intention of seizing the principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia, suzerain provinces to Turkey, as hostages for the unconditional acquiescence of the sultan in his propositions. On the 2nd of July, General Dannenberg, with a Russian army corps, crossed the Pruth near Jassy, and entered Moldavia. For once, however, Nicholas had miscalculated the effect of his display of strength. He had raised a spirit in the Mussulman population which he could not lay. The populace in the streets,—the muftis in the mosques,—the army, fresh from subduing the mountaineers of Montenegro,—the ulemas of the sacred college, joined in one universal cry,—and that cry was “War.” Their religion had been insulted, their nationality despised, and their patriotism derided. The religious teachers quoted the Koran, and called upon the Government to show the spirit of the old warriors of the faith, and drive the invaders from the provinces they had so unlawfully appropriated. In vain the Western Powers urged calmness, and a temporizing policy. The ancient national spirit was aroused,—the warlike energy, that seemed to have slumbered for a century, awoke again,—and on the 5th of October the sultan, amid the acclamations of his people, and the general sympathy of the other nations of Europe, signed a declaration of war against Russia. Omer Pacha, the most renowned of Turkish generals, a Transylvanian by birth, who had adopted the Mahomedan religion, and raised himself by his talents and energy to the highest military offices of the state, was entrusted with the command of the Ottoman army, and at once despatched a note to the Russian commander, giving him fifteen days for the evacuation of the Principalities.

Lord de Redcliffe meanwhile had thought it prudent to summon the British Mediterranean fleet somewhat nearer to the scene of action. As yet it was not deemed necessary to assume the initiative by passing the Dardanelles, unless specially called upon for assistance by the Turks. Besika Bay, near the entrance of these celebrated straits, and in the neighbourhood of

the site of ancient Troy, was the chosen rendezvous for the marine force, so soon to be engaged in an expedition more nearly resembling the long siege of that classic town than any event of modern times.

The fifteen days expired, and still the Russians held the Principalities. Omer Pacha and his Turkish braves were no mere boasters. Establishing Shumla, a strongly-fortified town in Bulgaria, about midway between the Balkan ridge and the Danube, as their head-quarters, they threw large bodies of men across the Danube at four separate points. The line of the river which it was incumbent on them to defend was about four hundred miles long. On their extreme left, Widdin, on the Bulgarian bank, with the opposite fortress of Kalafat, were seized by them; Rustchuk and Silistria were the keys to the centre of their position; and Galatz, on the far right, forbade hostile entrance to the marshes of the Dobrudscha. Altogether, the Ottoman forces numbered about 120,000 men, the majority trained warriors, and ably led by their native and not a few renegade officers.

Nicholas appears to have been but little prepared for such signs of decisive action. He had so long reiterated the phrase of "a sick man," that he had probably begun to put some little faith in his own words. To see this sick man suddenly appear in the tented field, filled with energy and courage, defying his colossal opponent to mortal combat, was certainly unexpected by the northern autocrat. He issued a proclamation in reply to the Turkish declaration of war, in which, assuming the tone of the injured party, he says:—"The chief powers of Europe have sought in vain by their exhortations to shake the blind obstinacy of the Ottoman Government. It is by a declaration of war, by a proclamation filled with lying accusations against Russia, that it has responded to the pacific efforts of Europe, as well as to our spirit of long-suffering. At last, enrolling in the ranks of its army revolutionary exiles from all countries, the Porte has just commenced hostilities on the Danube. Russia is challenged to the combat; and she has no other course left her, than, putting her trust in God, to have recourse to force of arms, and so compel the Ottoman Government to respect treaties, and to obtain reparation for the insults with which it has responded to our most moderate demands, and to our most legitimate solicitude for the defence of the orthodox faith in the East, professed also by the people of Russia. We are firmly convinced that our faithful subjects will join their prayers to those which we address to the Almighty, beseeching Him to bless with his hand our arms in this just and holy cause, which has always found ardent defenders in our ancestors. *In te, Domine, speravi; non confundar in æternum.*"

We need not pause to recount in full the events of the Danubian war. A slight sketch will suffice to carry on the narrative. The energetic Omer had not permitted the appointed time to pass without preparation on his part, and when the day arrived for the commencement of active hostilities, he suddenly extended his left wing, and made a demonstration at Widdin. This confused the plans of the Russian commander, and Omer gained the advantage of having distracted the attention of his opponents from their arranged scheme of attack. Prince Gortschakoff, to whom the army of invasion had been entrusted by the czar, feared an attack on his right flank, and hastily concentrated the strength of his army on the Aluta. Taking advantage of this diversion, the Ottoman generalissimo threw 3,000 men across the river at Giurgevo, who intrenched themselves on the Wallachian bank; and then Omer prepared for the great movement which he contemplated.

On the 2nd of November, the first detachment of the Turkish troops had crossed the Danube at Turtukai, and protected their position by earthworks by ten o'clock in the morning of the same day. Their advance had been covered by the Turkish artillery on the precipitous heights on the south bank. They were immediately attacked by four columns of Russian infantry and twenty guns, accompanied by a considerable force of Cossack skirmishers. Though numbering altogether about 8,000, they were easily repulsed. The next morning another attempt was made on the intrenchments by a greater force of the enemy; but the defenders had been also reinforced, and again victory was on their side. On the ensuing day a terrific assault was made. The Russians, now numbering about 30,000, were by this time opposed to 18,000 Turks, Omer having brought all his available strength into action. The left of his position was almost impregnable, but the right was made the scene of a terrific assault. The Russian columns advanced with great courage, though exposed to a murderous fire from the Turkish guns on the opposite bank, and the sharp musketry of the defenders of the works. In defiance of the fatal volleys which laid hundreds dead in their path, they reached the redoubts; and then the Osmanlis, who had scarcely lost a man, so well were they protected by their intrenchments, leaped over the works, and with tremendous vigour charged the advancing columns. The effect was instantaneous; the Russians wavered and fled, pursued by the victorious Turks. This was the first victory. The Russians lost about 1,000 men; the Turks but 20.

It was nine days before the enemy summoned courage for another attack; and then, strengthened by large reinforcements, they again endeavoured to drive the Turks from their position. Again were they repulsed; and now the victorious

Ottomans, assuming the offensive, advanced upon the town of Oltenitza, garrisoned by a Russian force, and having ravaged its suburbs, retired without loss.

Omer Pacha was now the master of the Danube. Ismail Pacha had crossed the river at Widdin, seized upon Kalafat, and occupied Kalarasch with 4,000 men. Shortly afterwards, Omer suddenly appeared at Matschin, in the Dobrudscha, nearly three hundred miles from Kalafat, and drove back the Russians who were endeavouring to force an advance in that direction. This wonderful rapidity of movement spread dismay among the Russians, and all Europe was struck with admiration of a general, who seemed about to emulate the greatest achievements of her most distinguished commanders.

To such a point had the contest arrived, when the Western nations were electrified by the tidings of an event which at once stimulated them into the desire of an energetic interference. On the 30th of November, thirteen Turkish vessels were lying at anchor at Sinope, a port on the southern shore of the Black Sea, when they were suddenly attacked by a Russian fleet, consisting of six men-of-war and several smaller vessels, which had darted out of Sebastopol, and, taking advantage of a dense fog, entered the harbour before their presence was discovered. The Ottoman vessels were unprepared for action, and the feeble garrison of Sinope could afford them but slight protection. Admiral Nachimoff, the Russian commander, fiercely attacked them, and though the Turks fought bravely, so great was their disadvantage and so fearful their slaughter, that in a few hours the fleet, consisting of eight frigates, two schooners, and three transports, were all except two completely destroyed, and 5,000 Turks were ruthlessly massacred. Osman Pacha, the Turkish admiral, was taken prisoner to Sebastopol, and expired six weeks afterwards from his wounds.

The sultan had already demanded the advance of a portion of the allied fleets into the Dardanelles; and now public opinion became decisive in favour of such a maritime display in the Black Sea as should prevent the recurrence of such an atrocity as the Sinope massacre. On the 22nd, the fleets passed into the Bosphorus, and on the 3rd of January entered the Black Sea and cast anchor in Beicos Bay, near the entrance to the Straits.

In the meantime the course of events on the Danube was ripening into action. On the 20th of December the Turks stormed the port of Karakul, on the Aluta, driving the Russians from the position they had occupied. Omer Pacha had no intention of occupying the pestilential swamp of the Dobrudscha on the extreme right of his line of defence; and therefore left Matschin open to the invaders, when he had accomplished the

purpose of the blow he had struck, by paralysing the action of the Russian commanders by his seeming ubiquity, and the uncertainty as to where would be the point of his next attack. The Russian *corps d'armée*, under General Osten-Sacken, advanced into the Dobrudscha, a marshy district, formed by a sudden bend of the Danube when near the points of its discharge into the sea, and there was effectually blocked in by the Euxine on the one hand and the streams and shallows of the river on the other. Ages before, Trajan, the Roman emperor, had thrown a wall across this district, about thirty miles in length, to repel the incursions of the barbarians, and this wall still partially exists, offering a formidable obstacle to a military advance. Detaching a sufficient force to defend this barrier, Omer was content to leave the contest in this direction to the powers of nature, which amply seconded him, no less than 30,000 Russians perishing from disease engendered by the climate in these fatal regions.

The year 1853 drew towards its close, and many were the indications of the severity of the struggle which was to usher in the new year. The Russians, having strongly intrenched Bucharest, prepared themselves for a triple advance on three separate points of the Danube. The army to which was allotted the first active operation was that commanded by General Fischback, with Generals Engelhardt and Bellegarde under his orders. This force was to occupy the extreme west of the Russian line of attack, and to drive the Turks from their position at Kalafat. By the time, however, that Fischback had reached Citate, a village within a few miles of his destination, he discovered that his force of about 15,000 men was inadequate to dislodge an equal number, strongly intrenched, and in unimpeded communication with Widdin, on the opposite side of the river, whence considerable supplies of men and ammunition could doubtless be obtained. He resolved, therefore, to postpone the assault until the 13th of January (the Russian New Year's-day), by which time he would be in possession of the requisite reinforcements, which he anticipated would raise his force to 45,000 men. Achmet and Ismail Pachas, who commanded the garrison at Kalafat, were well aware of the plans of the Russian commander, and determined to forestal his action. At daybreak on the 6th of January, they sallied from the town with 15 field-pieces, 10,000 regular infantry, 4,000 cavalry, and 1,000 of the irregular troops known as Bashi-Bazouks. Three thousand men from the garrison at Widdin crossed the river to defend Kalafat from surprise; and at Moglovitz, between that town and Citate, a similar number were detached as a reserve. About nine o'clock the Turks reached Citate, and opened a side fire upon the village, while

the infantry vigorously charged in front. After three hours of sanguinary street-fighting, the nature of the ground forbidding organized military combinations, the Russians retreated to the works they had thrown up beyond the village. The Turkish field-pieces were now brought to bear upon the intrenchments, and several vigorous assaults were made and as bravely repulsed. In the midst of the conflict a large body of Russian reinforcements arrived, and the Turks, who occupied the gardens and orchards round the village, were exposed to an energetic assault in their rear. Nothing daunted, and favoured by their position, the Ottomans fought nobly, and succeeded in routing the newly-arrived reinforcement of the enemy, just as Ismail Pacha appeared upon the scene with the reserve from Moglovitz. Concentrating their forces, they now rushed at the intrenchments, and, beating down all opposition, drove the enemy from the position they had held. Nearly 2,400 Russians dead in the streets and earth-works, a like number wounded, four guns, and the dépôts of ammunition and arms which they captured, attested that day the prowess of the Turkish arms. Their own loss was about 200 killed and 700 wounded. For two days they held the place against the attempts of the Russians to recapture it; and then, emerging into the open field, drove the Russians before them back to Krajova. Then, retiring in triumph, they re-entered Kalafat, which, now mounting 250 heavy guns, and garrisoned (including Widdin) by 25,000 men, might safely promise a desperate resistance to any further Russian attempt.

Such was the brilliant battle of Citate. All Europe rang with its renown; and Nicholas was left to ruminate as best he might over the defeat of his legions by the unexpected skill and audacious courage of the "sick man."

CHAPTER III.

England and France enter into the quarrel.—Declaration of hostilities.—The allies in Turkey.—From Scutari to Varna.—Cholera in the camp.—Siege of Silistria.

THE people of England listened with eager sympathy to the record of the events on the Danube. There had ever been but small accord between the iron despotism of Muscovy and the free spirit of our institutions. Englishmen had known too long the blessings of peace, not to be sensible of the evils of war; and had tasted too plentifully of the advantages to be gained by

commercial intercourse with the nations of the world, not to resent deeply the recurrence to the old spirit of aggression which had, in other days, so direfully paralyzed the progress of the peaceful arts and the advance of civilization. The manly courage and skilful generalship displayed by the Turkish army and their brave commander, Omer, had excited throughout this country an unwonted enthusiasm, and every fresh relation of disasters to the Russian forces was hailed with a spontaneous outburst of genuine triumph. When at length came the news of that terrible massacre at Sinope—when day after day brought the details of that vengeful slaughter—of the surprise under cover of a morning's mist—of brave men, taken unawares, ruthlessly slain ere they could recover from the sudden onslaught of the foe—of vessels burnt and sunk—then the masses of our countrymen, of all ranks, loudly demanded an armed interference. England spoke with one voice, and had but one word, and that word was "War."

So inevitable did hostilities appear, that the English Government felt it incumbent at once to despatch land and sea forces to the neighbourhood of the seat of war. In anticipation of the necessity of active operations against the common enemy, a fleet larger than any that had hitherto been collected assembled at Portsmouth, with the intention of making a demonstration in the Baltic, and prepared, upon the outbreak of actual war, to threaten the northern strongholds of Russia in the Gulf of Finland. Sir Charles Napier, one of a family of heroes, in the magnificent steam man-of-war the *Duke of Wellington*, the largest warlike vessel ever constructed, and carrying 131 guns, commanded this splendid fleet. On the 11th of March, amid the acclamations of countless thousands, who assembled from all parts of England to witness its departure, this gallant armada, led by the Queen in the royal yacht, stood out to sea; the popular mind, excited to the utmost enthusiasm, saw already realized to their imaginations the downfall of the forts of Sveaborg and Helsingfors, the destruction of the renowned island of Cronstadt, with its massive granite towers and thousand guns, and even the bombardment and submission of St. Petersburg itself, and the humiliation of the arrogant czar. Not less evident was the determination of Ministers to render active assistance to Turkey, by sending troops to the seat of war in the south. On the 22nd of February, the first detachment, consisting of battalions of the Grenadier and Coldstream Guards, the very flower of the British infantry, left Southampton for the East. On the 25th of March, Captain Blackwood, the Government messenger who had been despatched to St. Petersburg, with an ultimatum of the English Government stating the four points on the concession of which we were agreeable to treat for a pacific solution of the questions at issue,

arrived in London. His mission had been unsuccessful, the czar contemptuously negating the proposed terms; saying, "they did not require five minutes' consideration." Henceforth our course was clear. Two days afterwards the Queen sent down this message to the House of Lords:—

"Her Majesty thinks it proper to acquaint the House of Lords, that the negotiations in which her Majesty, in concert with her allies, has for some time past been engaged with his majesty the emperor of all the Russias, have terminated; and that her Majesty feels bound to afford active assistance to her ally the sultan against unprovoked aggression. Her Majesty has given directions for laying before the House of Lords copies of such papers, in addition to those already communicated to Parliament, as will afford the fullest information with regard to the subject of these negotiations. It is a consolation to her Majesty to reflect that no endeavours have been wanting on her part to preserve to her subjects the blessings of peace. Her Majesty's just expectations have been disappointed; and her Majesty relies with confidence on the zeal and devotion of the House of Lords, and on the exertions of her brave and loyal subjects, to support her in her determination to employ the power and resources of the nation for protecting the dominions of the sultan against the encroachments of Russia."

A similar message was sent down to the Commons, and by both Houses addresses were unanimously carried, assuring her Majesty of the hearty devotion of her Parliament to the cause she had espoused. On the following day the official "Declaration of War" was published in the *London Gazette*, and this great country, after forty years of peace, was once more launched upon the troubled sea of a European war.

While the queen of England was thus, on the part of the great people over whom she ruled, asserting her determination to check the aggressive power of Russia, Louis Napoleon, the emperor of France, was pursuing a similar course. His declaration of war appeared simultaneously with that of England; and in his speech at the opening of the Legislature he uttered sentiments which deserve to be perpetuated. The speech was hailed throughout liberal Europe as the initiation of a policy in France, which would confer a greater lustre on its annals than even the military glory of his renowned uncle. Henceforth the "*idée Napoléonienne*" was an idea of progress by the arts of peace—of war, not as a means of conquest and territorial aggrandizement, but with the object of checking the rapacity of other kingdoms, and through war, perpetuating justice and peace. The emperor said:—

"Europe knows now, in a manner beyond doubt, that if France draws the sword it is because she has been forced to do so. It

knows that France entertains no ideas of aggrandizement. She only wishes to resist dangerous encroachments (*empiètements dangereux*). Therefore I am proud to proclaim openly that the time of conquests is past irrevocably; for it is not by extending its territorial limits that a nation can henceforth be honoured and powerful—it is by placing itself at the head of generous ideas, by making everywhere prevail the empire of right and of justice.

* * * We have beheld in the East, in the midst of profound peace, a sovereign exact suddenly, from his weaker neighbour, new advantages, and, because he did not obtain them, invade two of his provinces. This fact alone would place arms in the hands of those whom iniquity revolts; but we have other reasons to support Turkey. France has as much, and perhaps more, interest at stake than England to prevent the extension of the influence of Russia indefinitely over Constantinople, for to reign at Constantinople is to command the Mediterranean; and not one of you, gentlemen, I think, will say that England alone has interests in that sea which washes three hundred leagues of our shores. Moreover, this policy does not date from yesterday. For centuries every national Government in France has maintained it. I shall not abandon it. Let men then no more say, 'What are you going to do at Constantinople?' We are going there with England to defend the cause of the sultan, and, nevertheless, to protect the rights of the Christians. We go there to protect the freedom of the seas, and our just influence in the Mediterranean. We go there with Germany to assist it in maintaining the rank of which it seemed an attempt was made to deprive it—to make sure its frontiers against the invasions of a too powerful neighbour. We go there, finally, with all those who desire the triumph of right, of justice, and of civilisation."

England was never a great military power, in the technical sense of the term. She has been ever great in her achievements, but they have resulted from the chivalrous daring and obstinate valour of her soldiers, and the comprehensive abilities of their generals, rather than from the numbers of her armies, or the perfection of her military science. Though England stands pre-eminent in the later history of Europe as the arbiter of its destinies, and the conqueror of the most renowned legions of the modern Alexander—though his ablest generals yielded to the invincible prowess of British warriors in the Peninsula, and he himself fled from their charge at Waterloo—it is probable that at no time during the past century could England have brought into the field a fourth of the numbers which France, Austria, Prussia, or Russia, could singly have furnished; and this army, numerically small, was composed of regiments unaccustomed to act in concert in large masses, ignorant of the perfect mechanical organization of the con-

tinental armies, mostly raw levies, unused to a camp life, and unseasoned in the duties of the field. The very spirit of our free institutions, which forbade conscription, and depended only upon voluntary enlistment,—the extent of our colonial empire, which necessitated the dispersion of our small army over the entire globe,—and the magnitude of our commercial transactions, which had banished the dreams of military conquest and aggression,—all contributed to make us a non-military power. And yet the greatest victories of the eventful half-century which saw the rise and fall of Napoleon, the settlement of the kingdoms of Europe, the establishment of an Indian empire, and the consolidation of the Western power, were gained by British arms, and the choicest laurels were entwined around our British standards. From Assaye and Seringapatam, where Wellesley and Baird consummated the work which Clive at Arcot had initiated, to Vittoria and Toulouse—from Waterloo, where our raw recruits swept before them the hitherto invincible Old Guard of the French empire, to the later victories of Scinde and the Sutlej in the far East,—England stands triumphant, the “hero of a hundred fights.” On the sea we had ever been the foremost,—there none dared dispute our laurels; our fleets were at once the largest and the most renowned which breasted the mighty ocean. From our own resources we could, and most probably can, furnish a navy exceeding in number of ships and weight of metal the combined fleets of all Europe. Our naval force in the Black Sea consisted of forty-nine vessels, of which twenty-four were steamers, carrying altogether 1,701 guns. In the Baltic, Sir Charles Napier had at his disposal thirty steamers and thirteen sailing vessels, with an aggregate force of 2,052 guns. Nor were our allies, the French, remiss in their naval preparations. Admiral Parseval Deschênes led to the Baltic twenty-three ships, of which eight were steam-vessels, carrying 1,250 guns; and Admiral Hamelin joined to our fleet in the Black Sea twenty-six vessels, of which exactly half were steamers, and numbering 1,120 guns. Another French squadron, for co-operation with the Black Sea fleet, and commanded by Admiral Bruat, could bring ten ships into action, six being steamers, with 622 guns. Such was the tremendous armament with which the Western powers were enabled to threaten the gigantic fortresses of the northern and southern frontiers of the Russian empire, and enforce a blockade of its ports.

It was the original intention of the English ministers to send about 25,000 men to the assistance of our Ottoman ally. Subsequent events, as we shall see, necessitated the doubling of this number. This resolve having been arrived at, the task devolved upon them of selecting the man to be intrusted with the command of so large an army—large for our country, though small

compared with the immense legions which our colossal foe was enabled to bring into the field. Many brave generals we had, who had done good service on the tented plain—men whose names were renowned among the hill tribes of our Indian empire and the savages of the Cape. The Great Duke, to whom all England had looked as the representative and champion of its military glory, but eighteen months before had been borne, full of years and honours, to his tomb, amid a nation's tears. Sir Charles Napier, the hero of Scinde, whose lion-like courage and administrative energy seemed to mark him out as the successor to the great Wellington in the public confidence, had followed his renowned leader to the grave. But there were those left who had fought beneath their banners and shared their glory—Paladins of spotless fame, and, though old in years, yet young in heart, and ready to fight to the death for the honour of their country. At length it was announced that the command of the army of the East was intrusted to Lord Raglan, the Master-General of the Ordnance, and for a long series of years the military secretary to the duke of Wellington at the Horse Guards. Better known as Lord Fitzroy Somerset, he had achieved a distinguished reputation in the Peninsular campaigns, at Waterloo, and subsequently in the management of the official business of the commander-in-chief's office. At Copenhagen, at Fuentes d'Onor, at Busaco, at the bloody storming of Badajoz, at Salamanca, and Vittoria, at the Pyrenees, at Nivelles, Orthes, and Toulouse, and finally at Quatre Bras and Waterloo, Lord Fitzroy Somerset was among the foremost in the fight. At Waterloo, that crowning victory, he lost an arm. During the whole of his active career he was the confidential secretary to his great leader, the depositary of all his plans of operations,—at once the pupil and the valued friend. Afterwards, when the blast of war was hushed, as secretary to the Master-General of the Ordnance, and military secretary to the commander-in-chief, he gained an intimate knowledge of the minutest details of the service which probably no other man could possess. Such was the leader—of proved bravery in the battle-field, of acknowledged ability as a tactician and commander—to whom was intrusted the responsibility of supporting the British *prestige* in the coming struggle. Nor were the men who held subordinate positions unworthy of their leader: the second in command, and leader of the light division, was Sir George Brown, another hero of the Peninsular war, distinguished at Vimeira, Busaco, the forlorn hope at Badajoz, Salamanca, Vittoria, and all the great battles which commemorated that tremendous struggle against the power of Napoleon. At the Horse Guards he had passed through the various grades of official life, culminating in the dignity of Adjutant-General. He

had resigned this latter office but a few months before the departure of the Crimean expedition. The commander of the second division, Sir De Lacy Evans, was even more distinguished for military service than Sir G. Brown, and had probably seen more active service than any other officer in the army; and his exploits of individual prowess and successful generalship had rivalled the most renowned achievements of our annals. His active political career, as Liberal member for Westminster, had not forwarded his professional prospects; but he could point to fifty actions in which he had borne a prominent part, as his credentials to public favour. In Spain and America his career was one continuous record of distinguished services. No man achieved a higher reputation in the Peninsular war; and when the Spanish legion was enrolled, to defend the cause of the young queen of Spain against her uncle Don Carlos, Sir De Lacy Evans was the chosen leader. In that campaign he exhibited abilities of the highest order, and by the rapidity of his marches, and many signal victories, completely defeated the Carlist forces. Old as he was, the war-worn hero responded to the call of duty, and cheerfully lent the *prestige* of his reputation and dauntless enterprise to the Eastern expedition.

A younger soldier, who as yet had "never set a squadron in the field," and never encountered the shock of a hostile charge, the duke of Cambridge, first cousin to her Majesty, was selected to command the first division, including the Guards and Highlanders. We shall record, in future pages, how well he justified the trust reposed in him. There was, at any rate, a fitness in nominating a member of the royal family to command troops which had always been accustomed to personal attendance upon the sovereign and the court. Though necessarily inexperienced in the stern realities of the battle-field, he was known to be devoted to his profession, and expert in military science. His frankness and attractive personal qualities had rendered him unquestionably one of the most popular officers in the army.

The third division was entrusted to Sir Richard England, an officer who had seen considerable service in the Indian campaigns, a good tactician, and popular leader. Subsequently, a fourth division was formed, commanded by Sir George Cathcart, a very distinguished general, who had taken a prominent share in the efforts of the allied powers to repel Napoleon's attacks on the Austrian and Russian territories; and very recently, as governor of the Cape of Good Hope, had successfully brought to an end the Caffre war, which had so long baffled some of our best generals and bravest troops. He was a man of daring courage, much experience, and great energy and decision of character. The cavalry division was led by the earl of Lucan, who, in early life had served with the Russian army on th

Danube, and was therefore conversant with the topography of the seat of war, and the characteristics of the enemy's troops and tactics.

Such were the generals who led the English army of the East. They were fittingly supported by some of the ablest officers in the service. Sir Colin Campbell, chief of the Highland brigade; the earl of Cardigan, Generals Scarlett, Pennesfather, Tylden, Strangways, Torrens, and Goldie, held prominent commands; and a host of experienced and able men contributed to the efficiency of the expedition.

The French emperor, determined to have his share of the work efficiently—and not the less disposed, perhaps, to thwart the designs of the Czar Nicholas, by the memory of the insulting coolness with which the Russian potentate replied to the announcement that he had ascended the French throne,—sent an army admirably equipped and provided, to the East. Marshal St. Arnaud, the minister of war, resigned his portfolio to assume the chief command, supported by General Canrobert and other officers, trained, like himself, to arms amid the battles and privations of the Algerine campaign. A prominent portion of the army was composed of the Zouaves, men expressly trained for contest with the Arab tribes, and the Chasseurs Indigènes, French subjects, but of African birth. These troops possessed a special aptitude for the work in which they were to be engaged. Accustomed to an irregular and guerilla warfare, beneath a burning sun, they were likely to be efficient antagonists to the Cossacks and semi-barbarous soldiers of the Czar.

When the allied armies embarked for Turkey, the Ottoman successes on the Danube had not been sufficiently decisive—great as they undoubtedly were—to warrant the supposition that the enemy would be diverted from their purpose of invading the Turkish territory. The almost illimitable resources of the great empire of the north would doubtless be brought to bear upon the scene; and it was scarcely to be supposed that Omer and his gallant army would be able to resist the torrent of aggression. It was naturally feared that the passage of the Danube must ultimately be yielded, that Silistria and Shumla would fall, and that the Russian army, crossing the range of the Balkans, would advance on Constantinople, with the intention of consummating the Russian policy.

The first object, then, of the allied Governments was necessarily to place their armies in such a position as would enable them to act most efficiently in such a contingency. For this purpose Gallipoli, a small town near the entrance to the Dardanelles, was chosen as the destination of the expedition. From this point the allies would be enabled to act upon the flank of the advancing Russians, should they succeed in crossing the mountain range,

and threaten Constantinople. That splendid city itself might be easily reached, should events render such a measure advisable. A series of entrenchments and fortifications was projected for the protection of the Turkish capital, and Sir John Burgoyne, one of our most distinguished engineer generals, in conjunction with the French, for some weeks previous to the arrival of the forces, had been engaged in the necessary survey.

Day after day did the metropolis resound to the cheers which bade God speed to the departing troops, as battalion after battalion left for its destination. At early dawn, on those sunshiny April mornings, the peaceful citizens of the great world of London were roused from their slumbers by the tread of heavy columns through the silent streets, and many a hearty farewell was signalled from the windows on the line of route. As the detachments of the Guards passed Buckingham Palace, the Queen, her consort, and her young children, waved an adieu from the balcony. Thousands left their beds, and marched beside the soldiers to the railway terminus; and when the last carriage with its living freight was receding from their view, the air re-echoed with a farewell shout from the lips of peaceful men roused to sympathy with the departing warriors. The excitement of the metropolis was paralleled at Southampton and the other ports of embarkation. England's heart was fairly in the struggle, and England's hand was freely extended to assist the wives and children of the brave men whom duty to their country had called from its shores. But few women were permitted to accompany the expedition, and the scenes witnessed when the troops embarked were peculiarly touching. The brave fellows, who afterwards amply proved their manhood in the field, were not ashamed to be seen mournful and downcast, as with hurried farewell they tore themselves from those they loved best, and whom perhaps they should never behold again; and women, with the passionate emotion of their sex, burst into agonies of grief. One young woman, but lately married, borrowed the uniform of her husband's regiment, and boldly marched on board, resolved to be at his side. The secret was discovered, but so general was the sympathy, that the authorities permitted her to remain on board.

From England to Malta, from Malta to Gallipoli, journeyed our brave warriors. The enormous mercantile resources of this great commercial country were laid under contribution to supply the means of transport for the army and its stores. No other country in the world could have furnished such a navy. The splendid steamers which so long had plied between our shores and our distant colonies, conveying the emigrants who were to lay the foundations of new empires, and bringing back the earnest of future greatness, were diverted from their peaceful occupation, and now bore proudly to their destination the sup-

porters and the emblems of our military renown. From Southampton and from Liverpool vessel after vessel departed with its living freight of men and horses. Lord Raglan and the duke of Cambridge crossed over to Paris, and thence, after a few days' interval, proceeded on their route.

Malta was the depôt in the Mediterranean selected by the Government. Thence other vessels conveyed the troops to their destination. That almost exclusively military island was probably never before so entirely occupied by a warlike population. Released from their confinement on shipboard, the men thronged the streets, sauntered on the quays, and peopled the wine-shops. The latter places produced their usual fruit of quarrels, and here, too, the English soldiers for the first time experienced the attacks of those deadly enemies which were destined afterwards so fatally to thin their ranks—dysentery and diarrhoea. The copious libations of thin wine which they imbibed—rather probably from the habit acquired of drinking something, than from preference of taste—were ill suited to the English constitution, and considerable inconvenience was felt from this cause.

At length the word was given once more to embark, and they turned their backs on this renowned island, and steered towards the classic shores of Greece. There were, perhaps, but few among them conversant with the immortal legends which have made that rugged peninsula illustrious while the world stands. But few could have related the wondrous story of the siege of Troy; yet were they new Agamemnons, sailing on an expedition which, in its details of individual valour, and magnitude of operations, should eclipse the treasured traditions of Thermopylæ, or the episode of Troy itself. The scholar might have mused on the scenes so pregnant with historic lore. There were Athens the mighty, the islands of the blue Ægean, the rock of Cytherea, and the land where Achilles, Agamemnon, and Ulysses,—Orestes, Pylades, and Iphigenia,—Plato and Socrates,—Euripides and Sophocles,—Alcibiades and Alexander, lived and moved;—there was the region where Hercules and the demigods sojourned among men,—and the blue Olympus, with Zeus, Aphrodite, and the divinities of earlier birth. To the east was the Troad, rich in memories of Priam and Hector, Andromache and Cassandra. As the ships neared the Dardanelles, the towers of Sestos and Abydos met the view, the waters which Leander crossed to meet his Hero, and the blue skies commemorated in the lays of many a modern poet. But if such were the scenes which might have raised in the bosom of the man of letters many and varied emotions, the calmer representative of this more practical age would have derived enough food for reflection, when coldly turning from the Past, he looked upon the features of the Present. Here were the elements of a heroism as great as any which poet

had celebrated, or patriot had extolled,—an undertaking which was to tax the resources of the greatest nations of these modern days—nations compared to which, in real grandeur and power, the most renowned empires of antiquity would be deemed puny and insignificant.

When our soldiers landed at Gallipoli, the man of letters (if such a one there had been) would have seen a new world opened to his astonished gaze. From the glories of ancient Greece, he would have been magically transported to the wonders of the Thousand and One Nights. The memory of Achilles, or of Plato, must have yielded to the impression of the scenes where Haroun-al-Raschid took his midnight walks. Gallipoli is the very embodiment of an Oriental town. Narrow streets, destitute of footways; overhanging houses, rickety, dirty, and dilapidated; abominable collections of stagnant filth, reeking with unbearable odours; bearded men and veiled women, bazaars with slippered and smoking stall-keepers, unwashed, and waiting upon Providence for customers; Jews, Turks, and heretics—squalling children and myriads of hungry dogs—all the choicest characteristics of an Eastern town were in abundance at this favoured spot. The English exhibited their national peculiarity, and grumbled; the French *theirs*, and set about remedying the evils. The English looked aghast at the aspect of the place, and asked who was to provide them lodging and cook their dinners; the French took possession of such buildings as suited them, and were their own cooks. The English Commissariat consulted pachas and other officials, drew up contracts, made bargains as best they could, and—were victimised. The French fixed a scale of moderate prices, searched for what they wanted, took it without ceremony, and paid for it at their own valuation. By degrees their example became contagious, and then the astonished Mussulman stared with unfeigned amazement at the activity of his vigorous allies. As if by magic, post-offices were erected, generals' quarters were distinguished by neatly-painted signs, restaurants reared their heads, and the streets were peopled with a motley group of guardsmen, riflemen, chasseurs, Highlanders, and Zouaves. Obnoxious or inconvenient stacks of buildings were unceremoniously removed, and a fatigue party of French soldiers drove a military road through the centre of the burial-ground, where reposed the remains of many generations of devout Turks. Our soldiers were sufficiently occupied in gazing at the many novelties which met their eyes, criticising the veiled forms which occasionally flitted across the streets, or bargaining with "Bono Johnny," as the Turk was soon named, which bargains, it may safely be said, generally afforded ample food for after meditation.

— The stay at Gallipoli was but of brief duration. We have

already indicated the reasons why that town had been selected as the rendezvous of the allied armies. But it now became evident that the means of resistance possessed by the Turks were greater than had been anticipated, and the bulk of the armies moved forward to Constantinople, preparatory to more active measures.

In the plan agreed upon by the two Governments for the conduct of the campaign, it was resolved to limit themselves in the first place to purely defensive operations, leaving the question of a hostile advance into the enemy's country as a contingency to be regulated by after events. In no case were the armies to allow themselves to be separated from their fleets by too great a distance. The immediate danger of an advance upon Constantinople by the invading forces being removed, it was resolved to transport the larger portion of the allied armies from Constantinople to Varna, a town possessing a commodious harbour in the Black Sea, from which basis they would be enabled either to lend efficient support to Omer Pacha, to advance towards Odessa, or invade the Crimea, as circumstances might render advisable.

Onwards, then, to Constantinople and Scutari (a name once but little known to Western ears, but now familiar to us all, and a sad sound to many thousands), a kind of suburb of the capital, on the opposite shore of the Bosphorus, journeyed the allies. Here commodious barracks were placed at their disposal, and for a time their life was a luxurious one. The sunny waters of the Golden Horn swarmed with light *caïques*, filled with curious Orientals, male and female, anxious to look upon the military giants of the West. The sultan himself reviewed them, and expressed his unfeigned admiration of the martial bearing and splendid discipline of his allies. A grand review signalized the Queen's birthday; and the breasts of her royal kinsman, Cambridge, and of Raglan, Brown, and Evans, must have glowed as they listened to the panegyrics of Moslem and French allies on the activity and soldierly qualities of the army.

While the allies were thus gradually approaching the scene of the contest, the combined fleets had struck the first blow in the Black Sea. On the 22nd of March, the admirals, Dundas and Hamelin, approached Odessa, the great commercial port of the Euxine. A flag of truce was sent in, with a demand to General Osten-Sacken, the governor of the place, to deliver up all the ships in the harbour, and threatening, in the event of a refusal, to take signal vengeance for the massacre of Sinope. A very practical answer was given by the Russians to this message, for, in defiance of all usages of civilized warfare, they fired on the vessel, the *Fury*, which bore the white flag. It was not consistent with the temper of English or French sailors to accept his insult in silence, and on the ensuing day, a detachment of

war-steamers from both fleets opened a vigorous bombardment. Orders were given to spare the commercial portion of the town, and these directions were scrupulously obeyed; one gunner, who was observed to take a special aim at some of the buildings, being immediately disrated. The plan of operations was as vigorous in execution as it was beautiful in conception. The allied steamers kept describing a continuous circle in single file, each vessel, as it reached the proper position, delivering its fire with deadly accuracy. The larger and sailing ships formed a reserve in the distance. For a time the Russians made a vigorous defence, the guns from their forts and a detachment of land artillery returning a galling fire; but at length two powder magazines exploded, and then the resistance perceptibly slackened. The sharp fire of the attacking force levelled the fortifications, and strewed them with the bodies of dead artillerymen. Their object was achieved, and bearing with them thirteen of the enemy's ships, laden with munitions of war, the allies drew off and rejoined the fleets. The loss to the enemy must have amounted to nearly a thousand men *hors de combat*. The allies lost only five killed and ten wounded.

The exultation which this brilliant little affair caused at home was considerably damped a few weeks afterwards, by the tidings of an event as unfortunate for ourselves as it was discreditable to the enemy. On the 12th of April, the English war-steamer *Tiger* grounded on some rocks within a short distance from Odessa. Unable to extricate herself from her perilous position, she lay a defenceless mark for the enemy's artillery, a force of which was promptly brought to bear upon her. The result of this atrocious cowardice was the surrender of the ship, and the inflicting of a mortal wound on her brave commander, Captain Giffard. The crew, 250 in number, were taken prisoners into the interior, and the ship was blown up by the Russians, her engines and guns having previously been removed.

By the end of May, the allies had reached Varna. The quiet population of that ordinarily peaceful port, which, like all other Eastern towns, but rarely witnessed any undue animation in its streets, were struck with astonishment, as their compatriots of Gallipoli had been before them, by the appearance of the English and French soldiers. Detachments of sappers and miners and French Zouaves were landed, and immediately commenced the formation of piers and jetties for the disembarkation of the cavalry and warlike stores. The English worked, as they always do, methodically and silently. Their allies cheered their labour with songs, never-failing animal spirits, and incredible activity. Day after day did our magnificent vessels discharge their living freight into the unfortunate little town. The people looked on with blank astonishment, as boat after boat approached

the shore, filled with grim-visaged men, armed to the teeth. There were the stern British warriors, and there the lighter troops of our French friends. The Turks gazed in silent wonder at the thousands of scarlet warriors, and not the less so for the presence of a few dirty, ragged, sunburnt women, the *privileged* followers of their husband's fortunes. One of the saddest scenes of the expedition was the miserable condition of the soldiers' wives. They had no accommodation suited to their sex, insufficient rations, and no means of transport. The washerwomen, the drudges of the army, they had lost almost every feature of feminine attractiveness, and formed a lamentable contrast to the spruce *vivandières* of the French army, in their neat uniforms, with horses for their convenience, and every accommodation which the camp could afford.

It was impossible that a town of limited dimensions could accommodate an army of 50,000 men. It was therefore decided to form encampments at a short distance from Varna, which should be established as the head-quarters. Devna and Aladyn, two lovely valleys, about eighteen miles from Varna, on the road to Shumla, the head-quarters of Omer Pacha, were the sites chosen for the camps. A more unfortunate selection could scarcely have been made, as the event proved. It would have been difficult to have chosen spots more redolent with natural beauty: all the charms of scenery which one of the richest soils in Europe could afford were presented to the eye; but so deadly were the exhalations from the moist ground, that the situation had long possessed an unenviable reputation among the natives of the district. It is said that strong representations of the unhealthiness of the site had been made to the English Government, by physicians acquainted with the locality. However this may be, thither the troops were marched, and there the camps were pitched. The heat of the weather had now grown most oppressive: officers and men alike assumed an unsoldier-like appearance. The duke of Cambridge, ever considerate of the comfort of his men, permitted them to discard the stiff stocks which enveloped their necks, and the officers luxuriated in open waistcoats and loose neckerchiefs. The deficiencies of the commissariat service, from whatever cause they may have arisen, began already to develop themselves. Complaints were freely made as to the insufficiency of provisions and medical stores; and continual bickerings arose between the officers of the departments charged with their administration and the commanding officers.

Varna itself rapidly changed its appearance: an influx of foreign sutlers appeared upon the scene, and wine-shops and cafés sprang up with almost the miraculous rapidity of Aladdin's. The French, as they always do, labelled and catalogued

the place: every street received a French name; the post-office became a conspicuous object; generals of division had their names conspicuously painted over the entrance to their lodgings; and the French officers extemporised a little Paris of their own, and promenaded, and chatted, and smoked, and drank coffee and *petits verres du vin*, with characteristic national gaiety. The English, more phlegmatic, were also less demonstrative and alert: they painted no signs, named no streets, and left the anxious inquirer to find their whereabouts as best he might. At the camp there were continual outcries. Wearied of inaction, the men, impatient for warlike service, bore the life of the camp with but a bad grace; the commissariat were at their wit's end: the native carts for the transport of provisions broke down, the horses were stolen, and the drivers absconded. The French, less ceremonious than ourselves, were not so scrupulous as to availing themselves of the means at hand, and kept their small army of irregulars with a firmer hand. We were but little disposed to adopt a vigorous system of coercion, and it is not too much to say that we received a poor return for our consideration and comparative easiness of disposition.

British soldiers are unquestionably the most devoted in the world: on the scene of action, in the presence of the enemy, no difficulties can daunt, or hardships discourage them. Some of our greatest victories, from Agincourt downwards, have been triumphantly won by troops decimated by disease, and almost perishing from starvation and exposure; but the want of stimulus—the lassitude of inaction—is fatal to our courage. Inconveniences, afterwards cheerfully endured, were magnified into insurmountable difficulties; and at length came the crowning evil that was to spread an utter despondency through all ranks: *the cholera was in their midst*. Brave men, who would stand firm as a rock of adamant to meet the shock of a hostile squadron—who would not quail or blench before the sheet of fire poured from the mouths of Russian cannon—trembled at the advance of this redoubtable foe. Its presence might have been anticipated. We have already mentioned that the site of the encampment bore a fatal reputation; the teeming soil and stagnant lakes sent up volumes of poisonous miasma beneath the scorching sun, and the presence of a numerous body of men necessitated the accumulation of an immense quantity of offal, which, rapidly decomposing by the sun's rays, filled the air with the elements on which cholera loves to feed. Add to this the refuse consequent upon the slaughtering of the animals provided by the commissariat, and the utter want of all means of drainage and other sanitary precautions, and it will not be difficult to see the cause of the fearful ravages we have to record and to lament. The villagers around deserted their homes, so offensive were the

exhalations from the camp. When the Russians, more than twenty years before, penetrated to this spot, they lost 7,000 men by cholera. The disease spread with frightful rapidity. In the centre of the camp scenes were exhibited, beside which the horrors of our own London, in the cholera year of 1849, are almost insignificant. No hospitals were there to open their ready doors—no nurses to tend the sick, and but a small staff of medical men—talented and zealous, it is true—but utterly inadequate in numbers to cope with the disease: the proper medicines were quickly exhausted, and the delays in renewing the supply were numerous and disheartening. Sentinels were seized at their post, and before assistance could be obtained were loathsome and decomposed corpses. When a few of the survivors assembled to listen to the chaplain read the burial-service over the remains of their comrades, they would be admonished that in “the midst of life we are in death,” by the spectacle of a bystander, one who like themselves had come to witness the burial rites, falling in his agony, and borne, a dying man, from the scene. No pen could do adequate justice to the sufferings, bodily and mental, which our brave fellows endured; thankfully would they have received the orders for action; joyfully would they have crossed bayonets with the densest phalanx that ever trod the field—anything would have been a welcome change to the depressing uncertainty of action, and the almost certainty of hideous death.

Not alone in the camp, but in the town,—not alone in the pestilential but beautiful “valleys of the shadow of death,”—did the plague rage. From Aladyn to Varna flew the horrible scourge; and the news had scarcely reached head-quarters that thousands were perishing in the camp, than the bolt fell in their midst, and on the fleet which so proudly rode on the waters of the Euxine and guarded the port. The men, with a strange callousness, as though reckless by fear, neglected every precaution which common prudence might have dictated, and in the madness of intoxication sought to drown the memory of their inactivity and their danger. Unfortunately the facilities for obtaining drink were only too accessible; and the soldiers, French as well as English, ate voraciously of the vegetable productions, so plentiful, but so improper at such a crisis. Enormous cucumbers and melons were easily obtainable and greedily devoured, and, followed by “potations pottle deep,” finishing not unfrequently with a night in the wet and filthy streets, and a morning in the guard-house, were admirable preparations for spasms, vomiting, and collapse, and finally, an unknown and unhonoured grave in a foreign land.

But the time was near at hand for the development of events grand enough to banish from the thoughts of our warriors the

cholera itself. The trump of war was about to sound, and at its startling note the angel of death, so long stooping his wing over the devoted army, would flee away. Before, however, we enter upon this new phase of our history, we must retrace our steps, and recount the further proceedings of the heroic Turks, and the progress of the Danubian war.

After the battle of Citate, so bitter a blow to the pretensions of Russia, the enemy's generals found it advisable to change their plan of operations. Adopting Foktchani as their basis, they accumulated a large amount of military stores, and finding that the Turks were not to be tempted into crossing the Danube, calmly awaited reinforcements. When these had arrived, it was resolved to make a desperate effort to force the passage of the river. Imperative orders arrived from St. Petersburg to press the war vigorously, and at any cost. On the 13th of February they attacked Giurgevo, on the Wallachian bank of the Danube, with a considerable force, and after a vigorous resistance, the Turks were forced to evacuate their position, though not without being able to effect an orderly retreat across the river, and establish themselves firmly in the opposite town of Rustchuk. The Russian generals now resolved on concentrating their strength, and making an irresistible advance into Bulgaria. With characteristic promptness, however, Omer Pacha initiated the attack. Throwing a small column across the Danube at Rahova, he assaulted and drove back the outposts at Kalarasch with considerable slaughter; and the Turks, after this dashing feat, retired in security to Rahova. Another attempt was made by the extreme right of the Russian line, on the 11th of March, to seize Kalafat; but they were energetically repulsed by the brave garrison of that renowned town. Four days later, Prince Gortschakoff made a desperate effort to wrest from its Ottoman defenders the island in the Danube between Tukurtai and Oltenitza, which had been so important a position in the battle at the latter place. The Russians were again driven back, but some idea of the sanguinary nature of the struggle may be formed from the fact that 2,000 soldiers of the Czar left their bodies on the disputed ground.

Five days before this desperate attempt to force the passage of the river at Oltenitza, General Luders had succeeded in crossing, at Galatz, into the Dobrudscha. Gortschakoff, defeated as he had been, resolved upon abandoning the position he had so disastrously occupied, and shifting his ground farther to the east, effected a passage at Tultscha, beyond the point where Luders had passed with his army. The two divisions were now united, and numbered about 50,000 men. By a curious coincidence, the 23rd of March, the day on which Gortschakoff crossed the river, was the same day on which

Odessa was so successfully bombarded by the allied fleets. Thus was the Russian success more than counterbalanced. Four days later, England and France had officially entered into the struggle. The great object of the enemy's movements now became apparent. Prince Paskiewitch, the veteran general, the most celebrated commander of the Russian army, was summoned from Poland to assume the supreme command, and Schilders, the most accomplished general of engineers, also hastened to the scene of operations. The capture of Silistria, the strongest fortress on the southern bank of the Danube, and the key to Bulgaria, was evidently the object of the Russians. So important was the possession of this place deemed by the Czar, that the most imperative directions were forwarded to accomplish it at any cost. The plan of operations was this. Gortschakoff and Luders, having crossed the Danube, were to advance towards Silistria, intercepting communications, and investing it on the land side; while Paskiewitch was to throw forward the main body of the army and vigorously assault it from the northern side. The garrison of Silistria, commanded by Moussa Pacha, a general of great ability and indomitable courage, did not number more than 8,000 men.

Now commenced one of the most memorable sieges which history has ever recorded. Others have exceeded it in the number of men engaged, in the length of time occupied, but none in heroic episodes and unflinching constancy. On the 14th of April, batteries were thrown up on the north bank of the Danube, opposite the devoted town, and a vigorous bombardment opened, but without much effect. On the 28th the first assault was made, but so hot was the reception the attacking force met with, that three weeks elapsed before they had sufficiently recovered to completely invest the town. By that time 53,000 Russians had surrounded the fortress, and batteries had been established, commanding the most important points. On the south-west front, and consequently the land side of the town, two very important earthworks were thrown up, known as Arab Tabia and Illanli. The ground on which these works were situated rises in a series of platforms, which virtually command the town. Their defence, therefore, was of the utmost importance to the brave garrison. Again and again, for the space of ten weeks, did the enemy precipitate strong columns of men against these mounds of earth, and again and again were they driven back with enormous loss. In vain the Russian cannonade levelled the bastions and slaughtered the defenders; others supplied their places, and once more the works rose defiantly. The Russian shells swept the ground, and the Turks burrowed in the trenches, till the advancing columns of assailants rushed to the breach. Then the undaunted defenders sprang upon

them, and hurled them back, covered with defeat. Every attack was made with increased numbers, and made only to be the more ignominiously defeated. Mines were stealthily advanced towards the works; but the Turks countermined, and the Russian sappers were blown into the air. All this while an incessant bombardment from the river batteries poured death into the town. But the undaunted besieged never for a moment relaxed their resistance. Three master-spirits guided their operations, and infused heroic courage into their ranks. Captain James Butler, a young Englishman, who had volunteered for service in the army of the East, had joined the garrison, in company with Lieutenant Nasmyth, another young officer, animated by similar motives. These two gallant men were the very soul of the defence, and, aided by the brave Moussa Pacha, the Ottoman commander, successfully defied the power of the assailants. Butler, as the senior of the two Englishmen, assumed a position readily acceded to him by his Turkish allies, and to him they were indebted for the admirable construction and disposition of the defensive works. Lieutenant Nasmyth proved himself a most able seconder of his friend's exertions, and, in the capacity of "special correspondent" of the *Times* newspaper, made all Europe acquainted with the details of this extraordinary siege.

Straining every nerve, and exhausting every resource, to become masters of the place, the Russian generals summoned to their aid the larger portion of the right wing of their army, thus materially weakening their power of opposing the Turkish forces to the westward of Silistria, who, in consequence, obtained some easy successes. On the 12th of May, a tremendous assault was made by the besiegers on the town, and repulsed after a sanguinary struggle, in which more than 2,000 Russians were lost. Ten days afterwards another assault was attempted, and again were the enemy defeated. With true Russian wiliness, overtures were secretly made to Moussa Pacha to betray his trust, and for an adequate price to deliver the fortress to the Czar. The brave man scornfully rejected the proposition, and bade the enemy to take it if they could. Meanwhile, Omer Pacha was anxiously endeavouring to succour the devoted garrison. Obstacles interposed by the stupidity, if not traitorous connivance, of officials in the ministry, had hitherto effectually tied his hands; but at length, on the 5th of July, a detachment of Turkish troops effected an entrance into the town after a smart skirmish; and on the 8th, about a thousand more literally cut their way through the Russians, and were added to the garrison. Aided by these welcome reinforcements, the Turks now assumed the offensive, and on the night of the 13th made a sortie, and succeeded in destroying the Russian works, springing their mines, and inflicting a terrible loss upon their ranks.

It was now evident to the Russian commanders that, if the town were to be taken at all, it must be by a *coup de main*, and a grand assault was ordered for the 28th of June. But they had miscalculated the valour of their soldiers. Daunted by the warm reception they had hitherto experienced, they absolutely refused to march again to the breach; and nothing but the threat of stopping their rations unless Silistria were taken the next day, could induce these valiant warriors to perform their duty. On the next day, the Russian generals led their half-starved and unwilling forces against the redoubts of Silistria. The commanders, Prince Paskiewitch, Count Orloff, generals Schilders, Gortschakoff, and Luders, placed themselves in the very front of the attacking force, anxious to stimulate the soldiers by their own exposure. The assault was attempted, and most triumphantly repulsed. The Russians were thrown into the utmost disorganization, and fled precipitately from the well-directed volleys of the garrison. Their leaders, too, paid dearly for their temerity. Paskiewitch himself was severely wounded; Schilders had both his legs shattered, Luders his jaw shot away, Count Orloff was killed, and Gortschakoff received a serious wound. Nor did the brave defenders escape without irreparable loss. Their gallant chief, Moussa Pacha, was struck on the head by a round shot, and expired instantly; and the noble Butler fell a sacrifice to his undaunted courage. The Turkish reinforcements outside the garrison fell upon the rear of the retreating Russians, and completed the rout their compatriots had so gloriously initiated. Beaten on every hand, the enemy dashed pell-mell across the river, in confused retreat towards Foktchani. The siege was raised. More than 30,000 Russian soldiers had perished in the attempt to take Silistria, and the broken remnant were now in full flight, owing their safety solely to the limited number of the victorious Turks, which forbade pursuit.

With the exception of the small force which still lingered in the plague-stricken plains of the Dobrudscha, not a Russian remained to the south of the Danube. The mighty legions, precipitated so recklessly across the Danube, were dead upon the Turkish bank, or flying ignominiously from the scene. The despised Turks were the triumphant conquerors, and the great Czar had received another and a greater blow from the "sick man."

CHAPTER IV.

Invasion of the Crimea determined on by the allies.—Embarkation at Varna.—Landing of the armies.—First night in the Crimea.—Advance across the Bouljanak.—Skirmish with the Cossacks.—March to the Alma.—Strong position of the Russians.—The battle and the victory.

THE raising of the siege of Silistria by the Russians necessarily altered the plan of the campaign. By their defeat and disorderly retreat across the Danube, Turkey was saved from the danger of invasion: and the presence of the allied armies was no longer essential to support by their countenance the valour of the Ottoman forces. Omer Pacha had abundantly proved that the guardianship of the frontier line might be safely entrusted to native valour; and it now became the question, how the auxiliary armies might be most efficiently employed. In the instructions furnished by the home governments to the allied generals, the contingency of Turkish success had been considered, and three courses of subsequent action been left open to their discretion. These were, first, a pursuit across the Danube, and a campaign in the Principalities; secondly, the embarkation of the armies and descent upon some portion of the Russian territory in the neighbourhood; and, lastly, an invasion of the Crimea. To the first course, the grave objection existed that an advance into Wallachia and Moldavia would necessarily sever the connection so essential to be preserved between the army and the fleet, thus cutting off the means of supply of provisions and munitions of war, and, in the event of reverses, destroying the ability of retreat. The second course was even more objectionable—the precedent of the French invasion of Russia under Napoleon, and the disasters of the retreat from Moscow, was anything but favourable to such an enterprise. Besides, supposing even that Odessa were destroyed, and the coast towns occupied, a very slight injury would be inflicted on the enemy, by no means commensurate with the cost of its achievement. The third plan, then, was the one adopted, as being most feasible in execution, and most important in its anticipated results. To destroy Sebastopol would be almost to accomplish the objects of the war. It was probably the strongest and most richly-stored arsenal in the world, and sheltered beneath its guns a fleet capable of making at any time a warlike descent upon the Turkish shores. It was the very key to the predominance of Russia in the Black Sea, and a perpetual menace to the power

we had engaged to protect. Public opinion at home was unanimous in favour of a descent upon the Crimea; and though events subsequently proved that the strength of the allies was inadequate to the task they had accepted, yet so imperfect was our knowledge of the Russian resources, that no doubts seem to have been felt as to immediate and decisive success.

It was a busy and a joyful time at Varna and the camps beyond, when the order was given to prepare for embarkation. Disheartened and weakened as they were by their long inactivity and exposure to disease, the men hastened with unwonted alacrity to prepare for their new sphere of action. Cholera disappeared, as if by magic, in the camp, so great was the physical effect of the impetus which the near prospect of active service communicated to the men. A fire, which might almost be considered as providential, had broken out in the town of Varna, and swept away some of the most pestilential of the localities, purging, as great fires not unfrequently have done before, the worst portion of the causes of infection from the town. The word ran like lightning through the ranks, that at length our brave fellows were to cross bayonets with the enemy, and every man nerved himself for the enterprise. Tents were struck, necessities packed, arms inspected, and military discipline, somewhat relaxed by the long inaction, at once restored. Those who had been almost sinking beneath the relaxing heat of the climate and the neighbourhood of disease, felt their muscles braced and their blood flow more freely, as they thought that they might yet live to support the reputation of the British soldier in the field. The French, who had suffered, perhaps, more than our men—the Zouaves, the African soldiers, presumed to be thoroughly seasoned to all atmospheric changes, strangely enough enduring more sickness than the rest—hoped to emulate their Algerian prowess, and, escaping from the deadly malaria which had almost annihilated one division employed to reconnoitre in the fatal Dobrudscha, perform deeds of valour calculated to shed a lustre upon the new empire. Probably, the only parties dissatisfied were those who, as invalids, were unfit to accompany the expedition, and those who were to be left behind at depôts as guardians of the stores. Men who but a few days previously were struggling for life against the ravages of the plague, staggering beneath the weight of their accoutrements, presented themselves as fit to serve, and balanced themselves on their tottering limbs, and extended their emaciated arms, scarcely stalwart enough to lift the muskets to their shoulders, to show that they were fit to bear their share of the coming toil. Officers, who had been selected to remain to command the invalided men, or perform the necessary duties, were mad with excitement, and addressed frantic letters to the commanding officers,

praying to be excused from the inglorious ease, and to be permitted to participate in the fortunes of the campaign. Horses were at a discount: it being impossible to convey more than a limited number, it was difficult to find purchasers, and many a valuable animal was parted with for a price that would have staggered the most experienced horse-dealers. Some officers exhibited fits of unusual generosity, and most earnestly pressed the acceptance of a favourite and valuable charger upon their friends, who generally declined the proffered gift; and as a consequence, hundreds of excellent animals were cast adrift, to do duty ultimately, it might be, as the half-starved and over-worked drudges of Bulgarian peasants.

The men marched in excellent spirits to the points of embarkation. For the first time for many weeks, songs and lusty cheers enlivened their ranks. Upwards of a hundred vessels were occupied in the conveyance of our troops, among them the gigantic *Himalaya*, and the scarcely inferior *Simla*, *Simoom*, *Victoria*, *Vulcan*, &c. The large steamers were to tow the sailing vessels, thus preventing a dispersion of the armada. The *Himalaya* was devoted to the transport of cavalry, as affording most room. So enormous was the amount of work to be performed in the embarkation of so large an army with the necessary stores and ammunition, that more than a week was consumed in performing the duty. The French had less facilities for the transport of their army, their vessels being mostly smaller, and they were consequently indebted to some of our vessels for the opportunity of conveyance. The troops were densely packed, every available space being occupied. The men lay on the decks, and the officers were only too happy to obtain a locker or a table to serve for a bed. Of course a lengthened voyage under such circumstances would have been most disastrous, as disease would inevitably have broken out; but the men were animated by the prospect of a speedy termination to the inconveniences, and a wider and more glorious field for the exhibition of their valour and powers of endurance.

At length the great fleet, nearly 400 vessels in all, on the 7th of September, 1854, a memorable day thenceforth, set sail for its destination. What that destination was none knew. Orders were issued to rendezvous off the Isle of Serpents, near the Sulina mouth of the Danube. The scene, when the immense flotilla was fairly under weigh, was of the most exciting and animating character. Every ship bore on its side the number of the regiment and nature of troops it conveyed, and carried a distinguishing flag. As night closed in, lanterns signalling the division to which it belonged were displayed, and an illumination, such as the waters of the Euxine never before reflected

was witnessed by the sharers in the daring adventure. No incident of these modern practical times, perhaps, has partaken so largely of the character of romance as the departure of this renowned expedition. The great armada, which taxed the energies of the most powerful maritime nation of the sixteenth century, was a puny flotilla compared to the one we are now writing of. The largest vessel of that celebrated fleet was a cockleshell to many of our noble steamers, detached from their customary vocation of carrying on the commercial intercourse of nations, and devoted to the service of war. Resources of science, unknown before the present generation, and adapted by skill to our naval requirements, were there in abundance, rendering a single steamer more than a match for a dozen vessels of an earlier age, and almost independent of the adverse winds and strong currents which had dispersed many a gallant fleet and defeated many a deep-laid scheme of conquest. Iron, naturally one of the densest of bodies, became, in the hands of the scientific shipwright, buoyant as cork; and vessels each large enough to carry a regiment of cavalry besides its proper crew, and to which a Spanish brig-of-war of the days of Philip might have served for a jolly-boat, breasted the broad waves of the Euxine, freighted with as brave and chivalrous warriors as menaced Troy, or did battle with the infidel possessors of Jerusalem.

Brave and chivalrous indeed, for they sailed they knew not whither, to encounter an unknown enemy. It might be that they were to force a landing at once under the very guns of Sebastopol, and by sheer audacity achieve the capture of the renowned fortress. It might be that, debarking at a distance from that spot, they would be exposed to toilsome marches, in an enemy's country, harassed by clouds of Cossacks, and opposed by great armies, in strong positions, infinitely outnumbering their own force, when even continuous victory would necessarily be almost entire annihilation. But, like the errant-knights of old, they anticipated no difficulties, and bore a stout heart for any fate. English and French, officer and man, seemed to have but one desire, that of meeting all foes at all hazards, and winning gallantly or dying gloriously.

The general instructions furnished to Marshal St. Arnaud (who, by reason of the French army being so numerically superior to the English, and his military rank as marshal being higher than that of Lord Raglan, assumed the rank of generalissimo of the expedition), and which were understood to have been drawn up by the emperor Louis Napoleon himself, though leaving to the discretion of the generals the point of debarkation on the shores of the Crimea, yet strongly recommended—so strongly, in fact, as almost to amount to a command—the choice of Kaffi as the most convenient spot. It was, we cannot help

believing, exceedingly fortunate that the allied generals resolved upon examining for themselves the locality, and ultimately rejected the plans of the emperor. Kaffa, it is true, affords the largest bay and the most secure anchorage in the Crimea, and, had they been the only requisites, there could have been little doubt that the imperial scheme would have been adopted. But the fleet was only valuable in the expedition as an auxiliary to the army—as a basis of operations, a depôt of stores, a means of conveying reinforcements, an assistant in the actual bombardment, or a medium of retreat in event of a disaster. For all practical purposes Sebastopol was the Crimea; and Sebastopol is on the western coast, while Kaffa is on the eastern, at least 100 miles distant. Had the object been to provide for the security and comfort of the fleet, it might as well have been in snug quarters at Spithead or Cherbourg, as at Kaffa, and there it would have been about as useful. The plan of Napoleon was to seize the town of Kaffa, thence to march across the peninsula, taking possession of Karu-Bazar, Simferopol, and Baktchiserai, thus advancing to Sebastopol, and securing the harbour of Balaklava, as a naval basis near the scene of intended operations. But the emperor, by some strange oversight, seems to have forgotten his own previous caution not to separate from the fleets, when he sketched out the march of an army, only 50,000 strong, encumbered with necessary ammunition and baggage, along a road forty miles from the sea in some parts, through a mountainous district, in an enemy's country, for 100 miles, exposed to continued encounters with immense armies, and necessitated to seize and retain possession of, at least, three large towns, strongly garrisoned. It is true, a force stationed at Kaffa might intercept reinforcements arriving from Asia, or along the narrow strip of land bridging the Putrid Sea; but what was to hinder the arrival of the legions which would be poured into the Crimea, through Perekop, the most direct and available route from the very heart of the military strength of Russia, on the first intelligence of the invasion? Supposing, too, that a sufficient force to hold Kaffa had been left in occupation there (and if it had not been, what would have prevented the arrival of troops from Asia and the north, which would have followed the invaders, and enclosed them between two fires?—that the three great towns had been captured and consequently garrisoned—or where the utility of taking them?—deduct the necessary casualties of the march, and the inevitable results of the unavoidable battles, even supposing them to have been victories, and how many men could possibly have arrived before Sebastopol out of 50,000? The expedition to the Crimea at all was romantic, and is said to have been strongly opposed by some of our most able generals; but this

contemplated march through a mountainous region, interposing innumerable obstacles to transit, in the face of a powerful enemy, far from assistance, cut off from supplies of food or ammunition, with three fortified towns to capture, at least several pitched battles to fight, and, as a finish to the prospect, the most strongly fortified town in the world to reduce, was the very absurdity of Quixoteism.

Fortunately, we say, the generals were wiser than their teacher. When the ships collected at their appointed rendezvous, orders were received to proceed to a spot about forty miles west of Cape Tarkan, in the north of the Crimea; then, embarking in the *Caradoc*, a small English steamer, Marshal St. Arnaud and Lord Raglan, accompanied by their seconds in command, Generals Canrobert and Brown, and Sir Edmund Lyons, proceeded to survey the coast and select the spot most favourable to their purpose. They skirted the western shore, ran close into Eupatoria, examined the coast thence to Sebastopol (where a few weeks previous, General Canrobert and Sir George Brown had closely scanned the fortifications on a flying visit, penetrating, under cover of night, even into the harbour, and not retiring until the grey light of morning had revealed to them a considerable amount of information), passing almost within range of the guns, and coasting round to the little harbour of Balaklava; which having scrutinized, they returned in safety to the fleets. Had any of the large Russian steamers crossed the path of the little *Caradoc*, and attacked it, a very different fate might have awaited the allies from that which they anticipated. But the Russian admirals little dreamed of the prize they might have secured, and our modern Agamemnons were borne back unscathed from their perilous cruise.

On the morning of Monday, the 11th of September, the chiefs returned from their trip and rejoined the fleet; and the anxious expectation as to the point of debarkation, which had agitated the minds of all on board, during the two days' tedious riding at anchor, was in some degree alleviated by the order to make sail, and rendezvous thirty miles west of Sebastopol. Even then, uncertainty seemed to cloud the counsels of the commanders. The fleet was dispersed, the heavy sailing vessels having failed to keep in company with their more alert fellows of the steam fleet. At length, the English and French fleets, in one compact flotilla, approached the shore, and the town of Eupatoria, and the hills of the south-east, were presented to the eager gaze of the soldiers. A small steamer was despatched to summon the town to surrender at discretion, and a refusal being received, a small body of English and French marines was landed, their appearance soon stifling any qualms of conscience the local authorities might have felt at yielding up their trust to the enemy.

The fleet then shaping a course in a south-easterly direction, the plans of the allied generals became apparent. About eight miles from Eupatoria, the ships cast anchor at a mile from the shore, in the Bay of Kalamita, near a place known as Old Fort. A narrow strip of level land was the spot selected for debarkation, and the enemy exhibited no signs of opposition, or even preparation. It had been not unnaturally anticipated that a formidable resistance would have been made to the expected landing of the allies, which could only then have been accomplished with much loss. On the contrary, the only signs of Russian life apparent, was the presence of a mounted Russian officer, who, attended by three or four Cossacks, securely stationed on a neighbouring eminence, was calmly sketching the scene.

It had been arranged that the ships of the admirals should occupy the centre of the bay, thus dividing the two armies. Had this determination been carried out, the landing might have been effected with the least imaginable difficulty; but the French admiral, with an exclusive attention to his own branch of the allied force, which subsequent events of the campaign paralleled, thought proper to anchor his vessel at the extreme right of the bay, thus throwing the vessels into considerable confusion. One transport was grounded, and several fouled in their endeavours to get into their proper positions. In an incredibly short space of time, however, order was restored; and, under the energetic superintendence of Sir Edmund Lyons, the steamers and transports commenced to discharge their living freights. The sea was literally covered with boats, laden with soldiers in their varied uniforms, and bearing rations for three days, every article that could possibly be dispensed with being left in the ships. Those who landed first marked out with flags the spots to be occupied by each division and regiment; and the sailors, standing knee-deep in the water, lent hearty assistance to those who were less amphibious than themselves. Nothing could exceed the delight of the sturdy seamen, as they lifted their red-coated compatriots from the boats, and placed them dry-footed on the shore; or lent a hand, with more zeal than knowledge, to disembark the horses. Frequently, a noble charger, startled by the novelty of his situation, would roll into the water, half a dozen ancient mariners clinging to his mane or tail, and sharing his immersion,—emerging at length, dripping with brine, but in a high state of jollity at having rescued their steed, and overwhelming him with caresses of a nautical fashion, as they soothed his fears or indulged him with a short trot on *terra firma*. The two or three Cossacks who had watched our landing now deemed it prudent to withdraw, though not until a few shots had warned them of the prowess of the English riflemen, and one of their number had received a compliment from Major Lyons, of

the 23rd, which would probably render his sitting in the saddle, or elsewhere, exceedingly inconvenient for some time to come. It so chanced, however, that even these few Cossacks were very nearly inflicting a heavy blow on the English army, by the capture of one of its most distinguished officers. Sir George Brown, general of the light division, had no sooner landed, than with characteristic daring he mounted his horse, and advanced alone to gain a view of the surrounding country. He had ridden some distance, and had closely approached the retreating party, quite unconscious of their neighbourhood, when he was suddenly astonished by the unwelcome apparition of three ferocious horsemen, lance in hand, in full career towards him, and at but a few yards' distance. Sir George, who was almost unarmed, was too old a soldier to mistake rashness for courage, and wisely considering the odds too great, discreetly put spurs to his horse and galloped off, followed by his Cossack pursuers. A few of our men had fortunately, however, followed in the steps of their leader, and when they saw his danger, hastened to the rescue. Half a dozen levelled rifles proved too strong an argument for the valour of the Russian horsemen, and they, in their turn, made a precipitate retreat. Sir George Brown rejoined the main body, and proved, when the time came, that he could attack as bravely as he could retire discreetly.

By the time when the approaching darkness rendered it necessary to suspend operations for the day, 20,000 English, with thirty-six guns, and numerous horses, had been landed, and the French in about equal force. Our men had left their tents in the ships, and officers and common soldiers were alike unprovided with means of shelter. Their rations consisted of provisions for three days; and in this respect, those high in command shared with their less distinguished followers. As night closed in, torrents of rain began to descend, and in a brief space of time, the narrow strip of land on which they stood, bounded on the one side by the sea, and on the other by a salt lake, was a dismal swamp. Wrapping themselves in their blankets, which were thoroughly soaked in a few minutes, the men lay down in the mud, and endeavoured to sleep. A moderate, and not very luxurious supper of cold pork, washed down with a single sip of rum, was their first meal in the Crimea; and then, officers and men strove to drown in slumber the wretched aspect of affairs which thus initiated their invasion. Sir De Lacy Evans was fortunate enough to possess a tent, which some considerate member of the veteran's staff had contrived to bring on shore. An old cart, the property probably of some Tartar peasant, frightened from his accustomed labour, made, when overturned, a canopy such as royalty seldom couches beneath; but under its welcome shelter the duke of Cambridge pressed, no doubt

for the first time, the bare earth. The French were better provided. They had contrived to land a considerable number of tents; and, moreover, many of their regiments were supplied with the little *tentes-abris*, a portion of which was borne by each soldier; and several of these parts could be united into a small tent, sufficiently commodious to afford some protection from the severity of the weather.

How little can the home-keeping public realise the feelings which must have been predominant in the bosoms of the men during that melancholy bivouac! Soldiers are, perhaps, less sensitive to hardships and exposure than civilians; and probably comparatively callous to the finer sentiments. But it is scarcely possible to conceive that, out of 60,000 men, lying on the bare earth in an enemy's country, there would be many who would not be keenly alive to the emotions their situations would naturally suggest. Physically depressed by a day of extreme toil, poorly fed, and drenched by the descending torrent, the past would be inevitably present to their imaginations, and with the past the probable future. Many men will march dauntlessly to the cannon's mouth, and show no signs of fear, but with cheerful voice, and light step, dash through the enemy's fire, and over the bodies of the dead. But in the stillness of the night, when no excitement warms his blood, the bravest will be despondent, and the strong man be moved with emotions as keen as those which agitate the breasts of the tender woman or the sympathetic child. Oceans rolled between them and all they had learned to love and value. No hand so rough but had been pressed by some other hand on the day of departure; no nature so fierce and ungentle but had softened into a better manhood as the cliffs of England receded from the view. And now they lay through the long hours of that miserable night, striving vainly enough to drown their remembrances in sleep, and gain renewed strength and courage for the morrow—the morrow that might bring death, and certainly imminent dangers. Before them lay an unknown land—a future of deadly uncertainty. Battles were to be fought, shot and steel to be encountered; and who could tell who were destined to lie in the obscurity of death on that foreign soil, and who to bear the tidings back to thousands of melancholy homes?

Thus was passed the night of the 14th of September, the anniversary of the death of the great duke of Wellington, who, two years before, ended his career amid the universally expressed sorrow of a great people. He was, we had fondly hoped, the last great representative of the military glory of this country. A new era had been, we believed, initiated, in which the arts of peace supersede the operations of war. And now, but two years after the conqueror of Waterloo had looked for the last time

upon the world, an English army had landed upon the shores of a hostile territory, and was commencing a warfare of which no man could see the termination, and which bade fair to involve every nation of Europe. The chosen champion of England's military glory was quiet in his tomb; but his companions, pupils, and successors were prepared to emulate his deeds, and strike as vigorously for the honour of their country, and the maintenance of the freedom of Europe.

The two following days were occupied in landing the remainder of the troops, the cavalry, artillery, and military stores. By the evening of the 16th, the entire force was under arms in the Crimea. The light divisions of both armies pushed forward and took possession of two neighbouring villages, the people of which, as indeed all the native Tartars with whom we came into contact, exhibited great friendship towards our troops. In fact, the principal men of one of these villages presented an address to Lord Raglan, congratulating him on his arrival. So despotic had been the conduct of the Russians, and so bitter the hatred of the Tartar population towards their oppressors, that they seem to have regarded the advent of the allies as an event of the most fortunate character. While we were thus establishing our footing on the peninsula, our active little steamers were reconnoitring the coast, and endeavouring to ascertain the force which the Russians had collected to oppose our onward march. A small camp, containing, it was estimated, about 6,000 men, near the coast, about seven miles on the road towards Sebastopol, was discovered, and speedily destroyed by a vigorous shelling from the *Sampson* and *Vesuvius*, in company with two French steamers. The 17th and 18th were occupied in scouring the adjacent country in search of water, forage, and carts for transport. In these expeditions the French had a decided advantage; the active and unscrupulous Zouaves dashed hither and thither, and liberally helped themselves to whatever they required. Small parties of Cossacks hung on their track, but were easily repulsed, not without some loss of life. Our proceedings were more consonant with our mercantile character, and partook less of the nature of the Algerine *razzias*. We made bargains with the villagers, and paid punctually for what we received; but it must be recorded that we were worse supplied than our allies. While our commissaries were settling the price, and stammering through the difficulties of a strange language, the French were loading the carts with the hay and other necessities, and, regardless, at once, of the niceties of grammar and of property, often succeeded in conveying the coveted articles to their camp by the time we had settled how much green fodder was equivalent to a pound sterling, and initiated our newly found Tartar friends into the mysteries of our coinage.

On the 19th the march commenced. Proceeding southward, the French army under the command of Marshal St. Arnaud, with Canrobert and Bosquet as generals of divisions, keeping the coast line; the English on their left. The fleets accompanied the march, close to the shore, ready to render assistance should circumstances render it necessary.

The English army comprised about 25,000 men, and was composed of the following regiments, led as under :—

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, LORD RAGLAN.

Light Division.—Lieut.-General Sir G. Brown. Generals of Brigade, Colonels Airey and Buller. 7th, 19th, 23rd (Welsh Fusiliers), 33rd, 77th, and 88th Infantry.

First Division.—Lieut.-General H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge. Generals of Brigade, Major-General Bentinck and Major-General Sir Colin Campbell. Battalions, Grenadier Guards, Coldstream Guards, Scotch Fusiliers; 42nd, 79th, and 93rd Highlanders.

Second Division.—Lieut.-General Sir De Lacy Evans. Generals of Brigade, Major-Generals Pennefather and Adams. 30th, 41st, 47th, 49th, 55th, and 95th Infantry.

Third Division.—Major-General Sir Richard England. Generals of Brigade, Colonels Sir J. Campbell and Eyre. 1st, 4th, 28th, 38th, 44th, 50th, and 63rd Infantry.

Fourth Division.—Lieut.-General Sir George Cathcart. Generals of Brigade, Generals Goldie and Torrens. 20th, 21st, 57th, and 63rd Infantry; 1st Battalion Rifle Brigade.

Cavalry Division.—Lieut.-General the Earl of Lucan. Generals of Brigade, the Earl of Cardigan and Major-General Scarlett. 8th and 11th Dragoons; 17th Lancers.

[The Scots Greys, the Inniskillings, the 1st Royals, and the 4th and 5th Dragoon Guards, forming the Heavy Brigade, under General Scarlett, did not land with the remainder of the army, but joined it after the battle of Alma.]

Artillery.—General Strangways.

Engineers.—General Tylden.

On the evening of the 19th, the first actual encounter with the enemy occurred. A strong body of Cossacks hovered about our line of march, and two or three guns opened fire upon our little force of cavalry from the heights on the river Bouljanak, the first stream we had to cross. The earl of Cardigan gallantly charged the hostile troop, who evaded actual contact, and retreated until they had led our men within the range of the guns. Four of our dragoons were killed and six wounded in this skirmish. Two o

three of our guns were speedily brought to bear upon the enemy, and Cossacks, gunners, and all were soon dispersed.

Another dreary bivouac on the wet ground prepared the armies for the great contest which awaited them. At daybreak on the morning of the 20th of September—a day destined to receive an undying fame in our military annals,—the troops resumed their march. As they approached the river Alma, and mounted the heights to the north of that once obscure but now renowned stream, they saw the preparations which the Russians had made to repel the invaders of their territory. The Alma is a small river, rising in the mountains in the east of the peninsula, and falling into the sea about twelve miles to the north of Sebastopol. The southern bank is formed of almost precipitous hills intersected by deep ravines. At the mouth of the river the cliffs are several hundred feet high, and almost perpendicular towards the sea. A large conical hill was the centre of the enemy's position, and here enormous batteries and entrenchments had been formed, while the crown of the hills was occupied by dense masses of infantry. On the side facing the allies, a huge redoubt was constructed with two faces, mounting thirteen large guns, and commanding the approaches to the summit and the passage of the river. Each side of the ravines enfilading the hill had powerful batteries, mounting altogether twenty-five guns, and on the cliffs towards the sea an unfinished redoubt was placed, and a large force of infantry and artillery held the position. It was presumed by the Russian commanders that the precipitous character of the hill was a sufficient defence to their left flank. In this expectation they were doomed to bitter disappointment, as the sequel will show. The immediate banks of the river were covered with vineyards and plantations, affording excellent shelter for the Russian riflemen, who were stationed there in strong force. The bridge carrying the main road across the river was destroyed, and the village of Burliuk at its northern extremity was in flames, to prevent its being made a point of attack by the allies.

The effect on our men was almost miraculous. The sight of the foe strongly entrenched, and determined to wait their attack, stimulated them in an extraordinary degree. Fatigued as they were by the labours they had undergone,—despondent from their five nights' melancholy bivouac on the wet earth, it seemed as if a new life were suddenly infused into them. Diarrhoea and dysentery had not quite departed from their ranks, and many had returned to the vessels, unable to accompany the march. But when they stood on the hill-tops on that memorable morn, and saw the tents of the Russian army, not a man but felt the strength of a giant, and burned with a fierce desire to cross bayonets with the enemy. Many a brave fellow, who had staggered thus far leaning on a comrade's arm, and ready to drop

behind and perish by the wayside, begged for a draught of brandy, and then, forgetting his weakness, and deriving new strength from the occasion, shouldered his musket, took his wonted position among his comrades, and marched bravely to the encounter.

Although the spot where they had bivouacked was only three miles distant from the river, it was mid-day by the time the allied armies had reached its banks, and were drawn up in battle array. It had been arranged by the generals that the French should commence the attack, and they occupied the extreme right of the extended line. The division commanded by General Bosquet, including those renowned warriors the African Zouaves, rested upon the sea, and the left of their army consisted of Prince Napoleon's division. Joining this wing of our allies, the veteran Sir De Lacy Evans was posted with the second division, supported by the third division under Sir Richard England. Sir George Brown's light division came next; and the duke of Cambridge led his magnificent body of Guards and Highlanders to the extreme left, as a support to Sir George Brown. Sir George Cathcart had the important but less showy duty of acting as a reserve, and, in conjunction with the cavalry under the earl of Cardigan, guarding the attacking forces from any sudden *coup* by the Cossacks, who were hovering in suspicious proximity to our rear.

Such was the army, composed of the choicest troops, and led by the most experienced commanders of France and England, which stood prepared to attempt the dislodgment of the Russians from their strongly-fortified position. Prince Menschikoff, the Russian commander,—the same who, in his character of diplomatist, had been the agent through whom the first insult had been offered to Turkey,—now, by a singular destiny, was the first general upon whom it devolved to measure swords with the military champions whom that insult had called into the field. His army numbered about 54,000 men, so that numerically the opposing forces were very nearly matched; but the Russians had the advantage of their almost impregnable position, to approach which a river must be forded, broken ground crossed, and steep hills ascended. In addition, they were abundantly provided with guns, which were so positioned as to sweep the ground over which the attacking force must pass, while the allies had but a small force of artillery. So confident was Menschikoff in his advantages, that he did not scruple to boast his ability to hold his position for at least three weeks against any force that could be brought against him. A number of ladies and civilians from Sebastopol had also assembled on the heights to witness the defeat and utter rout of the invaders.

The plan of the allied commanders was that the French should

make a vigorous attack upon the Russian left, and when they had succeeded in driving them in upon the main body, the English, taking advantage of the confusion, were to cross the river, and endeavour to force the centre of the position. The enemy, we have already said, had considered that their left was sufficiently protected by the precipitous nature of the cliffs, which rendered them almost inaccessible; but it appears they had not calculated on the activity of the troops to whom they were opposed. The steamers of the allied fleets, shortly before ten o'clock, commenced a vigorous shelling of these heights, and soon drove back the small force of the enemy which occupied them. The mouth of the river was very narrow, and Captain Peel had moored a boat across the stream, which materially facilitated the passage of the French soldiers. The Zouaves, thoroughly seasoned and trained to the emergencies of guerilla warfare in Algeria, stealthily crossed the river, and commenced the ascent of the almost perpendicular cliffs, clinging like goats to the rocks, and finding a precarious foothold where probably no other soldiers in the world could have maintained their position. While they were thus approaching the plateau, the main body of the French army dashed through the river, exposed to a galling fire from the Russian riflemen, who were hidden in the vineyards and plantations, and desperately fighting, struggled up the hills. Meanwhile, the gallant Zouaves had reached the top of the cliffs, and rapidly forming into line, charged the Russians, paralyzed by their sudden appearance, and drove them back. But in achieving this desperate feat, they had separated themselves from the main body, and cut off the possibility of retreat. The unfinished redoubt, which we have already mentioned, now opened a deadly fire on their ranks; and had it not been for the timely arrival of General Bosquet and the remainder of the division, who had succeeded in reaching the plateau, scarcely a Zouave would have remained to tell the tale of that gallant achievement. Prince Napoleon, too, had by this time crossed the stream, and arrived at the scene of action, and the indefatigable French artillerymen had succeeded, with immenso difficulty, in dragging a few guns up the steep hill-side.

Animated by these reinforcements, the brave Zouaves gallantly charged the Russian lines, now concentrated nearer the main body, and advanced towards the redoubt whose guns had inflicted such loss in their ranks. Two of their number, Lieutenant Poitevin and a sergeant, rushed in advance of their comrades, and leaping upon the works, planted the French flag on the redoubt. But they paid dearly for their temerity. The shouts of the French soldiers, hailing this gallant deed, had scarcely reached their ears, when they fell mortally wounded beneath the flag they had raised.

Taken by surprise by this desperate assault upon his left wing, Prince Menshikoff hastily detached considerable reinforcements from his main body to the succour of the embarrassed regiments yielding to the prowess of their French antagonists. Then the battle waged fiercely: the French, with all the chivalry of their race, gallantly charged the Russian masses, and at the bayonet's point forced them to retreat. The enemy's artillery, however, poured a tremendous fire into the ranks of our allies, and for a time the issue of the contest seemed doubtful. Some French regiments of the line were driven back, so deadly was the fire to which they were exposed; and nothing but the unflinching gallantry of the troops who were enabled to hold their ground prevented them from being ignominiously precipitated from the cliffs they had so adventurously scaled.

Marshal St. Arnaud, alarmed for the safety of his soldiers, hundreds of whom were lying dead around him, so fatal were the volleys from the Russian guns and so sure the aim of the riflemen, hastily despatched an aide-de-camp to the English commander, calling upon him to bring his troops into action without a moment's delay. "We are massacred," was the message—certainly not the words which Napoleon, or Murat, or Ney, would have used when attacking an enemy considerably less in force than themselves; for, be it remembered, Menshikoff still held the centre of the position with the main body of the army, which had not yet been brought into action. At half-past one o'clock the order to advance was given to the English army. The soldiers, who had been lying down so as not to expose themselves unnecessarily to the fire of the enemy, sprang to their feet, and rapidly formed into line. Sir G. Brown's light division, and the second division, under Sir De Lacy Evans, were the first to dash into the stream, and through a perfect shower of balls from the riflemen concealed in the gardens, and heavier missiles from the batteries above, reached the opposite bank.

Since the commencement of the French attack, our artillery had been throwing shot into the Russian redoubts, and under cover of this cannonade, and the accurate fire of the Rifle Brigade, which protected our advance, the two leading divisions succeeded in crossing the stream, though not without great loss. The Russians had previously marked out the range of their guns, so that they were enabled to pour their volleys into our brigades, as they advanced to the stream, with fatal precision. The burning village of Burliuk, in front of the position occupied by Sir De Lacy Evans, necessitated the separation of his division. General Pennefather led the first brigade and a portion of the second across the river to the right of the village; the remainder, under General Adams, crossing to the left. The light division struggled manfully up the bank, which was rugged

and precipitous. The ford was deep and dangerous, and as the men, drenched with water, scrambled up the bank, scores of their number fell back into the stream pierced by the fatal rifle bullet. But the blood of the gallant fellows was flowing hotly in their veins; those who, in other times, had borne the shock of battles, felt renewed the old spirit which had made them conquerors at Vimiera and at Waterloo; those who for the first time trod the fatal field, felt an indescribable and fierce courage, which the sight of danger and of death infuses into most men. Six months of inaction and passive suffering were about to be consummated by a glorious victory, which should crown them as conquering heroes or immortalize their death. They had stood long "like greyhounds on the slips, straining upon the start;" now "the game was afoot," and the old fire of English chivalry was rekindled, and burnt with as glowing a flame as of yore.

Quickly forming into line, and opening a sharp fire of musketry, the gallant light division rapidly advanced towards the conical hill, opposite to which they had crossed, and immediately beneath the guns of the great redoubt. As they passed through the vineyards, the soldiers plucked and eagerly ate large bunches of the luscious Crimean grapes, which allayed their burning thirst, and somewhat cooled the mad fever of their excitement. Sir George Brown gallantly led the charge, and, mounted on a white horse, was a conspicuous mark for the enemy. The 7th Royal Fusileers and the 23rd Welsh Fusileers were among the first in the mad career. "Hurrah for the Royal Welsh! Well done! I will remember you!" shouted Sir George Brown; and animated by his voice and example, the gallant regiment dashed up the hill. Then there opened a sheet of fire, and when the smoke lifted, the 7th was broken, and a long line of dead marked the path of the fatal missiles. For a moment the brave soldiers struggled onwards, and then, blinded and confused, fell back to re-form. The Welsh Fusileers, regardless of the fierce volleys, still pressed onwards. Once they paused, as Sir George Brown fell at their head, and rolled heavily on the blood-stained ground. In an instant he was up again, unhurt, and cheering the men to the charge. His horse had fallen, pierced by eleven shots, but he was unhurt! They had reached the first stockade, had even planted their flag upon the works, and were about to dash through the works, when a shout was heard—"Cease firing; the French are in front!" Their gallant chief, Colonel Chester, rushing to the front, exclaimed, "No! no! on, lads!" As he spoke he fell mortally wounded. Then the regiment, confused by the contrary orders, and disheartened, *did* fall back; and the Russians returning to the guns from which the brave fellows had driven them, opened a fire which

left a long lane of dead through their columns. Nine officers and about one hundred men were stretched upon the field. The other regiments of the light brigade, the 19th, 33rd, 77th, and 88th, emulated the courage of the gallant Welshmen, who, after a moment's breathing-time, re-formed, and joined once more in the heroic assault.

Onward swept that magnificent charge, officers and men vieing with each other who should be foremost to avenge their comrades' death. But before they reached the guns, Prince Menschikoff had formed a compact mass of Russian infantry on the summit of the hill, which now advanced with level bayonets against our exhausted battalions. Breathless from their rapid charge up hill, diminished in numbers, and fatigued from their almost superhuman exertions, they were unable to resist the shock, and, desperately contesting every inch of ground, slowly yielded to the enormous weight of the Russian columns. The gallant 33rd, the duke of Wellington's regiment, displayed a prowess excelled by none. Their colours were borne proudly to the last, and ever in the spot of greatest danger. The Queen's colours, when the fight was over, showed fourteen bullet-holes, and the regimental colour eleven. Nineteen sergeants fell around their standards, defending to the last the honour of their regiment, and preserving the fame so identified with the career of the departed warrior whose name it bore.

While the heroes of the light division were thus nobly performing their part, Sir De Lacy Evans and General England were gallantly bringing their divisions into action. They had forced a passage, with great difficulty, and exposed to a most destructive fire, somewhat to the left of their compatriots of Sir George Brown's division, and, breaking through the obstacles which awaited them on the bank, rapidly advanced up the hill. The 55th and the 95th encountered a tremendous fire, which they returned with vigour from their muskets, while our artillery did good service by an energetic discharge of shot and shell into the enemy's lines. Major Rose, Captains Butler and Seham, fell to rise no more, and many other officers were severely wounded: 123 killed and wounded were the contribution of this regiment to the day's slaughter.

As the 95th charged up the hill, one of the most affecting episodes of that fierce encounter—so full of incidents, of unsurpassed courage, and pathetic scenes—occurred. Early in the charge, Captain Eddington, a young officer, fell wounded, a ball passing through his chest. The regiment, unable to stand against the scathing fire to which they were exposed, fell back to re-form, and left the wounded officer on the ground. In full view of the regiment, a Russian rifleman advanced, and kneeling

by his side, appeared to be about to offer his canteen to his lips. A thrill passed through the ranks, at the spectacle of a soldier exposing his own life thus for the purpose of alleviating the sufferings of a dying enemy. No gun would have been pointed against that man, no bayonet levelled at his life. It seemed one of those incidents that show the better feelings of humanity are not quite extinguished by the breath of war. But what was their horror when the rifleman, laying aside his canteen, levelled his piece and deliberately blew out the brains of the dying man! Among those who witnessed this cowardly assassination was a younger brother of the captain, who had recently exchanged into the regiment, that he might share death and danger with his brother, whom he tenderly loved. Maddened by the spectacle of his brother's murder, the young lieutenant sprang forward, shouting with frantic energy to the men to follow and avenge the deed. One loud yell of execration burst from the lips of the soldiers, and bounding onwards, they rushed after their leader. Waving his sword above his head, the gallant young man was a conspicuous mark, and in another moment fell headlong, pierced by a dozen bullets. Thus the two brothers, so fondly attached in life, mingled their blood on that fatal hill-side—among thousands of the slain perhaps the most generally and deeply mourned.

At length Sir De Lacy Evans, who had received a severe contusion on his shoulder, rallied his men, and led them victors to the summit of the hill, silencing one of the batteries which had done such execution upon the gallant fellows of the light division. Sir Richard England's division had fought—to use the language of one who shared in that charge—"like devils," and surmounting every impediment, though not without dreadful loss, joined their gallant comrades. Everywhere the Russians were driven back by the irresistible bayonets of the British, and the conquerors literally marched through paths of blood to victory.

As yet we have not detailed the part borne by the magnificent first division,—the very flower of the British army. The duke of Cambridge had led his Guards and Highlanders across the Alma, to the left of the light division, and rapidly advanced to its assistance. As they ascended the hill, they encountered Sir George Brown's regiments slowly yielding to the immense impetus of the Russian charge. Opening their ranks, they allowed their comrades to pass and re-form in their rear, and then the enemy for the first time was confronted with the most redoubtable infantry soldiers in the world. Then began the most desperate hand-to-hand conflict yet witnessed. The Scots Fusiliers had hurried to the rescue without waiting to form properly, and for a brief space were confused. But the individual courage of the members of that distinguished corps never for an instant was

found deficient. Surrounded by the enemy, they fought with undaunted valour. Viscount Chewton, a distinguished young captain, who had gained renown in both services, having been originally a midshipman, and having borne an honourable part in the Indian campaign, dashed forward, and, waving his bearskin, shouted to them to advance. Thirteen other officers, with reckless bravery, followed his example, and in a few minutes eleven of their number were wounded. The gallant Chewton had his leg broken by a ball, and fell within fifty yards of the redoubt. Before he could be rescued, several Russians attacked the fallen man, and beat him savagely with the butt-ends of their muskets, others stabbing him at the same time with their bayonets. A strong man, he struggled desperately; and when at length rescued and borne from the field, his body was found to be almost covered with wounds. He lingered for a few days, and then expired. Two young officers, Lieutenants Lindsay and Thistlethwayte, who bore the colours, were surrounded by the enemy, and, except the four colour-sergeants, isolated from their comrades. The sergeants were one by one struck down; and then these gallant young men, back to back, kept the foe at bay, and, almost miraculously escaping unhurt, cut their way through and carried their colours safely to the top of the hill.

Meanwhile the light division had re-formed their lines, and now returned to the charge, in the footsteps of the dauntless Guards. In vain broad sheets of fire poured through the ranks—no man flinched. The flag which the Fusiliers had planted on the redoubt was still there, and pointed out the path they were to tread. Their royal leader proved himself worthy of his charge, and encouraged by his example the valour of his men. The Russians quailed before the tremendous onset; and when the Highlanders, who had reserved their fire, came dashing up to the front, and, after discharging a tremendous volley, charged at the bayonet's point, the rout was complete. The enemy fled terror-stricken, and the Guards and Highlanders together leaped into the redoubt, the gunners precipitately hastening after their flying comrades.

At the summit of the hill a brief stand was made, and it seemed as if the contest were about to be renewed; but the Highlanders, levelling their bayonets, advanced at a rapid pace, and the enemy, dashing down their accoutrements and arms, fled, like frightened sheep, down the declivity.

Meantime the French had driven back the Russian left wing upon the main body, and now brought to bear, with deadly effect, their guns upon the retreating foe; and the second and third divisions of our army arrived upon the scene. The victory was complete: a great army, in a position of immense strength,

had been ignominiously defeated, in less than three hours, by the sheer valour of English and French soldiers. True, we had paid dearly for our victory; but the annals of the British army do not record a nobler achievement.

We were unable to pursue the fugitives—our cavalry was too weak in numbers to be detached from the main body of the army: had we been stronger in that branch of the service, the victory of the Alma might have been equivalent to the conquest of the Crimea. We afterwards ascertained that Sebastopol was emptied of its garrison to strengthen the army, and had we been in a position to follow the retreating forces, we might have inflicted a blow on Russian strength from which it would not in all probability have soon recovered: as it was, the allies remained masters of the field, and the defeated Menschikoff fled towards Baktchi-Serai, leaving behind him, according to his own admission, 1,762 dead, and 2,720 wounded. Russian assertions are not the most trustworthy, especially when the circumstances are unfavourable to themselves, and the probability is that the loss was really much greater. The English had 353 killed, and 1,612 wounded, many of whom afterwards died of their injuries. Our allies lost 256 killed, and 1,087 wounded.

On the bloody field reposed the victors when that day's dreadful work was done: amid the dead and dying—the life-breath painfully passing from the lips of wounded friend and foe—some of our brave fellows, pillowed on their knapsacks, slept a fitful sleep; some crept among the heaps of dying, searching for friend or brother, and some supported the drooping head and administered a draught of water to the fevered lips of wounded comrade or dying enemy. The fight was over, the lust of blood satisfied, and all the better qualities of manhood, mercy and forgiveness, appeared beneath that setting sun. Sometimes, as they stooped to assist a dying enemy, the Muscovite, trained to treachery, with a final effort, would discharge a pistol at their heads; and then the old war spirit was once more aroused, and with clubbed musket, or deadly bayonet, the malevolent Russian was sent to his account. The sailors, who had watched the progress of the battle from the ships, when they saw that victory was ours, swarmed ashore, and hurried to the scene of strife. There they bore the wounded to the surgeon's quarters, and to the ships, with the tenderness of women. Little drummer-boys might be seen among the prostrate heroes, comforting and rendering assistance with a care and zeal beyond their years. A fatigue-party was ordered on service to bury the dead; and the surgeons, with bare arms and splashed with blood, strove by their skill and energy to alleviate the sufferings and save the lives of the poor fellows brought to them.

A frightful spectacle was that hill-side on the Alma, on the evening of the renowned 20th of September, 1854. England's best and bravest lay dead, their pale faces lit by the setting sun: some retained the expression of that intense energy which bore them fearlessly to the mouths of the Russians guns; some, with faces calm and beautiful as an infant's, seemed peacefully sleeping, and smiling as they slept; others, with limbs contracted, and features frightfully distorted, bore witness to the fierce agonies of the death-struggle. Russian and English and French lay commingled, as they fell in the deadly struggle; and among the heaps of corpses, many in whom the spark of life yet lingered lay miserably groaning, or faintly crawled, with shattered limbs, in search of help. Some of the bodies were headless, the brains scattered around the bloody trunk; and others were so frightfully mutilated that it was difficult to recognize any trace of humanity. While some of our men helped to bear the wounded from the field, and bury the corpses of the slain, others hovered about, and plundered the dead of clothes, arms, and such matters as could be carried away: the sailors especially were active in securing trophies of war. Russian orders and crosses, Russian arms, and even the black bread from the soldiers' knapsacks, were eagerly sought; the boots were real prizes, and the seamen, who would heartily lend a hand to succour a wounded comrade, or even a foe, had no delicacy in appropriating the clothing of the dead. An expeditious mode of measurement, by which they secured the articles which would best fit, caused some amusement, even at such a time. Jack, seating himself at the feet of a dead Russian, placed the sole of his foot against that of the corpse; if they agreed in size, the boots were at once appropriated; if otherwise, the critical mariner proceeded to another selection.

For two days the armies remained upon the field: had they marched at once, it is more than probable, nay, almost certain, they might have entered Sebastopol with but little resistance. Marshal St. Arnaud wished to make an immediate advance; but Lord Raglan refused to leave his wounded untended on the field. Though possibly we ultimately lost by this delay, we can scarcely blame a general who showed such a fine humanity even among the horrors of warfare. Our English courage is of the old chivalric sort—we fight as men, for great principles, not for the lust of conquest: our soldiers are every one a treasure of immense value, rightly used, not to be cast away to perish when their first use is passed. Human life is to Englishmen intensely sacred: we cheerfully lay it down when demanded, and in proportion do we honour and cherish those who have perilled it in our cause. A single life wilfully sacrificed for a

mere strategical advantage would have been a stain on our English honour, which we should not speedily have forgiven.

At early morning, on the 23rd of September, the allies turned their backs on the memorable heights. Two men, strong and unwounded, remained upon the field, and watched their departure; and in all that proud array, flushed with victory, there were none who bore more heroic hearts. Upwards of 200 wounded Russians still lay upon the field; and Dr. Thompson, surgeon of the 44th regiment, and his servant, volunteered to remain, and administer to their wants. Every moment increased their loneliness and their danger, for predatory bands of Cossack horsemen still hovered around the scene, against whose revengeful lances the plea of mercy and Christian charity would have been but an ineffectual shield; and yet these two brave men quailed not in their mission, and many a dying foe had his last pangs soothed and parting agonies alleviated by the ministrations of these Good Samaritans of peace.

CHAPTER V.

The news of the battle reaches home.—Thanksgiving for the harvest, and rejoicings for the victory.—The Sebastopol hoax.—Complete deception of the emperor and the ambassador, the press and the public.—Premature triumph, and the bursting of the bubble.—A very "Extraordinary Gazette."

SUNDAY, the 30th of September, was a day of excitement throughout England. It had been set apart for a special thanksgiving for the bountiful harvest, the richest for many years. Coming after a year of great scarcity, it seemed like a dispensation of a bountiful Providence, to alleviate the anxieties of the war in which we were engaged. At every church and chapel, the ministers of religion alluded to the subject, and enforced upon their hearers the duty of gratitude and good works to exhibit thankfulness. An unexpected addition was made to the special subject of the day's rejoicing, by a telegraphic message, received by the duke of Newcastle on the preceding evening from Lord Raglan, announcing the victory at Alma. It was immediately forwarded to the Lord Mayor, and the quiet passengers in the heart of the city were startled by the appearance of a small procession issuing from the Mansion-house, and wending its way towards the steps of the Royal Exchange.

The Lord Mayor (Alderman Sidney), accompanied by such of the civic dignitaries and officials as could be summoned at a short notice, read by torchlight the despatch, and loud and long cheers resounded through the busy streets. The news was immediately telegraphed to every principal town in the United Kingdom, and everywhere received with the utmost enthusiasm. All the great centres of industry exhibited unwonted excitement. The busy artisan, wearied with the peaceful labours of the week, was startled by the tale of British valour and endurance in the far East. Wives, mothers, and children, trembled at the news, and waited with mingled hope and fear for the further intelligence, which would make them either the sharers in a national glory, or the heart-stricken mourners for the loss of those dear ones who had bravely died at Alma.

Truly that Saturday was a notable day. At mid-day the second editions of the daily journals published the letters from their correspondents, detailing the landing of the armies at Old Fort. The vivid narratives, so graphically told, were eagerly read, and all men speculated on the fate of this new crusade. It might be victory, great and decisive; or it might be defeat, utter and ruinous. A few hours later, and England rang with the intelligence that that army had driven the Russian defensive force like chaff before the wind; had defeated it on its own ground, in its own chosen and almost impregnable position, and won an imperishable glory for our military history. Two hours later still, and a strange whisper ran through London. At midnight the rumour came, and from such a source as to leave but little room for suspicion, that the culminating object of the expedition was already achieved, and that Sebastopol, the stronghold of Russian power in the Black Sea, was won. So rapid was the march of events, that men held their breath, almost speechless from amazement at the swift current of success. On that afternoon, the Emperor Napoleon had been reviewing troops near Boulogne, and just as he was leaving the ground a telegraphic message was hastily brought to him. Breaking the seal, he perused the contents, and then turning to the officers surrounding him, exclaimed in an animated voice, "Sebastopol est prise!" The effect was electric. In a moment the word was passed through the lines of soldiers, and from them to the spectators. Loud shouts pealed from the thousands on the grounds, and in a few moments those ubiquitous individuals—the reporters of the London press—had flashed the news through the waters of the English Channel, and the enthusiasm of British men answered to the wild joy of their allies beyond the sea.

The story had no inherent improbability. A powerful army

had completely routed an equal force of the enemy within twelve miles of Sebastopol. There was reason to believe that the permanent garrison of the town had formed a part of Menschikoff's force; and if so, the place would be left almost defenceless by the discomfiture of the Russians. So far, then, the capture of the town had an appearance of feasibility. In fact, we have since learned that, had the allies pursued their advantage, that result might have followed. The town was nearly emptied of its garrison, and as yet had but few fortifications on the land side, the notion of an attack from an invading army not appearing to have been entertained by the Muscovite engineers.

The congregations at the various churches, who had assembled to render thanks for a bountiful harvest, and the general public who thronged the streets and talked over the startling intelligence, had abundant food for wonder and rejoicing. Although the announcement made by the French emperor appeared to be a sufficient guarantee of the truth of the news, yet it was matter of surprise that the English Government had not published some official information on the subject. However, this is a curious country, and one of the greatest curiosities is that private individuals oftentimes have better knowledge of public affairs than those whose especial duty it is to be thoroughly versed in such matters. Hence the surprise at the non-appearance of some ministerial confirmation was compensated by the belief that the newspapers would on the following morning supply the deficiency. "The *Times* will tell us all about it to-morrow," was the *quietus* to many a doubt. And the *Times* did tell the public, and so did every other paper. The most conspicuous features in the Monday's journals was a column of telegraphic despatches, boldly displayed in large type, and coming from "our correspondents" at Vienna and elsewhere, announcing that the Austrian Government had received the following message by telegraph from Bucharest:—

"To-day, at noon, a Tatar arrived from Constantinople with despatches from Omer Pacha. His highness being at Silistria, the despatches had to be forwarded to him at that place. The Tatar announces the capture of Sebastopol; 18,000 Russians were killed and wounded; 22,000 made prisoners. Fort Constantine was destroyed, and other forts, mounting 200 guns, taken. Of the Russian fleet, six sail of the line were sunk, and Prince Menschikoff had retired to the bottom of the bay with the remaining vessels, declaring that he would burn them if the attack continued. The allied commanders had given him six hours to consider, inviting him at the same time to surrender for the sake of humanity. A French general and three Russian generals, all wounded, have arrived at Constantinople, which

city was to be illuminated for ten days. 'We expect to-morrow the official report of the above intelligence from Omer Pacha.'

Such was the detailed report that reached the English public through the medium of the daily press. It was scarcely possible to doubt intelligence published upon such authority. Old people remembered the time when the news of some great Wellingtonian victory first reached home, and younger ones felt an honest pride in believing that the new generation was destined to witness even greater feats of arms than those which had glorified the last. Nor was it only on the basis of this one despatch that the story rested. The Turkish ambassador forwarded to the *Times* a message he had himself received, confirming the news, and supplying similar details. Other telegraphic despatches poured in from different parts of the continent, all to the same purport.

On the Wednesday the leading journal announced that it had received through the Submarine and European Telegraph Company, the following from its correspondent at Vienna :—

"On the 23rd, Fort Constantine was destroyed by the allies, and Fort Alexander taken. On the 24th, all the redoubts and forts around Sebastopol, all the bastions and the arsenal, were in the hands of the allies. The flags of the allies were hoisted on the church of St. Vladimir. It is believed that the day on which Prince Menschikoff surrendered at discretion was the 26th. It is said that the remainder of the Russian fleet is safe in the hands of the allies. The Turkish army will at once cross the Danube into Bessarabia."

The concoctor of the above was evidently a master of his craft. Not only are all the redoubts and bastions in the possession of the allies, but their flags are hoisted on the church of St. Vladimir. Here is no mere hearsay, but the critical observation of an eye-witness conversant with the locality. From narrative of past events, he steps with cool assurance to the predication of the future. The allies having annihilated Russian power in the Crimea, the Turks will advance into Bessarabia, and strike a decisive blow on the flank of the disordered empire. Had not the originator of this interesting *canard* been a great fictionist, he would unquestionably have been an equally great strategist.

The hoax was not confined to emperor, ambassador, or journalist; private individuals shared in the honour of being deceived. A letter from Paris to a London journal reported :—

"A private telegraphic despatch states, that at the end of a second battle gained by the allies, they bombarded Fort Constantine, the citadel, and the fleet, all of which surrendered. The Russians have lost 18,000 men in killed and wounded, and

2,000 prisoners. Six ships of the line and Fort Constantine have been destroyed."

We have here the first mention of "a second battle;" this was said to have been fought on the heights of the Katcha, about five miles south of the Alma, on the road to Sebastopol. Here the Russians were reported to have made another stand, and being again defeated, the allies had marched triumphantly to the city, which had then been bombarded by the fleets, with the results already stated.

Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday passed, and no confirmation of the important news was published by our Government. Grave doubts began to be expressed as to its authenticity, and some of the journals, waxing bold in their disbelief, did not hesitate to express a strong suspicion that the whole story was a fabrication. Still evidence of a collateral nature was abundant. At Vienna, it seems to have been implicitly believed, and much ingenuity was there exhibited in accounting for the singular fact that a Russian despatch had been made public, which did not allude to the subject. A letter from Vienna said:—

"A number of despatches received to-day confirm the intelligence of the fall of Sebastopol. There is, however, no official confirmation, and a despatch from St. Petersburg, making no mention of the fact, has created anxiety. The last-mentioned despatch is founded on one received at St. Petersburg, from Prince Menschikoff, dated the 25th. It is thought that *the date of the Russian despatch is given wrongly*, and that it should read the 20th."

The ingenious circulators of these astounding falsehoods seemed determined to bring their romance to a fitting climax. Already the public were amazed at the spectacle of the allied armies gaining two pitched battles, bombarding the stronghold, seizing the arsenal and forts, and hanging out their banners on the towers of the churches. Here was a fine dramatic picture. Most of the Russian ships seized, and Prince Menschikoff, retreating to the inner harbour, standing, match in hand, threatening to finish the melodrama by a tremendous explosion and display of fireworks. It was necessary to bring forward a concluding act, and here we have it, explosion and all:—

"The latest intelligence from Vienna is, that five hours after the bombardment, Fort Constantine blew up, and 10,000 Russians were buried in its ruins. Prince Menschikoff fled to Fort Alexander, where he surrendered unconditionally on the evening of the 26th."

We had heard something before of the surrender of Menschikoff; but the explosion of the fort, and "terrific slaughter," was a grand effect, and brought down the house.

By the Thursday, the London editors awoke to the pleasing conviction that they had been gloriously hoaxed; and, with a penitential air, entreated pardon of the public for the deception they had innocently abetted. In the afternoon of that day, a supplement to the *London Gazette* was published, containing a telegraphic despatch, which, though it dispelled the illusion of the fall of Sebastopol, by its wonderful confusion of dates, added to the general mystification. It professed to have been forwarded from Bucharest by the consular agent, who had received it by special courier from Lord de Redcliffe, our ambassador at Constantinople, the telegraph then not being continued beyond Bucharest. This despatch announced that the allies, after the battle of the Alma, had executed a flank march, passing Sebastopol to the east, and seized upon Balaklava, a small harbour, about seven miles to the south of that town, which was intended to form the basis of operations. So far an intelligible account was afforded of the proceedings of the generals; but then came the singular confusion of dates, which almost led the public to believe the despatch was nothing more than a continuation of the series of falsities which had been so successfully practised. The despatch purported to have left Bucharest "September 30, 3½ p.m.," but was itself dated "Constantinople, September 30, 9½ p.m.;" so that it positively left Bucharest just *six hours before* Lord de Redcliffe penned it at Constantinople!

This latest intelligence proved to be essentially true, despite the inaccuracies of the medium through which it was conveyed. The allies had really executed the flank movement, and taken possession of the little port of Balaklava, thus establishing themselves on the elevated land to the south of the town. The error of dates was possibly due to the overhaste of the telegraph clerks in transmitting the message, or the carelessness of the parties at the Foreign-office whose duty it was to decipher it. The great hoax of the capture of Sebastopol was of course dispelled, though no little ingenuity was exercised in endeavouring to account for so flagrant a deception. The press put the best face upon the matter it could, and was consoled by the thought that it was not alone in its glory. An emperor and an ambassador had been equally the victims of the deception; and in such company it was not hard to own one's self in the wrong.

In all likelihood the false report was not a premeditated invention. It probably arose from the transmission of the news of the victory of the Alma. Parties but imperfectly informed of the course of events heard something, and guessed more. Thus from hand to hand the report was passed, and each transmission added an extra shade of colouring, till at length the full-blown rumour reached the ears of "special correspondents" and con-

sular agents, and in the great competitive race for early intelligence, was forwarded to the London press. Once circulated, the progress was natural and rapid. All Europe heard of it by telegraph, and the messages were easily dilated by circumstantial details, which, granting the original fact, were extremely probable.

Though this achievement of the capture of the great fortress, so rapidly following the victory, was found to be false,—though Englishmen were obliged to renounce the glory of feats of arms rivalling if not surpassing her choicest traditions—there was still enough of authentic fact left for great congratulation. We had beaten the enemy, we had marched unopposed through his country, and established ourselves upon a secure basis before Sebastopol itself. True the joy-bells were not sounded for the consummation of our object, but they pealed, and that right merrily, for a glorious commencement.

CHAPTER VI.

The flank movement to Balaklava.—Death of Marshal St. Arnaud.—Skirmish at Khutor Mekenzia.—Surrender of Balaklava.—Landing of ammunition and provisions.—The naval brigade.—Commencement of the siege works.—Position of the allies.—Defences of the town and harbour.

AT early morn on the 23rd of September, the allied armies commenced their southward march. They had scattered to the winds of heaven the force which had been assembled to oppose them, and eagerly left the blood-stained hills of the Alma, burning for still higher achievements. A melancholy incident, even at that time of sad sights, ushered in the morning of their march. Brigadier-general Tylden was seized with cholera, and died in his tent at an early hour. He was generally respected throughout the army, and all the members of the staff and many officers assembled around the grave, which was hastily dug, and there solemnly committed to the earth the remains of a brave soldier, who had escaped death in the shock of battle, but had fallen beneath the insidious stroke of that deadly foe, which had struck terror in the ranks at Devna, crossed the Black Sea, with them, and now made his presence known amid the congenial horrors of a battle-field.

At early dawn the drums and bugles of the French army aroused the echoes of the hills. Zouave and chasseur, tambour-

major and vivandière, sprang from their hard couch on the bare ground, and fell into their appointed ranks, some but half-awakened from their troubled sleep amid the dead and dying, and some who had not slept at all, but had spent the dark hours scouring the field, and securing such spoils as they could find. Then, when the scattered masses had formed into the order of march, came the brilliant staff—at their head a haggard figure, scarcely able to maintain his seat upon his horse, and with the mark of death visibly imprinted on his countenance. It was the brave St. Arnaud, who for sixteen hours, on the eventful 20th, had been in the saddle, though suffering the agonies of acute disease, and now struggled to lead his warriors to the walls of Sebastopol. The effort was in vain. Two days subsequently he was compelled to resign his command to General Canrobert, and retire on board the *Berthollet*, a French steamer. On the 30th of September, ten days after the victory of Alma, the vessel reached Constantinople bearing his corpse. He had ended his strange and chequered career, and a public funeral in Paris, whither his remains were conveyed, was all that France could offer to its successful general.

It was eight o'clock before the English army was fairly on the march. As they left the ground, many an eye was turned towards the huge hills where, three days before, a mighty army had been entrenched. Now, shattered redoubts, broken and dismounted guns, dead horses, arms, accoutrements, shot, and exploded shells, were the features of the scene. Large mounds, hastily thrown up, showed where friend and foe, now no longer striving in the hot rage of war, lay side by side, peacefully in death. The unfinished redoubt, so gallantly carried by the Zouaves, now bore an inscription, carved on the stone, and legible in the morning's sun, "La Bataille d'Alma, 20 Septembre, 1854." Other memorials there were, graven not on stone, but in the hearts of the survivors—imperishable while life endured—and indelibly associating the memories of the dead heroes with the successes and glories yet to come.

Between the Alma and the Katcha, the next river on the route, the ground was hilly and barren, and the soldiers were but scantily provided with rations. The sun was burning, and the march slow and wearying. The road bore everywhere marks of the enemy's progress. Deep ruts showed where the heavy artillery had passed, and occasionally an unlimbered gun, or the body of a Russian who had crawled dying from the ranks, gave evidence of the hasty retreat. At intervals, a halt was called, to allow the baggage-waggon, lagging in the rear, to overtake the main body. Lord Raglan, General Burgoyne, and the staff, rode leisurely considerably in advance, indifferent to

the perils of an ambush, or the sudden *coup* of a vidette of prowling Cossacks. The summit of a hill, toilingly descended, furnished a view of a lighthouse and the dim outlines of a great city. That city was Sebastopol. At about three o'clock, the dusty roads and barren steppes were exchanged for pleasant paths and cultivated fields. The banks of the Katcha were richly wooded, and charming little cottages and handsome villas, embosomed in luxuriant vegetation, and clustering vineyards, met the eye. It had been anticipated that probably the enemy would have made another stand at this position, taking advantage of the steep banks of the river, to oppose a further obstacle to the progress of the victorious allies. Instead, however, of an intrenched foe, we found solitude and desolation. The inhabitants of the village had fled at the news of our approach, and the Russian soldiery had, as far as time would permit them, devastated the place. Many handsome houses, evidently the residences of opulent persons, exhibited a perfect wreck. Furniture was destroyed, and the fragments scattered in the passages and on the lawns. The windows were broken, and even the doors smashed and the walls damaged. Torn books and broken musical instruments were strewed about; and shattered mirrors and china lying in confused heaps. By degrees, a few trembling peasants emerged from their hiding-places, and from them the allies learned that, after the battle of Alma, the flying Russians had entered the village in the utmost confusion, and had remained there a few hours, till a rumour of the approach of the French and English reached them; and then, hurrying pell-mell from the place, they made their way, some towards Baktchi-Serai, others to Sebastopol.

Relieved from the immediate risk of a renewed encounter with the enemy, the allies disposed of themselves as they best could in the houses and vineyards of the village. Lord Raglan and his staff occupied a comfortable mansion, which had fared a little better than its neighbours in the general pillage. Our soldiers, with a lamentable want of prudence, rushed into the orchards and vineyards, and devoured enormous quantities of grapes, apples, and pears, thus aggravating the disease already rife in their ranks, and which was fated to carry off yet many more of their number. Lower down the river, the French wasted and spoiled everything within their reach; and the Zouaves especially exhibited that peculiarity which seems almost an instinct of their nature, of seizing everything within their reach, whether useful or not. Many a villa, deserted by its proper owners, resounded to mingled song and laughter, as the gay Gauls evoked from some piano, which had escaped the Cossack's impotent rage, the strains which reminded them of

"La Belle France," and sang not unmusically some *morceaux* from favourite operas. The little Zouaves made prizes of most questionable utility. One might have been seen staggering under the weight of a huge pier-glass, doubtless a most admirable adjunct to a night bivouac; and another, loaded with a puny calf or aged ram, whose sole value must have been exhausted when the excitement of capturing him was past.

A most important addition was now made to our forces. The Scots Greys were landed from the *Himalaya*, and the 57th also joined the main body. The fleets commanded the Katcha river, and were consequently enabled to communicate unreservedly with the army. The French also received considerable reinforcements.

On Sunday, the 24th of September, the armies left their resting-place on the Katcha, and advanced towards the Belbek. The banks of this river were found to be in possession of the Russians, and so densely wooded, that it would have been a useless temerity to have exposed our men to the fire of the Russian rifles, who occupied the position. Moreover, we were now within range of the guns of the great fort on the north side of the harbour of Sebastopol, which was capable of throwing enormous quantities of shot and shell on any advancing foe. The allies, therefore, deflecting somewhat to their left, turned the Russian batteries, and rested on some hills around the little village of Belbek. At night a slight skirmish occurred between the French outposts and some Cossacks; but little injury ensued, a shot or two being sufficient to disperse them. Here it became evident that the failing health of Marshal St. Arnaud imperatively demanded his absence from active duty, and he left for the fleet, General Canrobert succeeding him, and Lord Raglan, as the senior commander, assuming the chief direction of the expedition.

We have now to record a remarkable manœuvre on the part of the allies. It was evident that an immediate advance on the north of Sebastopol would be an act of most uncertain issue. It must inevitably be attended with enormous loss, and probably achieve but a slight success. Lord Raglan, therefore, determined on a flank movement, by which the armies, evading the town, might pass round the head of the harbour, and take a position on the plateaux to the south, where the defences were known to be imperfect. It was, above all things, necessary to have uninterrupted communication with the fleets, and the sea as a basis of operations. The numerous bays on the west and south of the Chersonese promontory offered especial facilities for the landing of the siege trains, ammunition, and provisions. The little port of Balaklava, in particular, was favourable to

their purpose. It was at once decided, then, to advance towards this latter place, seize it, and then to establish themselves on the open ground before Sebastopol, preparatory to the commencement of the siege. An absolute necessity, however, existed that the admirals should be acquainted with the design, in order that the fleets, which had accompanied the line of march so far, should move round and assist the operations. But then arose the difficulty—that the enemy was interposed between the armies and the sea, and rendered any communication almost impossible. In this dilemma, one of those acts of personal heroism which have distinguished the campaign throughout, was performed. Lieutenant Maxse, a young naval officer who had followed the march, volunteered to ride by night through the Russian ranks, and convey the message to the admirals. The offer was accepted, though not without many fears for the safety of the gallant young man. Mounted on a small pony, he started on his perilous adventure, and, guided by the stars, reached the Katcha unscathed, having contrived to evade the ambushed rifleman and savage Cossack. His daring enterprise thus safely achieved, and Admirals Dundas and Hamelin acquainted with the plans of the generals, we shall see in the sequel how important was the service he performed.

The country through which the armies had to pass was thickly wooded, and devoid of regular roads. In some places the paths were so narrow, and the trees so dense, that sometimes it was necessary to advance almost in single file. The English kept to the right of the march, and passed within the range of the guns of the great Star fort, and of the works at the head of the harbour. The French took ground to the left, thus reversing the position they occupied before and during the battle of the Alma. The steamers off the mouth of the harbour continued during the day to throw shells into the forts, for the purpose of distracting the attention of the garrison from the troops.

As evening drew near, a circumstance occurred which might have exercised an important influence on the fortunes of the English army. Lord Raglan, in advance, as usual, and attended by his staff, followed at a short distance by the light regiments of the cavalry division, reached the confines of a thickly-wooded district, through which they had with difficulty wended their way. On emerging upon an open plain, they discovered themselves in the immediate vicinity of a large body of Russian infantry, escorting a long train of baggage-waggons. A little presence of mind on the part of the enemy might have secured the English general as a prisoner of war. As it was, however, he calmly turned his horse and cantered back to the rear of the first division of artillery. In a few moments

the 11th and 8th Hussars galloped to the front, the second battalion of the Rifles formed up, and the earl of Lucan, dashing forward to the Russian commanding officer, called upon him to surrender. A few quick and accurate volleys from the Rifles, followed by a rapid charge of cavalry, admirably seconded his arguments, and in a few moments the Russian warriors were in full flight, leaving an enormous quantity of valuable provisions and stores as a prize to their adventurous antagonists. A pursuit was made for two or three miles, but the enemy were too speedy in their retreat. A considerable sum of money and a large amount of clothing were among the captured spoils, and several large cases of champagne were a very welcome addition to the scanty fare at that night's bivouac.

When darkness came on, the armies halted for the night near a spot known as Khutor Mekenzia, or Mackenzie's Farm, as the soldiers dubbed it; and the Highlanders were delighted to believe that a countryman of their own, who had emigrated to the Crimea at some former period, had bequeathed his cognomen to a snug little property. A further examination served to dispel the idea that it was a farm in the usual acceptation of the term, though "Khutor" bears that interpretation. It proved to be a storehouse, with plantations of timber for the use of the Russian navy. Here Lord Raglan found a night's lodging in a miserable little hut, while his staff couched in a ditch at hand, and the remainder of the army, after washing down their regulation pork with a sip of Menschikoff's champagne, or the less fortunate with a temperate draught of brackish water, sought what rest they might.

On the morrow the armies approached Balaklava. This is a little town situated on the eastern side of a small and almost landlocked harbour, defended at the entrance by high cliffs, surmounted by a tower, built by the Genoese when they were masters of the place. On the land side lofty cliffs formed a natural defence to the town, which was only approachable through a narrow pass. As Lord Raglan approached, a sharp bombardment from the sea told how well Lieutenant Maxse had discharged his trust, and how promptly Sir Edmund Lyons had responded to the call. It was not anticipated that any resistance would be made by so small a garrison to such an overwhelming force; but the Russian commander, though only supported by sixty men, gallantly threw several volleys into the English ranks, and it was not until the sharp practice of the Rifles was called into play that he hung out a flag of truce, and surrendered. He thought it his duty, he said, to make all the resistance in his power. When Lord Raglan entered the town, the

inhabitants, with that sudden admiration for the victorious party which is not without a precedent in history, presented themselves in the streets, bearing flowers and bread sprinkled with salt, as tokens of submission and goodwill. The brave little garrison were sent as prisoners to Constantinople.

The allies had now achieved their object of establishing a basis of operations in connection with the fleets. The French, moving to the western side of the plateaux, took possession of Kamiesch and Streletzkie Bays, convenient positions for landing stores and provisions; and in both armies the work of preparation for the siege was commenced with alacrity. During the next three days, guns and ammunition were landed for both armies. About 130 guns were furnished by the English as their contribution to the bombardment, of which about half were supplied by the vessels of the fleet. The French guns numbered nearly as many more. On the 5th, Captain Staunton, of the Engineers, was sent to examine the ground, and two days afterwards the construction of earthworks commenced.

While these preliminary arrangements were going on, the soldiers themselves were experiencing an ample foretaste of the privations and miseries of actual campaigning. They had been but three weeks in the Crimea, but in that brief time they had won a hard-fought battle, and achieved a toilsome march. They landed without tents, and as they landed they remained. Night after night they lay on the bare ground, with no other covering than the canopy of heaven. Their clothes, once so gay and striking in appearance, became filthy and torn. Personal cleanliness was absolutely impossible; water to drink was with difficulty obtained: for washing there was none. Officers and men alike were unwashed, unshaved, and, worse than all, accompanied by those disgusting parasites which always appear when soap and water are unknown to person and apparel. Add to this, that cholera was ruthlessly committing its deadly ravages—that the miserable soldiers of the little Turkish contingent, which had hung on the skirts of the British army, were already experiencing an outbreak of the horrible Eastern pestilence, and dying, plague-smitten, in the streets of Balaklava—that, in the course of a single week, the overcrowding of a great army made that small fishing-village a nest of filth, disorderly confusion, and rapacious extortion, where the natives of the town, and those sutlers and followers who pursue the track of a great army as vultures follow the caravan in the desert, obtained the most exorbitant prices from the soldiers for the commonest necessities—and we have the outlines of a picture, which the imagination may fill in, and which can scarcely be exaggerated. The soldiers already began to feel a despondency, which even the

prospect of a glorious reward for their labours in the reduction of Sebastopol failed materially to alleviate. The officers, with huge beards and patched and faded uniforms, smeared and befouled with Crimean mud, haggling with Greek and Levantine suttlers for butter or poultry, and riding to and from Balaklava, the proud possessors of a turkey or a pair of geese slung round their waists, were as little like the gay and brilliant heroes of the parade or drawing-room, as the rank and file resembled the smart fellows who ornamented Knightsbridge, or dazzled the eyes of the handmaidens of the country town.

Balaklava itself presented a motley aspect. There was a truly cosmopolitan variety of costume and character. French and English, Algerian and Scot, Tatar and Irish, jostled one another in the crowded and muddy lanes. The harbour became a dense mass of vessels, landing troops from Varna, horses, mules for the commissariat, artillery, shots, shell, and provisions. There were no wharfs and no piers. Enormous piles of miscellaneous stores cumbered the ground, half-embedded in mud; horses plunged hopelessly in inextricable mazes; fatigue-parties of soldiers and Herculean sailors tugged at the enormous guns, or loaded carts and arabas with ammunition and provisions. Horses, mules, and camels fell dead in the streets; gigantic guardsmen, bronzed by exposure, strode among the ruins of houses destroyed for firewood; and miserable plague-stricken Turks crept shivering to dark corners, there to die, and cumber still more the ground with their wretched bodies, from which even the legions of starved dogs, prowling vampire-like at night, turned away with howls of disappointment. The water of the harbour was changed by a hundred abominations into a filthy compound defying description, and emitting horrible effluvia, while the constant tread of thousands of feet trampled the banks into a mud of incomparable nastiness and tenacity. Everywhere there was confusion, everywhere there was discontent, and everywhere swearing, which, for ingenuity of epithet and polyglot variety, might safely challenge competition. The French managed matters somewhat better, and there has certainly been no lack of disadvantageous comparisons between the appearance of their harbours and our own. But it must be remembered that they had considerably more space, and many more hands. This much must be conceded, and yet it remains to be admitted that at Kamiesch infinitely greater order and system prevailed than at Balaklava. Quays were erected, proper officials appointed with clearly ascertained duties, and an amount of regularity and precision exhibited which astonished the stragglers from the English lines who visited the quarters of their friends and allies.

Probably the only ones of all that great host of British men

who felt any pleasure or even pride in their position were the 1,100 sailors who were landed from the fleet to work the great ships' guns, and who were formed, under the command of Captain Lushington, of the *Albion*, into the Naval Brigade. It would have been difficult to find an occupation more congenial to their taste. They were all picked men, the pride of the fleet, and the envy of their messmates. Leaping on shore, with their bundles under their arms, cutlasses by their sides, and pistols in their belts, they made the tall cliffs re-echo with their vigorous jollity, and the grim, hungry-looking, dirty soldiers wondered what they could find to be so merry about. They were formed into two brigades, under the respective commands of Captains Moorsom and Peel, and pitched their tents with the liveliest satisfaction at their future prospects. In a few hours their nimble handiwork had decorated their canvas abodes with flags and festoons and inscriptions testifying the characters of the occupants. Some modestly designated themselves "the *Bellerophon's* Doves;" others, with an emulous meekness, announced their title as the "*Trafalgar's* Lambs;" while others enrolled themselves under the banners of "Sinope Revenge," or "Revenge for the *Tiger*." At night—when the warriors of the land force were dismally crouching over a few damp sticks in the vain effort to produce a flame, or moodily drawing their solitary muddy blanket overhead, and striving to forget realities in sleep—while officers were crowded together, and discussing the relative merits of ration pork and the suppers they used to have at home, or trying to scrawl a letter on the crowns of their hats, by the light of a miserable candle flickering in the wind—the jolly sailors were emptying their cans, and shouting sea songs which might almost have been heard in the barracks of Sebastopol. And then at daytime, when the goaded cattle stumbled up the rough hill side, painfully dragging the heavy ordnance, goaded by their drivers, who with volleys of oaths forced them to their unwelcome work, some fifty sailors would volunteer to man a gun, and with a mighty "Yo heave ho!" lift it along the road with no appliances but the muscles of their stalwart frames. A smile and a joke for every one, tobacco for the soldier, a rough but respectful salutation for the superior officer, and even a "Bono Johnny" for the wretched Turk who crossed their path, made the good-tempered, fearless, open-hearted, strong-fisted sons of the ocean probably the most popular personages in all that warlike host.

A situation more highly favoured by nature for the establishment of a great military position than that of Sebastopol can scarcely be imagined; and we will now endeavour to convey an accurate impression of the position and resources of the town to be besieged, and the military situation of the besiegers. The

town of Sebastopol is built on the sloping side of the southern bank of a large inlet of the sea, known as the harbour of Sebastopol, nearly four miles in length from its entrance to its termination at Inkermann, where the Tchernaya or Black River empties itself into the bay. The breadth near the entrance is about 1,100 yards, affording a depth of water in the main channel decreasing from ten fathoms to five nearer the upper end of the harbour. Several inlets on the southern side of the bay afford great facilities for commercial and military purposes. Artillery Port, a small and not very convenient harbour, was appropriated to merchant vessels, and the Military Harbour, a large arm of the sea, extending nearly two miles inland, and 400 yards wide, held the large war vessels of the Imperial Navy. Docks, storehouses, and barracks occupied the eastern side. About a mile beyond the Military Harbour, Careening Bay afforded facilities for the repair of vessels, and has a depth of four fathoms. The extremity of the harbour of Sebastopol is a muddy marsh at the foot of lofty cliffs, on the summit of which two lighthouses are situated for the purpose of aiding the navigation of the harbour. The first of these is 614 feet above the level of the sea, and the other 413 feet. The northern shore of the harbour is occupied chiefly by storehouses and naval depôts. The commercial portion of the town is mostly situated to the west of the Military Bay, which divides Sebastopol into two nearly equal parts. Here were many spacious streets, fine buildings, and handsome churches. In the military portion of the city were enormous arsenals, barracks, storehouses, and hospitals. The entire town and suburbs, civil and military, occupied a space about three miles long by two wide. The shores of the great inlet bristled with fortifications. At the entrance to the harbour, Fort Quarantine, with a powerful battery, was prepared to give a terrible welcome to any hostile visitor. A short distance further, Fort Alexander, mounting 84 guns in two tiers, and opposite to it, on the northern shore, Fort Constantine, stretching into the sea, and armed with 104 guns casemated, in three tiers, formed a dangerous avenue to the harbour. A very strong work, known as Fort Sebastopol, with 87 guns, was situated on the western side of Artillery Harbour, and on its eastern side, commanding also the entrance to the Military Harbour, was Fort Nicholas, mounting 192 pieces of cannon. On the eastern side of this great harbour, in which were assembled the Russian fleet, Fort Paul, with a battery of 80 guns, frowned upon any hostile approach. The northern shore of the harbour of Sebastopol had several small batteries, and Fort Catherine, near Fort Constantine, with a very powerful armament of 120 guns. Surmounting all, on an elevated crest of land, was the

great Star Fort, a polygonic erection, mounting an enormous battery of the largest guns, capable of throwing shot into the town of Sebastopol, and even beyond its lines. After the commencement of hostilities, the Telegraph Battery, with 28 guns, and the Wasp Battery, with a series of heavily-mounted earthworks, were added to the defences of the northern side of the harbour. Such were the fortifications which guarded the harbour of Sebastopol, and beneath whose guns the Russian fleet, not daring to try its prowess on the open sea, skulked in undignified obscurity. As if distrustful of even such colossal defences, a huge boom was thrown across the entrance of the harbour, and several large vessels sunk so as further to obstruct the entrance.

Previous to the arrival of the allies at Balaklava, the land side of Sebastopol had been inadequately defended by a loop-holed wall along the western side, and a large round tower and battery. Immediately on the appearance of the besieging armies, extraordinary exertions were made to extend the works. A deep ditch was dug in front of the wall, and earthworks were thrown up connecting it with two powerful batteries also erected, the Garden and Flagstaff. These works completed the defence of the town from the Quarantine Bay to the head of the Military Harbour. Continuing thence the line of fortifications, the Barrack Battery, a long wall of earthworks joining the Redan, a zigzag work, carrying a large number of guns, and reaching to the great work so celebrated as the White or Malakoff Tower, commanding a large hill, equally celebrated as the Mamelon, and extending its works to the head of Careening Bay, completed the defences of the town. Altogether about 1,000 large guns defied the allies on the southern or land side of Sebastopol.

In order successfully to attack these powerful defences, the French army took up their position on the plateau to the west of the deep ravine which intersected the ground occupied by the allies, and ran to the head of the Military Harbour: they thus had the sea on their left, and the two harbours of Kamiesch and Streletskaia, or Arrow Bay, as bases of operation. They held the western shore of the Quarantine Bay, and erected batteries to oppose the great Russian work on the other shore. The French engineers speedily threw up a long line of works confronting the Russian defences of the loop-holed wall, and approaching by trenches and covered ways the Flagstaff and Garden Batteries: the main body of the army was encamped on the hills to the south of the works. On the opposite side of the ravine, the English were not behindhand in the work of preparing for the attack. Earthworks were thrown up with great difficulty, the enemy maintaining an active fire upon the working-parties, and

not permitting a man to leave his cover for an instant, without incurring the penalty of an exploding shell, or a volley of rifle-bullets. No sooner was it ascertained that the English engineers had commenced works at any given spot, than a shower of shot and shell was directed upon it, and maintained for hours. In spite of these difficulties very substantial earthworks soon arose, and the labour of the soldiers and sailors mounted them with guns of a large calibre. A six-gun battery commanded the head of the harbour, on the extreme right of our position; the White Tower was threatened by one of the huge Lancaster guns, and two long 84-pounders; and facing the Redan was the great Crown Battery, manned by sailors, and carrying twenty-six guns; near the head of the Military Harbour a similar battery, known as the Green Mount, was established, and between these two great works, a smaller one, containing four guns, had been thrown up. The French continued the work of attack to the Quarantine Bay—their guns were mostly lighter than our own, but their artillerymen were justly reputed to be admirably disciplined and scientific soldiers.

Lord Raglan's head-quarters were established at a farm-house, about half-way between Balaklava and the trenches. The right of the British position was defended by a long line of cliffs, descending almost precipitously to the broad valley of the Tchernaya. Intersecting this range was the great military road from Sebastopol to Balaklava, known as the Woronzoff Road. The hills around Balaklava, commanding this valley on the south, were held by the marines, who established batteries on the heights, and the Highlanders were encamped at the foot of the cliffs. On a low range of hills, to the north of Balaklava, joining at an angle the precipitous range already mentioned as protecting the right of the British lines, three forts were erected, the custody of which was intrusted to the Turks.

The allies, then, occupied two extensive plateaux, about 240 feet above the level of the sea, separated by a deep ravine, and overlooking the town, which was situated on the side of the hill sloping down to the harbour. On their right a precipitous descent led to an extensive valley, on the further side of which the muddy Tchernaya crept sluggishly, the bank beyond rising abruptly into lofty hills. Secured thus by their position from assault in their rear and flank, the English and French generals were enabled to devote their energies to the prosecution of the siege.

The work which now devolved upon the army was of a most arduous character, and well fitted to tax to the utmost their powers of endurance. Solid earthworks had to be thrown up along an extensive line of frontage; the soil was thinly scattered

over a basis of solid rock, and a vigilant enemy was ever on the watch to impede their progress. Guns had to be brought to the front; ammunition, military stores, and provisions, to be laboriously carried over steep hills, from the port of Balaklava, seven miles distant; and as yet the only rest from labour was such as the bare earth afforded, and the only covering the vault of heaven. Yet still the work went on; the stubborn energy of the British soldiers rose superior to every obstacle, and their French brothers-in-arms performed their lighter share of the work with their accustomed vigour and alacrity. Day by day some new earthwork reared its head; day by day more guns frowned from the embrasures; and day by day accumulated heaps of ammunition threatened the devoted city. Every morning the rumour grew that the next day would witness the opening of the bombardment—but still the fiery storm was postponed, the commanders being determined not to anticipate the time when completed preparations might give fair promise of success.

The Russians on their part were not disposed to permit the siege works to be carried on without some determined efforts to thwart the operations. Directly the allied force took ground on the heights, they were exposed to an almost incessant fire from the Russian batteries. On the 9th, a very vigorous shelling was sustained by the third and fourth divisions of the British army. Fortunately the distance was too great to permit of any serious injury being inflicted, although the fire was directed with extraordinary precision. On the following night, as the French working parties advanced to break ground, they experienced a very rough welcome from the enemy. Not only did the batteries discharge a volley into their ranks, harmless as it proved, but a strong body of Cossacks were observed to be in ambush, awaiting their approach. A field-piece was brought to bear upon them in their snug retreat, and they quickly faced about and retreated. That same afternoon, a prowling body of these alert and mischievous gentry approached too closely the English lines; but Colonel Yorke, with the 1st Dragoons, gave chase, and the audacious marauders were too glad to owe to the fleetness of their horses, and their lighter weight, an escape from the English sabres: so hard were they pressed, that they even threw away their valises to facilitate their flight. That same night, the second division was aroused, and stood to arms, by the sound of musketry in their neighbourhood. A short time sufficed to show that the over-alert sentinels had been ludicrously deceived: a solitary cow, straying from the domains of the commissariat, had been mistaken for a Russian picket, and fell gloriously, pierced by innumerable bullets!

On the 11th, a scene occurred, in full observation of both armies, which showed abundantly the determination of the enemy to permit no opportunity of inflicting even the smallest damage to pass unimproved. An Austrian barque, on its way from Eupatoria to Balaklava, laden with hay for the use of the English commissariat, was driven by the current under the very walls of the forts, and within range of the guns. Heavily laden, she drifted slowly past, and the Russians opened a terrific fire upon her. At length she grounded, and then the enemy, imagining an easy victory over a merchant vessel without guns, and ashore on a reef, gallantly poured a hurricane of shot at her. So inaccurate, however, was their aim, that, out of 500 or 600 discharges, but four shots struck her. Seeing the state of affairs, the *Beagle*, which had landed her only two guns, dashed fearlessly up to the rescue, followed by the *Firebrand*, 6 guns. The *Beagle* took the barque in tow, and commenced hauling her off the reef. Then two Russian frigates steamed out of Sebastopol, and, at a safe distance, fired upon the two little steamers, one without any guns, and the other with six, and both within range of the forts. Nothing daunted, the gallant steamers brought their charge safely through the danger, the *Firebrand* being hit in four places, and the *Beagle* not at all. This brave exploit was universally voted one of the most brilliant feats yet performed by British sailors in the Black Sea.

From this time till the opening of the bombardment, continual efforts were made by the enemy to harass the working-parties in the trenches. Sorties were made, only to be repulsed, with but little loss to our men; and at intervals a fierce bombardment was opened upon their lines. In spite, however, of all opposition, the works proceeded, and soon arose a strong *cordon* of batteries, manned by some of the bravest troops in the world, to threaten the stronghold of Russian power in the Black Sea.

CHAPTER VII.

Sebastopol bombarded.—Opening of the fire.—Incidents of the first day's siege.—The naval attack on the forts.—Sir E. Lyons and the *Agamemnon*.—Life in the trenches.—Sorties from the town.

AT half-past six o'clock on the morning of the 17th October, a gun from the English batteries boomed ominously upon the ears of the Russians in Sebastopol. It was the signal for the commencement of the bombardment. It had been announced, on the previous evening, that the morrow was to initiate the combat; and already groups of expectant gazers thronged every spot which promised to afford a view of the warlike spectacle. For a moment after the signal-gun had despatched its messenger of death, a breathless expectation held the spectators in suspense; and then, from the whole line of attack, from the Quarantine on the far left to the Inkermann battery on the extreme right, a sheet of fire belched forth, and a volley of shot and shell was hurled upon the town. By this time the Russian gunners were at their post, and bravely responded to the challenge. As far as the eye could reach, a dense volume of smoke hung suspended in the air; and when it lifted, another and yet another streak of flame poured from the black earthworks, and lit up the white churches and houses of the town. The earth literally shook with the concussion of the mighty conflict. Distinct amid the roar, a sharp whizzing sound, swelling as it approached into a crashing rush, like a railway train at inexpressible speed, was heard, and a heavy blow upon the solid earthworks told where had fallen the ball of the renowned Lancaster gun. In a couple of hours it was evident that the Round Tower, the most formidable of the Russian works, was seriously damaged. But little impression, however, appeared to have been made on the mass of the enemy's works. Their fire was splendid, and it was abundantly apparent that the victory was not to be easily achieved. About ten o'clock a shell fell into one of the French magazines, which exploded, killing and injuring more than fifty men. This was a serious blow; and from that time the guns of our allies were evidently feebly served, and inadequate to bear their part effectually. For two hours more the terrific cannonade continued, spreading destruction in the ranks alike of the Russians and the allies; and then, at mid-day, the fleets approached the scene of action, and prepared to take their share in the dangers and glories

of the day. The French were the first to take up their position. It had been arranged between the admirals, with the hearty concurrence of the commanders of the land forces, that the French should engage the forts on the south of the harbour, while the English should attack Fort Constantine, and the batteries on the north. A semicircular line, enclosing the mouth of the harbour, would represent the position occupied by the allied fleets. The *Vautour*, a French frigate, had the honour of opening the fire, and very shortly afterwards the *Charlemagne*, *Montebello*, *Jean Bart*, and others, joined in the fray. The sight from the land side now was of the most stupendous character, and the roar deafening and incessant. Enormous volleys from hundreds of guns of the largest size rolled with never-ceasing impetuosity; and the air was loaded with a dense smoke that hid from the anxious gazers the effects of the fire. Occasionally a breeze lifted the murky canopy, and then the eye could catch the prospect beyond the frowning earthworks of shattered buildings, and not unfrequently a bright flame where the explosion of a shell had fired a roof, soon to be extinguished by the active enemy. Then, in the far distance, rose the grim outlines of the massive forts, pointing seawards their deadly array of guns; and further yet, a line of noble vessels rapidly forming into order of attack, finished the picture. But such glimpses were but momentary. Again the crimson volleys thundered forth, a light smoke poured from the sides of the French steamers, and the reply of the forts sent forth a vaporous veil, which, mingling with the smoke from the earthworks, once more enveloped in obscurity alike the attack and the defence.

It was arranged that the English sailing-vessels should be taken into position by the smaller steamers lashed to their sides. In this manner they drew up before the forts. The *Queen*, *Britannia*, *Trafalgar*, *Vengeance*, *Rodney*, and *Bellerophon*, with the *Vesuvius*, *Furious*, *Retribution*, *Highflyer*, *Spitfire*, *Spiteful*, and *Cyclops* alongside, arrived at their appointed positions about an hour after the French had commenced firing. The ships in advance were the magnificent steamer the *Agamemnon*, bearing the flag of Sir Edmund Lyons, the brave second in command; the *Sanspareil*, *Sampson*, *Tribune*, *Terrible*, *Sphinx*, and *Lynx*, and the *Arrow* gun-boat, accompanied by the sailing vessels *Albion*, *London*, and *Arethusa*, towed by the *Firebrand*, *Niger*, and *Triton*.

Preceding this imposing force, a little steam-tug, the *Circassia*, commanded by Mr. Ball, led the way, carefully sounding as it went, and marking out the position for the larger ships. Sir Edmund Lyons had already settled the share he was determined to take in the day's adventure, and had selected the

enormous fort of Constantine as the object of his special attention. The *Terrible* and *Sampson*, dashing through the storm of fire from the casemates of Constantine, anchored opposite two very mischievous little batteries, one of which the sailors named the *Wasp*, from its power of annoyance in comparison with its size, and the other the *Telegraph*, from its proximity to the signal station. In a few moments a vigorous shelling was opened upon these two batteries, which briskly replied. The *Agamemnon* now opened fire, and never was a cannonade more briskly sustained, or exhibited greater precision of fire. Sir Edmund had anchored his vessel at the very edge of the shoal, which extended about 900 yards from the fort. At this distance the Russian fire was most severe. For four hours the gallant crew bore the galling shower of missiles which cut through the rigging, pierced the hull, and sent many a brave fellow to his last account. The *Albion* and *London* boldly came within range, but so deadly was the fire, that they soon withdrew, terribly crippled. The *Sanspareil* admirably seconded the efforts of the *Agamemnon*, and maintained a telling fire upon the fort. At length that too withdrew, and the dauntless Sir Edmund was left to bear the brunt of the concentrated fire of the Russian guns. His ship was riddled with shot, the sails and rigging hanging in shreds, yet, with a bull-dog pertinacity, he clung to his opponent. Despatching his lieutenant in an open boat, he summoned the *Bellerophon* to his aid. His message was characteristically pithy: "Tell them to come in; these forts will sink me, and I'm d——d if I leave this." The *Bellerophon* quickly responded; and throwing a volley into the big fort, passed on to where the *Wasp* and *Telegraph* forts were showering their missiles on the gallant *Agamemnon*. The *Wasp* was soon silenced by the vigorous shelling of the *Bellerophon*; and Sir Edmund, freed from the annoyance it had caused, with unabated courage hurled his fire at his huge antagonist. The *Bellerophon*, however, suffered fearfully. A shell from the Russian batteries exploded in the fore part of the ship, and set fire to the lower deck. For a few moments it seemed as if unavoidable destruction was the fate of the gallant crew. The firing was suspended, and all hands rushed forward to endeavour to extinguish the flames. In this endeavour they were successful; but then a new mischance awaited them. The anchor had dragged on the bottom, and they were fast drifting towards the shoals beneath the forts, where they would have lain a helpless target for the Russian guns. In this emergency, the *Spitfire*, seeing the critical position of the larger vessel, dived in, took her in tow, and safely brought her, though damaged, out of the action.

The "saucy *Arethusa*," and her little companion in arms, the *Triton* steamer, which, lashed to the larger vessel, had boldly entered into the thick of the fight, bore a full share of the damage done that day. As they arrived within the range of the fire, the small steamer, which was then exposed, received a volley. Then, hauling round, the broadside of the frigate was presented to the forts, and the *Triton* was, to some degree, sheltered by the larger hull of her consort. The sailors from the steamer hastened on board the *Arethusa*, to assist in manning her guns, and a glorious broadside was hurled at the Russian fort. Every shot vibrated through the *Triton*, so great was the recoil of the frigate's guns. Broadside after broadside was gallantly delivered, and as promptly replied to by cannon of the fort. Down went the rigging of the *Arethusa*, ropes hanging in tangled masses from her yards, and not unfrequent shots striking her hull. Some passed beyond the frigate, and soon the *Triton's* gear aloft, and fallen gaffs, stays, and shrouds attested the severity of the enemy's fire. Two shots struck the paddle-wheel, and the commander and carpenter's mate were wounded by a shell while examining the extent of damage done. At length the *Arethusa*, nearly sinking, her decks covered with fallen rigging, her cockpit crowded with bleeding men, was compelled to relinquish the contest. The *Triton* gallantly towed her out of range, but in the act, a raking fire of shells was poured upon the deck, killing and wounding all within range of their explosion. With twenty-two holes in her funnel, she contrived to tow the frigate to Constantinople, to be docked for repairs, so extensive were her injuries.

The *Labrador* steamer had a narrow escape from entire destruction. Towards four o'clock a shell burst in the captain's cabin, adjoining the powder magazine, and set fire to some ropes. A cry of "fire" was raised, the pumps set to work, and enormous quantities of water poured into the magazine. The fire was fortunately extinguished in time to save the vessel. She was, of course, compelled to withdraw from the attack, her powder being rendered useless.

Admiral Dundas's flag-ship, the *Britannia*, which fired from a longer range than the ones we have mentioned, received less damage, though she did not escape quite scatheless. The enemy's shot ploughed up the water around, and occasionally a shell or round-shot fell upon the deck or crashed through the rigging. Fortunately, however, only two men were wounded on board this ship.

The French vessels gallantly performed their part in the bombardment. Our allies had adopted the same plan as the English, and lashed small steamers to the large sailing-vessels to

bring them into action. Two splendid steamers, the *Pluton* and the *Charlemagne*, proudly led the way in, followed by the *Montebello*, the *Jean Bart*, and the rest of the squadron. The enemy at Fort Alexander maintained an unflinching resistance, and inflicted severe punishment on the attacking vessels.

Those who witnessed this tremendous bombardment, whether from land or sea, will probably never forget the spectacle. No imaginative description could approach the mingled sublimity and horror of the scene. A fleet of noble vessels, powerfully armed, poured forth sheets of flame from every port-hole on the attacking side; and the ponderous forts, from hundreds of embrasures, vomited a death-dealing reply. The thunder of artillery was deafening, and the sky darkened with the smoke. Thousands of grim and fierce-looking men, their faces blackened with gunpowder and sweat, moved about the decks, and pointed the guns, amid the crash of falling spars and the groans of their wounded messmates. Beyond the town, a sullen roar was heard, which might have been the echo of the sea-battle, but which the sailors well knew was the voice of the guns on land, many manned by seamen from the fleets, and responded to by a thousand of the enemy's pieces. The awful boom of the guns grew in intensity as some fresh ship arrived on the scene, and contributed her broadside to the attack.

On the land side the combat was an equal one. Volley replied to volley, and no symptoms appeared to induce the belief that either party was the stronger. Suddenly, about four o'clock, a mighty explosion occurred in the Russian lines, which, for a moment, seemed to quell and subdue the roar of the thundering cannon. The earth shook, and volumes of fire sprang upwards and cast a lurid glare on every object. The very artillerymen paused, awe-struck by the catastrophe; and the spectators watched the result in breathless excitement. It seemed as if a subterranean fire had forced its way through the surface of the earth to annihilate the presumption of competing man. Then the flame sank, the frightful shock was passed, and a pillar of dust and rubbish took the place of the mingled fire and smoke. The magazine in the centre of the Redan had exploded, and for a brief space not a gun from that great work replied to our volleys. Then the fire re-opened, and the Russian gunners, nothing daunted, again hurled their shower of missiles against our works. Shortly afterwards, a small powder-waggon, belonging to the English, was struck by a shell and exploded, fortunately injuring none.

At length twilight warned the combatants to cease. At about six o'clock the fleets drew off, and shortly afterwards the batteries suspended their fire. The naval attack, so far as damage

to the enemy was concerned, was a failure. Many Russian artillerymen were, doubtless, victims to the accuracy of our aim, and the undaunted pertinacity of our seamen. Nothing, indeed, could exceed the brilliancy of the fire; and our gallant sailors of all ranks nobly maintained their reputation. But when the morrow came, the forts were found to be almost uninjured. Not a gun the less frowned from their embrasures, not a stone seemed to be displaced. The blackened mouths of the casemates, and a multitude of scars, as it were, where the fierce storm of iron had splintered the surface of the granite, were all the evidence afforded of that desperate assault. The question between wood and granite had been fairly tried, and granite was the victor. The forts were essentially unhurt; but scarcely a ship had escaped without serious damage to masts, sails, and rigging. The *Albion* and *Arethusa* were compelled to proceed to Constantinople to be docked; the *Rodney* got fast upon the reef, and her masts were soon shattered by the Russian shell and shot—the little steamer *Spiteful* gallantly towing her off, with considerable damage to herself and loss of men; and the *Bellerophon* had about fifteen shots in her hull, and her wheel knocked away. Throughout the English fleet, 44 men were killed, and 266 wounded. The French loss was even greater. The Turkish vessels, which occupied the centre of the line, were too far removed from the intensity of the action to sustain any serious injury to the ships or loss to the crew.

When, on the morrow, the fire was re-opened, the fleets bore no part in the attack. The experience of that eventful 17th of October had proved that no advantage at all commensurate to the inevitable expenditure of life and limb could be anticipated. It was therefore resolved, and wisely, to confine the bombardment to the land forces. Though it was impossible for the allies to claim any advantage as the result of the one day's fire, the loss on either side being about equal, yet sufficient had been achieved to inspire the generals with confidence of ultimate success. A large Russian magazine had been exploded, the White Tower, on the extreme left of the town, which had been a great annoyance to our men, was silenced, the guns dismounted, and the walls shattered, and much execution had evidently been done among the enemy's gunners; and though during the night marvellous exertions were made to repair the damage done, yet there could be no doubt a considerable effect had been produced.

On the side of the allies, the English were the most successful. The French, inferior in weight of metal, received a severe check in the early part of the day by the explosion of one of their magazines, and the fire was in consequence weak and ineffectual. The naval brigade were, beyond comparison, the heroes of the

day. Their heavy ship's guns told with immense effect against the Russian earthworks; and the Lancaster gun—then on its trial, and not quite justifying its reputation—owed its efficiency to the strong arms, energetic activity, and precise aim of the gallant blue-jackets.

On the 18th, the bombardment was renewed along the English line. The French were occupied in the repair of their batteries; and with the exception of one small work on the extreme left, their guns were silent. The Russians suffered from the explosion of another magazine near the White Tower, which had the effect of silencing their fire in that direction; but no decisive advantage could fairly be claimed by the English. The French, indeed, had taken scarcely any share in the day's bombardment.

The tremendous test to which the town was now exposed having proved that its defences were equal to the endurance of a protracted siege, and certainly not in danger of immediately yielding to any bombardment, however fiercely maintained, it appears to have entered into the plans of the Russian generals to endeavour to cut off our connection with our basis of operations at Balaklava, and thus necessarily convert our operations from attack to defence. Had they succeeded in their endeavour, there would indeed have been some probability of the realization of Menschikoff's boast of driving the allies into the sea. On the morning of the 18th, the second day of the bombardment, the Russian army under General Liders made a demonstration against the divisions in front of Balaklava. At nine a.m. seven battalions of infantry, about 4,000 cavalry, and six field-pieces appeared before the batteries recently raised, on the small hills in front of our position. Our cavalry were brought up with all possible expedition, in anticipation of an opportunity of trying their prowess against a mounted enemy; and the 42nd Highlanders were hastily marched down to support the 93rd, already quartered at Balaklava. But they arrived too late to achieve the honour of a victory, a few sharp volleys from the batteries having effectually checked the advance of the enemy, who thought fit to retreat beyond the range of the guns, and take up quarters for the night at a safe distance from the redoubtable allies. A sortie from the town at the same time, evidently planned in conjunction, was equally abortive.

Two days afterwards, the Russians again showed themselves, and in greater force; they appeared determined this time to inflict some damage on our forces; but Sir Colin Campbell, the stout leader of the Highlanders, who was intrusted with the command of Balaklava, collected the troops at his disposal, and nothing daunted, prepared for the reception of the enemy. As approached, a few shots from the Turkish batteries again

damped their ardour. Safely out of range, the Russian commander drew up his forces in order of battle, the bands struck up martial airs, and the colours were energetically displayed. Our men, aided by the Turks, resolved not to be outdone in display, crowded the batteries and neighbouring hills, and replied to the brilliant performance of the enemy's brass bands with a cheer from English and Highland throats—in which even the usually silent Turks joined—that drowned the elaborate harmony of the astonished Muscovites. Astonished they doubtless were; for, guessing probably that men who could shout so lustily could probably handle their bayonets with equal vigour, they prudently declined the contest, and left the British the peaceful victors of the field.

On the 21st a sortie was made against the French lines, but bravely driven back by our gallant allies.

Day after day the heavy guns continued to throw their ponderous volleys into the town, and red-hot shot and rockets set fire to many buildings. On the part of the enemy, abundant vigour was exhibited in replying to the attack, and a marvellous fertility of resources in repairing by night the inevitable damage of the day. One incident may be mentioned, as showing the consummate art with which they contrived to disguise their vulnerable points. A large building, bearing a yellow flag, and conspicuously designated as a military hospital, had been scrupulously avoided by the artillerymen of the allies, who would have considered it as the foulest of crimes to have fired upon the sick and wounded. Some deserters, however, who reached our lines, gave such information as induced our generals to give the order no longer to respect the sanctity of this building. As if in anticipation of this order, on the 2nd of October, the sixth day of the siege, a tremendous volley poured from every window of the building, which was in truth a concealed battery; and when a shell from our lines at length pitched on the roof, an explosion of the most appalling character told what an enormous magazine of warlike stores they had been enabled to accumulate under this hypocritical appeal to our humanity.

So small was our loss, compared to that which the enemy must necessarily have endured, that during the first four days of the bombardment, when the fire was the most severe, we had but 22 killed, and 112 wounded; the French, in the same time, experienced a loss of 58 killed, and 465 wounded.

Though the actual casualties inflicted by the shot of the enemy were thus much below what might have been reasonably anticipated, yet our soldiers were experiencing a bitter foretaste of those privations which were destined in a few weeks to arouse the attention of the civilized world. Leaving, therefore, the

narrative of the progress of the military operations, let us devote a short space to the story of endurance and uncomplaining fortitude for which the ranks of our soldiers afford such abundant material.

Since the landing of the armies at Old Fort, the men had never known the luxury of sleeping under cover, or any more luxuriant couch than the bare earth. The nights now began to give promise by sharp frosts of the severity of a Crimean winter. Great blame was unquestionably due to the authorities of all ranks for the needless sufferings to which the men were exposed; and although many exaggerated statements were made public, and afterwards satisfactorily disproved, there remains enough of indubitable fact to justify us in asserting that many valuable lives might have been spared, and much suffering obviated, had the heads of official departments been more attentive to their duties, and the subordinates better selected, and more energetically controlled. Drenched with wet, or half frozen with cold, the wretched British soldiers, the victors of Alma, rose from the bare earth, and struggled to roast and grind the *green* coffee with which alone they were provided; their best apparatus for the purpose a cannon ball and the lid of their canteen, over a miserable fire, smouldering away its dismal fuel of mouldy twigs and roots, grubbed up from the earth around. Their clothes were ragged and disgustingly filthy. Sickness was in their ranks, and every day some fresh detachment of the sick and dying was borne tediously from the camp, while hundreds, stricken down by cholera and dysentery, were hastily buried a few inches beneath the surface of the soil. The work of the trenches was most laborious. A soil, hard and rocky, was almost impervious to the wretched Ordnance tools which broke in the diggers' hands. Covering parties and pickets were on duty for twenty-four hours at a stretch, and so extensive were our lines, and so few our numbers, that three of these turns of fatiguing duty fell to each man's share during a week, in addition to perpetual night alarms, which seldom permitted him three or four consecutive hours of repose. The rigour of the work soon destroyed large numbers of the horses and mules at the disposal of the commissariat, and consequently threatened the supply of food to the men. At Balaklava the sutlers and camp-followers, who soon occupied the places of the regular inhabitants, whom Lord Raglan had found it necessary to expel, taking advantage of the scarcity in the camp, charged the most exorbitant prices for every article in demand; and officers and men alike were glad to procure, even at those terms, some of the commonest necessities of existence.

Still, though hungry and cold, smitten with fever, rheu-

matism and diarrhoea—harassed by perpetual alarms, overworked and in squalid filth, the soldiers, officers and all—for officers bore their full share of privation as of danger—never made an open murmur. With the truest courage—for it is the truest courage that can bear misfortune uncomplainingly—they endured their toil and their difficulties, only wishing for the day when the cannon might be exchanged for the bayonet, and they once more might win laurels in the open field.

CHAPTER VIII.

The battle of Balaklava.—Capture of the Turkish forts by the enemy.—Scottish heroes: the Highlanders and the gallant Greys.—Charge of the Heavy Dragoons.—A mistaken order.—Fatal charge of the Light Cavalry.—A sortie from the town.—The dead and wounded after the fight.—Home contributions for the sick and maimed.—Miss Nightingale and the nurses.

At length the time arrived when a portion at least of the English army were destined to exchange their weary watch and ward for more animated and decisive action. The monotony of siege life, relieved only by a sort of Russian-stalking, in which sport the most expert marksmen of each regiment were engaged, creeping out under cover of darkness, and occupying such hiding-places as they could secure near the enemy's works, from which they might prick off the artillerymen at the guns—was about to be varied by feats of arms almost unparalleled for brilliancy and romantic valour. It is difficult, indeed, in faithfully narrating the events of the renowned 25th of October, to keep on the cool side of undue enthusiasm, so distinguished was the courage, so chivalrous, and even poetical, the dashing energy displayed that day. Rich as are our historic annals in illustrations of the martial spirit of Englishmen, even there we may look in vain for more glorious deeds than were wrought by our dauntless heroes amid the hills of Balaklava.

We have already described the position of the town of Balaklava, protected by lofty cliffs on both the land and sea sides. The entrance to the place is through a narrow pass guarded by rocks of considerable altitude. On the inland face of these rocks the marines had erected batteries, which sufficiently defended the approaches to the town. At the foot of the cliffs is a large valley, in which the Highlanders were encamped. Beyond, a long range of low hills extended from east to west, and, on the

summit, four earth batteries, garrisoned by Turks, the same which had scattered the Russians in their previous abortive attempts, had been erected. On the farther side of these low hills, the valley stretched towards the east, narrowing itself into a gorge, commanded by lofty hills. To the left of the Highland camp, General Scarlett's heavy brigade was stationed; and a little farther north, the light cavalry, commanded by the earl of Cardigan. The almost precipitous range of cliff, extending from Balaklava to Inkermann, which protected the right of the British lines on the plateau before Sebastopol, was the western boundary of the valleys.

Such, then, was the scene on which was to be enacted the sanguinary drama of the battle of Balaklava. It was a sort of natural amphitheatre, the rising ground on each side forming a convenient post of observation for those of the allied armies who were not called upon to take part in the fray.

At early dawn, large masses of Russian cavalry, supported by artillery and infantry, appeared in the valleys to the north of the hills on which the Turks had established their redoubts. When they came within range, they fired a sharp volley or two, and the Moslem gunners, utterly dispirited by the vigour of the attack, after a few feeble shots, quitted their guns, and fled precipitately towards the next redoubt. The Cossack lancers pursued the flying Turks, and, charging impetuously amongst them, with frightful yells, ruthlessly slaughtered them as they fled; the ground between the deserted work and its neighbour redoubt was speedily strewn with mangled bodies, trophies of this first Russian success. Some of the Turks reached the next fort, and by their disorderly terror, added to the panic of the little garrison. Meanwhile the Russian artillerymen had entered the vacated redoubt, and with characteristic promptness, turned the guns against the other work. Again did the Turks retreat pell-mell, and again did the cloud of light horsemen dash into the retreating mass, and with lance and sabre work hideous slaughter. The massacre was appalling. Unarmed and disheartened, the miserable Turks ran, screaming hideously, almost blind with terror, while the Cossacks remorselessly trampled them beneath their horses' hoofs, and plunged their lances into the hearts of the fallen Moslems. Some reached the next redoubt, but many fell to rise no more, covered with wounds received in an attack which they had no more spirit to resist than a flock of sheep, so utterly disheartened were our Mohammedan allies.

By this time intelligence had been forwarded to head-quarters of this impetuous and hitherto successful assault of the enemy. were immediately dispatched to the duke of Cambridge

and Sir G. Cathcart to proceed with the first and fourth divisions to the scene of action. General Canrobert also dispatched General Bosquet with the troops under his command, and supported by a body of artillery and 200 chasseurs, to the assistance of the English. At Balaklava, the intrepid Sir Colin Campbell lost no time in marshalling his small force of Highlanders, and the marines on the cliffs promptly manned their batteries and prepared to defend their important position.

Important, indeed, was the defence of the town of Balaklava to the future success of the allies in their great undertaking. Had the enemy succeeded in cutting off the communication of the English army with the fleet, and thus destroying the basis of operations, our forces would have been isolated, not only from the means of carrying on the siege, but of the very essentials of life. Food as well as ammunition would have been in the hands of the enemy. The bays of Kamiesch and Streletskia, the French depôts, were obviously insufficient to accommodate both fleets and minister to the requirements of the allied armies. The means of retreat, too, would have been cut off, and our starved legions would have had no option but to surrender as prisoners of war, or to whiten with their bones the heights of Sebastopol, while the military stores and provisions, with which Balaklava was crowded, would but have strengthened the hands of the remorseless and implacable enemy.

When Lord Raglan and his staff arrived upon the cliffs overlooking the valley of Balaklava, he discerned at a glance the critical nature of the position. The third fort had by this time fallen into the hands of the Russians, and an immense cavalry force was collected on the plains, the irregular squadrons of Cossacks sweeping the lower hills, and with wild cries dashing among the fugitive Turks. As fort after fort was deserted by its garrison, the guns were turned against the remaining redoubts, and a similar scene of flight and carnage was exhibited. Pending the arrival of the reinforcements of infantry, whose movements had been outstripped by the well-mounted staffs of the French and English commanders, orders were immediately transmitted to the earl of Lucan to hold his small cavalry force in readiness to repel the enemy, and the heavy brigade, under General Scarlett, and the light horse commanded by the earl of Cardigan, were sounded to boot and saddle, leaving their breakfasts untasted. It was their first chance of an encounter with the enemy, and the gallant fellows burned with ardour to emulate their comrades of the infantry, who had won undying laurels on the heights of Alma.

At length the fourth redoubt was carried, and then a mob of Turks, disorganized and utterly terrified, poured down the hill

side, in full retreat for Balaklava. The Highlanders, drawn up in two lines, were prepared for action, and behind their ranks the miserable Ottomans at length paused, and crowded together trembling with fear. Their officers had been the first to fly, and were now utterly incompetent to restore order or animate their men by any show of discipline or courage. In a few moments they scattered in every direction; and, to their shame be it spoken, many found their way to the tents of the Highlanders and cavalry, and devoured the untasted meals which their gallant defenders had left to hasten to the support of these miserable poltroons.

Scarcely had the retreating Turks found shelter behind the stalwart Scotchmen, when the brow of the hill which they had quitted swarmed with Russian horsemen. Squadron after squadron appeared upon the scene, and, in a few moments, a dense mass of cavalry, some 1,500 strong, was gathered on the hill. It was undoubtedly with some surprise that they discovered that their prey had for a time escaped; and that, instead of a confused rabble of retreating Turks, they were confronted by two firm lines of those redoubtable Highlanders, the "red devils in petticoats," whose prowess at Alma was one of the most terrible memories of that eventful fight. For a moment the Russian horsemen paused, before rushing to encounter this new and dreaded foe. Then, closing their ranks, they thundered down the hills, as if to sweep all opposition from the field. But the firm lines never wavered. No field-day ever witnessed greater precision of line, or inflexibility of attitude. As the enemy's whiskered dragoons dashed at headlong speed onwards, their eyes must have been dazzled by long lines of tartan and streaks of scarlet and waving plumes, surmounted by glittering steel, which flashed back the rays of the morning sun. By this time the hills around were crowded with eager gazers. Not only the brilliant staffs of the commanders-in-chief, but every one who could be spared from the active duties of the siege, had gathered to the spot. English and French uniforms were mingled in the crowd; and among them the active civilians of the press, note-book in hand, ready to chronicle the day's events, and adorn with all the graces of style and practised ease the passing history which, in a few days, was to be the wonder and admiration of English men and women. Down thundered the Russian squadron, and no movement on the part of the Scotch warriors betrayed the consciousness that an enemy was at hand. Nearer and nearer they came, till at length a few hundred yards alone separated the combatants. Then a sharp, quick word was spoken, and, like some beautifully contrived machinery, the

Minié rifles of the Highlanders simultaneously descended, and with a ringing shock were levelled at the advancing foe. With a wonderful precision of fire, a quick flash darted from their muzzles, then a light smoke rose, a sharp report rang upon the ears, and the Russian squadron wavered in temporary confusion, riderless horses plunging madly among the ranks. Still the impetus of the charge was too great, and the loss as yet too trivial, to check their terrific career, and on they dashed as vigorously as before. Then the foremost line of Highlanders opened their ranks, and their comrades of the second line delivered another volley. This time the foe was nearer, and the reception was decisive. Hundreds fell before the well-directed fire; and the squadrons, utterly confused, halted in their charge, and, hurriedly closing up their broken ranks, retreated in disorder up the hill. By the time the smoke had cleared, the scene was changed. In place of a proud force of cavalry, dashing defiantly onwards, struggling horses, and dead and dying men, were mingled on the ground, and the survivors were fleeing precipitately from the well-aimed fire of a few hundreds of Scotch infantry. When they found themselves the victors of the fray, the gallant Highlanders set up a cheer which would have rejoiced the spirits of a Wallace or a Bruce, could they have witnessed this proof of their descendants' possession of the national valour. "I did not think it worth while," said their daring leader, Sir Colin Campbell, somewhat contemptuously, "to form them four deep." A thorough-going tactician would, perhaps, have argued that Sir Colin had no right to defeat the Russians by such a violation of all precedent, as neglecting to form a square to receive cavalry; but non-military spectators probably thought the result amply justified the general's confidence in his men; and that, provided the Russians were repulsed, it mattered little if every rule of tactics in the whole code were quietly transferred to the limbo of forgotten vanities.

With this gallant exhibition of cool intrepidity and soldier-like steadiness ended the part the infantry were destined to take in the fortunes of the day. Henceforward the cavalry were to be the heroes and the victims of the encounter.

When the defeated squadrons reached the hill, they were joined by other regiments of the Russian army, and halted to reform their scattered ranks. Their strength thus reinforced was very considerable, and far superior in point of numbers to the utmost force the English cavalry could muster. They were, however, apparently unconscious of the exact position of our dragoons, and advanced at a hand-gallop across the small hills to the left of Balaklava. As they surmounted these undulations,

they became aware of the presence of the heavy brigade, drawn up in order of battle, and awaiting their attack. The superiority in numbers was so evidently in their favour, that there seems to have been but little hesitation in attacking our smaller force. The spot chosen for the charge was directly under the cliffs occupied by the anxious groups of spectators. Probably no incident of modern warfare has so nearly approached in character a tournament, in which victory depended upon personal valour and skill in the use of weapons: there was no artillery, no smoke to obscure the scene; it was a deliberate contest between well-mounted men, in an open field, and in broad daylight. The generals on the hills, and the crowds of watchers around, were breathless with excitement, so grand was the approaching conflict, so terrible the result which a few moments must unfold. As the enormous mass of Russian cavalry poured onward to the charge, in two masses, a few hundred yards apart, it was anticipated that our dragoons would calmly await the shock, and, if not overborne by the weight of the charge, show that prowess so characteristic of the regiments; but, to the surprise of all, Brigadier Scarlett, as though accepting the challenge, gave the word to charge, and away thundered the brigade at a tremendous pace, the Scots Greys and Inniskillens leading, considerably in advance. There were men on those hills overlooking the scene, who had witnessed and shared in many a gallant feat of arms, who had seen the charge of the Life-Guards at Waterloo, but never had they beheld such a desperate encounter of armed men in the shock of battle. As the opposing lines approached each other, the enemy threw out his wings, intending to enclose the gallant Greys and their Irish comrades. The manœuvre was met by our dragoons, who, bending a little from their onward course, faced the extended flanks of the Russians. The Scots Greys opposed themselves to the Russian right, and the Inniskillens to the left. Then came the shock of meeting. The spectators on the hills, the other regiments behind, all heard the ring of armour, as cuirass met cuirass, and the heavy thundering shock, as horses and riders toppled over in the stern encounter. Then came a frightful scene of desperate valour and sanguinary struggle. For a few moments nothing could be distinguished but a confused mob of bearskin-caps, helmets, and flashing swords. In the terrible *mêlée*—more like the contest of knights of old than the ordinary incidents of modern battle—many a brave fellow met a fearful death. Hundreds of Russians were sabred; and our men, splashed with blood, and mad with excitement, gave no quarter to the enemy. Some were unhorsed, and fought on foot, never yielding, though faint from wounds and exertion. Some sprang at their enemy's throat, and dragging him

from the saddle, leapt into his seat, dealt the Russian a cut which split his skull to the very base, and turned the newly-acquired charger again into the very thick of the fight. Some, surrounded by unequal odds, cut their way through with almost miraculous energy, and some fell, trampled to death beneath the hoofs of the maddened horses. Above the din of battle, the clash of swords, the yells of the combatants, the groans of the wounded, and the appalling shrieks of mangled horses, rose clearly the vigorous shout of our dauntless men. At length, and in less time almost than we have taken to tell it, the British dragoons emerged from the encounter, and the Russians, in the utmost disorder, wheeled confusedly, terror-stricken and defeated. By this time the Royals, and the 4th and 5th Dragoons had reached the spot, and, charging the broken ranks of the Russians, completed their rout.

Though so far signally victorious, our brave dragoons had achieved but a portion of their task. The foremost squadrons of the enemy's cavalry had indeed been ignominiously scattered, and terrible had been the loss, but the second body was rapidly advancing to the charge, fresh and eager. The Scots Greys and Inniskillens, scarcely breathed from the desperate struggle, diminished in numbers, covered with dust and blood, and many among them wounded, did not hesitate to accept the renewed strife. Rapidly forming into line, again the word was given, and again the horses were spurred to the charge. The noble animals, with the instinct of their high-breeding, needed but little inducement from their riders, and as the enemy advanced, the two undaunted regiments precipitated themselves into their centre. Then was recommenced that sanguinary fight: stabbing, cutting, guarding, the sabres of our dragoons flashed in the air, or descended like lightning on the crests of their adversaries; men shouted and swore; horses fell headlong, mortally wounded, burying their riders beneath them, or madly coursed, with distended nostrils and loose rein, riderless about the plain. The Russians showed bravery and address; but the unquenchable spirit of the British bore down all opposition. In vain the enemy, so superior in numbers, essayed to turn the fortunes of day. Regardless of wounds, the blood streaming from their garments, or down their faces, almost blinding them, the dauntless Scotch and Irish cavaliers fought more like demons than ordinary men. Were they unhorsed, they fought on foot; were they disarmed, they grappled with their antagonists, and rolled upon the field, never relaxing their deadly gripe till death loosened the grasp of one or the other. As in the first charge, so now, there were no military evolutions or preconcerted plans, but innumerable single combats, and the event depended not on generalship, but on individual prowess. Officers and men alike

were in the thick of the fight; and officers and men alike distinguished themselves. It was impossible that such a combat could be of long duration; in a very brief space of time, the British troops were again the victors, had again cut through the line; and again the other regiments, who had ridden down the remnants of the first body of the enemy, swept across the field, and scattered the defeated Russian cavalry like chaff before the wind.

Though the chivalric daring of the heavy cavalry brigade had thus repulsed the vigorous attack of the Russians, the enemy were as yet the gainers by the fortunes of the day. They had possessed themselves of the redoubts which commanded the valley of the Tchernaya, driven out the Turkish garrisons, and doubtless intended to carry off the guns as trophies of victory. In order to avert this loss, if possible, and effect a diversion of the enemy's attack, Lord Raglan had early despatched the following order to the earl of Lucan:—

“The cavalry to advance, and take advantage of any opportunity to recover the heights. They will be supported by infantry, which has been ordered to advance on two fronts.”

We quote the order verbatim, because the terms of that and the subsequent one were afterwards the subject of so much discussion when it was sought to ascertain to whom the disasters we are now about to relate were justly due.

For some reason, which is still inexplicable, Lord Lucan did not comply with the commander-in-chief's order; and, in consequence, Lord Raglan, immediately after the gallant feat of General Scarlett's brigade, sent Captain Nolan with another order, in the following terms:—

“Lord Raglan wishes the cavalry to advance rapidly in front, follow the enemy, and try to prevent their carrying away the guns. Troop of horse-artillery may accompany. French cavalry is on the left. Immediate.”

This order was signed by General Airey, the quartermaster-general; and immediately upon its receipt, the earl of Lucan forwarded it by Captain Nolan to the earl of Cardigan, commanding the light brigade. That daring leader at once saw the nature of the enterprise, and how hopeless of success it was. None of the enemy were to be seen in the immediate neighbourhood; but in the far distance, among the hills to the right, dense masses of men were collected; while on the surrounding eminences, skirting the valley, in the direction of the gorges towards the Tchernaya, batteries were established, commanding the approaches. With a not unnatural hesitation, the earl of Cardigan was at first reluctant to obey the order to advance, which

would inevitably entail enormous loss upon his men, and scarcely, by any possibility, be productive of any good. But the impetuous eagerness of Captain Nolan, who brought the message, and the stern sense of duty which prompted him to obey orders at any risk, precluded farther question; and rapidly forming his brigade into battle-array, he gave the word for the deadly charge, himself leading his devoted band.

It had evidently been Lord Raglan's intention to employ the cavalry to drive the Russian horsemen from their position on the heights, whence they had dislodged the Turkish garrisons of the four forts, as already related. The unaccountable omission of the earl of Lucan to attempt this manoeuvre now necessitated a change of operations—as the moment had been lost for the recovery of the heights, to endeavour to follow the path of the retreating Russians, and prevent them from carrying off the guns from the earthworks. Read in connection with the previous order, this direction is intelligible enough; taken by itself, it might seem to warrant the lamentable blunder which was made. The inference is clear that, had the earl of Lucan obeyed the first order, much of the sad disaster of the day might have been obviated. As it was, there appears to have been but an imperfect conception of the commander-in-chief's plans; and the impetuosity of Captain Nolan, the aide-de-camp, added to the confusion. "We may advance, but what can we do?" said the earl of Lucan, when the young dragoon officer galloped up with the missive. "There is the enemy, and there are the guns," cavalierly replied Nolan, pointing to the Russian squadrons in the far distance.

Detachments of five regiments shared in the fatal charge, which the earl of Cardigan so bravely led,—the 40th and 13th Light Dragoons, the 17th Lancers, and the 8th and 11th Hussars; though only numbering 607 men, so terribly were their ranks thinned by sickness, and reduced by necessary absence at depôts and on detached service. The guns, which were the object of attack, were posted at the entrance of a gorge about a mile and a half distant. The intervening plain was commanded by batteries erected on the hills, which flanked its sides, and which gradually approached each other towards the entrance or neck of the valley. The Turkish batteries, from which it was supposed the guns had been carried, were still in possession of the enemy, who dexterously turned its fire upon the advancing British. Into this funnel-shaped trap, then, the earl of Cardigan, with the daring Nolan by his side, led his men, amid a shower of missiles from the enemy. But a few yards of their ride of death had been achieved when a shell struck Captain Nolan in the heart. Uttering a loud cry, the gallant young man involuntarily

clung to his saddle, and his horse, no longer guided by his master's hand, turned, and bore him through the lines, a dead and stiffened corpse. So fell, in his thirty-sixth year, one of the most promising officers of the British army,—already a high authority as a writer on professional subjects,—a man of the most invincible courage, and perhaps the first military horseman of the age. Had he lived, he might have been the Murat of the English cavalry; but he died the first victim to his own enthusiastic appreciation of and confidence in the almost unlimited capabilities of that arm of the service.

The light brigade advanced in three lines,—the 17th and 13th leading, the 11th following, and the third line being composed of the 4th Light Dragoons, and the 8th Hussars. Onwards they dashed, amid a shower of deadly missiles. Lord Cardigan rode in the foremost rank. The 4th was led by Lord George Paget, the son of the late Marquis of Anglesea. As the brigade advanced upon the plain, a fearful volley from the artillery upon the hills was poured upon their devoted heads, aided by the sharp and well-aimed fire from thousands of riflemen ambushed on the heights. The scene was frightful. On every hand men toppled from their saddles, struck dead, or fell frightfully mangled, trampled upon by the steeds of their comrades in that mad ride. Horses reared and plunged, and fell backwards mortally wounded, and crushing their intrepid riders. Still, with unflinching gallantry, the little band dashed onwards, the dangers to which they were exposed only increasing their energy and quickening their career. At length they approached the object of their attack, and saw the guns ranged in grim array awaiting their onslaught. Then a deadly volley was thrown into the midst of the gallant fellows, and many fell mangled and dead. In another moment they were among the Russian gunners, cutting and hewing with the desperate valour of men who had no hope but in their own right arms. Scarcely one of the Russian artillerymen was left to tell the tale. The object was attained, and the guns were our own. But the batteries on the hills now thundered down remorseless volleys of shot and shell into their already thinned ranks, and enormous masses of the enemy's cavalry were sweeping up to the scene of action. Then the heroes of the light brigade turned their horses' heads and prepared for their return. A large body of Russian infantry had been interposed to intercept their passage. A smart charge, a few rapid sabre-cuts, and thrusts with levelled lances, and these doughty heroes were dispersed, and our brave fellows were in full career homewards. As they once more emerged upon the open plain, the enemy's cavalry precipitated themselves upon them, and a fight of the most appalling character ensued. Our men

were dispersed and broken, their horses were blown, and many of their riders wounded. Many of their ablest officers and bravest men had already fallen; and now a force immensely their superior in numbers, fresh and well armed, attacked them at such a perilous disadvantage. Such prodigies of personal valour as were performed in this dread *melée*—such hair-breadth 'scapes as are recorded—have more the air of romance than of sober narration. Lord Cardigan himself was engaged in a deadly hand-to-hand combat, and almost miraculously escaped unhurt: a lance passed through his clothes, barely grazing his flesh. His aide-de-camp, Lieutenant Maxe, was shot through the foot and ankle. Cornet Wombwell, of the 17th Lancers, had his horse shot under him, was taken prisoner, and marched off under guard. Watching his opportunity, he darted from his escort, seized a stray horse, mounted him, rejoined his comrades, and, unarmed as he was, again charged the enemy, and was one of the few who returned unhurt. Sir William Gordon, of the 17th Lancers, though desperately wounded by lance and sabre-cuts, fought bravely to the last, and rode off the field. As an instance of the severity of the contest and of the unyielding valour of our men, we may cite the example, by no means a solitary one, of one Lancer, who had six wounds from lances, two horses killed under him, one or two sabre cuts and bullet holes in his cap, his sword was bent double by a Minié bullet, five bullets were in his saddle, one in his lance-staff, and he received "sword-cuts innumerable."

It seemed, indeed, as if not one of those six hundred men who, half an hour before, had ridden forth undismayed to that dread feat of arms, would have been left alive upon the plain. Already nearly two-thirds of their number had fallen; all discipline was utterly lost, and the officers were desperately fighting for their own lives. An overwhelming force had surrounded them—the Cossack lances were every moment offering up fresh victims to their lust of blood. But the intrepidity of our warriors was still unquenched. Summoning, by almost superhuman exertions, a few of his men around him, Colonel Shewell, of the 8th Hussars, succeeded in opposing a firm front to the enemy, and establishing a centre of resistance. Rallying around him, our men at length concentrated their efforts, and, making a desperate charge, cut through the mass of the Russian horsemen, and were once more, with some semblance of order, galloping across the plain. From every quarter rained a tempest of shot and shell. The unhappy little band was doomed to yet further slaughter; and of its diminished numbers there were yet many more destined to whiten with their bones the valley of Balaklava.

So rapid had been the charge of the light brigade, and so quick the sequence of events, that the achievements and disasters we have here narrated had outstripped the possibility of assistance to the devoted band. Now, however, the heavy dragoons, still panting from their breathless fray with the Russian hordes, reached the valley in time to save the remnant of their comrades from actual extermination. Charging the cloud of Cossacks who followed on the trail of the scattered hussars and lancers, they soon drove them back, though not without considerable loss from the fire of the batteries on the hills. General Bosquet, with his Chasseurs d'Afrique, arrived just in time to witness the massacre. "*C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre !*" said the brave Frenchman. Advancing at a rapid pace, the African troops charged the guns on the Tchernaya ridge, cut down the gunners, and thus silenced one of the most murderous of the batteries. This brilliant diversion entailed upon our gallant allies a loss of sixteen men.

But 198 men of the light division returned from that fatal charge, less than one-third of the number who, only an hour before, rode so bravely to the attack. During the day many who were wounded contrived to crawl to quarters, and others, who had been unhorsed, arrived on foot, after perilous escapes from the lances of the prowling Cossacks. Two days subsequently, when the official returns were made up, it was found that the real loss, though less than was at first supposed, was sufficiently great to appal those through whose misapprehension it occurred, and cause a fearful shock to the public at home. The exact loss may be thus stated:—The 4th Light Dragoons had 2 officers, 32 men, and 50 horses killed; and 2 officers and 22 men wounded: the 8th Hussars, 2 officers, 26 men and 38 horses killed; and 2 officers and 17 men wounded: the 11th Hussars, 32 men and 72 horses killed; 8 officers and 23 men wounded: the 13th Hussars, 3 officers, 24 men and 76 horses killed; and 14 men wounded: the 17th, whose loss was the heaviest, 3 officers, 33 men and 99 horses killed; and 4 officers and 34 men wounded. The total stood:—10 officers, 147 men and 335 horses killed; and 11 officers and 110 men wounded. Add to the above result, that many of the wounded died subsequently from the results of their injuries, and that many more were maimed for life—that others, including Lord Cardigan himself, sustained severe nervous injury from the terrible excitement—and we may form some approximate conception of the nature of that death-ride of Balaklava, in which nearly one-half of those engaged were killed or wounded, and considerably more than one-half of the horses slaughtered on the field.

The loss of the heavy brigade was comparatively small, not-

withstanding the dangers to which they had been exposed. Their casualties were 8 officers wounded, 7 men killed and 78 wounded, and 27 horses killed.

Such was the battle of Balaklava. Though our soldiers displayed a prowess which has never been surpassed, and performed feats of arms such as had hitherto been paralleled only in the annals of romance, the advantage of the day lay essentially with the Russians. They had dismantled our forts, nearly destroyed our light cavalry, and obtained possession of the main road from Balaklava to the camp on the heights before Sebastopol. In a few days all Europe rang with the exploits of our modern Paladins, and shortly afterwards all Europe thrilled at the story of suffering entailed chiefly by the losses of that day.

Apparently encouraged by their partial success on this occasion, the Russian generals planned a sortie on our trenches on the succeeding day. About noon several columns of artillery and infantry, in number apparently about 10,000, advanced from the east end of the town under cover of a terrible fire from the batteries, and suddenly appeared before the position occupied by Sir De Lacy Evans's second division. That general, with characteristic promptitude, immediately drew up his forces in line in front of the camp; the left under General Pennesfather, and the right under General Adams. Lieut.-Colonel Fitzmayer, and Captains Turner and Yates, of the Artillery, quickly brought their guns into position, and prepared to open fire upon the advancing enemy.

No sooner were the first shots heard throughout the camp than the duke of Cambridge brought up the brigade of Guards under General Bentinck, and a battery under Colonel Daeres; Sir George Brown pushed forward two guns on the left, and Sir George Cathcart hastened to the support with a regiment of Rifles. General Bosquet, too, whose especial fortune it has been throughout the campaign to render assistance when assistance was most needed to the English, though at a considerable distance from the scene of action, moved up with astonishing celerity five battalions of French troops.

For a few moments it seemed as though a general assault along the line was intended by the enemy; but the idea was very shortly dispelled. Our pickets, composed chiefly of men of the 30th and 49th regiments, under the command of Major Champion, of the 95th, gallantly opposed themselves to the advancing columns, slowly retreating and disputing every inch of ground. Captain Bayley, of the 30th, and Lieutenant Conolly, of the 49th, with a few brave followers, greatly distinguished themselves. The last-named gallant young officer, while displaying courage conspicuous to the whole camp, was shot through the lungs; and

Sergeant Sullivan, of the 30th, exhibited such distinguished bravery as to obtain the rare honour of being mentioned in the most marked manner in General Evans's official despatch. By this time the artillery had got into position, and replied with fatal precision to the Russian batteries, which were soon silenced. The main body of the enemy had now, having driven back the pickets, advanced in a dense column over the brow of the hill immediately in front of the position of Sir De Lacy Evans's division. Our eighteen guns then opened a fatal fire upon the mass of the enemy, and threw them into utter disorder. While yet staggering from this tremendous fire, General Pennefather threw forward the 30th and 95th regiments on the left, and the 41st and 47th, from General Adams's brigade on the left, also made an impetuous charge. Unable to reform their ranks, the enemy, thoroughly routed, fled, a confused mob, while the sailors from Captain Peel's battery threw among them rockets and grape shot to accelerate their flight. Our men chased them to the very walls of Sebastopol; and so eager were they in the pursuit, that it was with the utmost difficulty that General Pennefather could recall them from their dangerous proximity to the Russian batteries.

When the sortie was thus gallantly repulsed, above 600 dead Russians were seen lying in front of our lines. It is of course impossible to estimate their real loss, as they contrived to carry off most of their wounded, and doubtless many fell dead at such a distance from our lines as to be beyond our observation. On our side, we had a loss but of 12 killed and about 80 wounded. About a thousand men of the second division had thus driven back, with immense loss, nearly ten times their number of the enemy, and achieved an exploit worthy of being classed with the brilliant feats of the day previous.

The intelligence which reached England was not alone a record of successful deeds of arms. Sad lists of killed and wounded attested how dearly had been bought these additions to our national honours. And with the news came the painful inquiry, what care had been taken to provide hospitals and medical attendance for those who had been maimed in battle, or seized with deadly sickness from exposure and pestilence. A military hospital had been established at Scutari, on the Asiatic shore of the Bosphorus, opposite Constantinople, but the medical staff was evidently inadequate to the enormous increment of patients, which the battle of Alma, the duties of the trenches, and the deadly fray of Balaklava, not to mention the outbreak of dysentery and cholera, had occasioned. Nurses there were absolutely none; for though the Government had organized a *soi-disant* staff of hospital attendants from the pensioners of

Chelsea, they were mostly aged men, unfit for the active duties, and of habits acquired during many years of idleness, which qualified them rather for the tap-room, than the bedside of the prostrate or dying soldier. Public attention, too, was attracted in no ordinary degree to the case of the wives and children of the soldiers in the Crimea, the majority of whom were reduced to the most extreme destitution. Englishmen and Englishwomen at home, in this extremity, proved themselves not unworthy of their brave compatriots, who were spending their life blood in a foreign country to defend our liberties. No sooner was the necessity known, than a spontaneous effort was made to relieve it. An association for the assistance of wives and children was at once initiated, and most liberally supported. In a few weeks, very large contributions were raised, and thousands of poor women and little children had reason to bless the benevolent exertions of their more fortunate neighbours. Government, too, emulative of private beneficence, re-established the Patriotic Fund; which, during the last war, had done so much to alleviate the sufferings of the widows and orphans of those who had fallen in battle. All classes responded cheerfully to the invitation; and it must have been an inestimable pleasure to the brave fellows before Sebastopol, to know that those they best loved were cared for by their country, supported during their absence, and, if it pleased Heaven that they should fall in battle, made the pensioners of a nation's gratitude.

Neither was the soldier himself forgotten. Harrowing tales of suffering in the military hospitals reached home. The sick and wounded, it was said, were almost totally neglected, and left to perish for want of proper attendance and necessary comforts. The medical staff, too few in number, were unequal to the labour imposed upon them. There was a lamentable deficiency of beds and bedding, of means of cleanliness, of personal attendance. The poor bleeding or plague-stricken soldier was often left for hours in the passages or lobbies, stiffening in his blood, covered with filth, and without nourishment. When, at length, he was lifted on to a wretched bed, there was no change of clothing, no kindly nurse to bathe his wounds, no nutritious diet to revive his body, no kind word to comfort his mind. Sometimes, when the half-drunk attendants at length raised him from the ground, they found a stiffened corpse, or a man in the last agonies of death, who might undoubtedly have been saved by earlier attention and proper care. In this emergency, Florence Nightingale,—a name now dear to every English heart, one of the most devoted of her sex, and one of the bravest and tenderest of human souls—appeared, and undertook the grave task of alleviating the sufferings of our dying heroes. To the Right Hon.

Sidney Herbert, the Secretary-at-War, is due the credit of suggesting to Miss Nightingale the idea of forming a corps of experienced female nurses, and proceeding to Scutari, to supersede the incompetent "orderlies." But a woman of less devotion might well have shrunk from such a duty. Florence Nightingale, however, at once responded to the invitation, and accepted as her mission a task, the performance of which demanded not only the utmost energy of body and activity of mind, but a self-denying zeal rarely witnessed in these later days. As pre-eminently the heroine of the war, this admirable woman deserves more than a passing notice. Still young, very little more than thirty, her earlier years had been passed amid all the luxuries and refinements of opulence. Her family was wealthy, and her paternal home was a noble mansion among the hills of Derbyshire. As the young Florence grew to womanhood, she became deeply impressed with the importance of the subject of hospital-management, and took advantage of a Continental tour to inspect and become familiarly acquainted with the principal establishments for the care of the sick throughout Europe. On her return she projected an institution for the support of aged and infirm governesses, who could no longer, from failure of bodily health or advance of years, maintain themselves. She succeeded in establishing the institution, and entirely devoted herself to its management. Henceforward, her mission was decided; and renouncing all the attractions and personal advantages offered by her social position, this elegant and accomplished young woman devoted herself to the work of assuaging the misfortunes of her less happy sisters. From this duty—always repugnant from its very nature, often unthankful—she was only called by the still stronger claim of our perishing warriors in the East. With characteristic promptitude, she soon formed a body of nurses, some like herself, ladies who emulated her own example, some paid and practised hospital attendants; but all of them possessing real knowledge of their duties, and of proved ability and experience. No mere amateurs who might mistake kindly feeling and zeal for aptitude were admitted, but only those to whom suffering and death were familiar objects, and who had given evidence of the possession of nerve adequate to support the trying scenes they would encounter, and of unwearying patience and kindness to the sufferers.

On the 23rd of October, Miss Nightingale, accompanied by thirty-eight nurses, left England for Constantinople, proceeding overland for the sake of expedition. They were everywhere received with the greatest respect. In France, they were enthusiastically welcomed as worthy companions to the devoted Sisters of Mercy, who had already departed on a similar errand

to the French military hospitals. On the 2nd of December, forty-seven more nurses followed their chief, and thirty-four of these were of long experience in the London hospitals. On her arrival, Miss Nightingale at once, and in spite of much official obstructiveness, and discouraging superciliousness, addressed herself earnestly to her task. In a few weeks, a laundry was established; and this great essential to comfort was accompanied by a kitchen, where the comforts so essential to the sick were skilfully and promptly prepared.

In this great labour of alleviating the sufferings of the army, Miss Nightingale received immense assistance from the conductors of the "Times" newspaper. That colossal member of the press had hurled its thunders at the Government for its neglect of the hospitals, and now announced, with characteristic independence, and even audacity, that it would itself supply the shortcomings of the constituted authorities, and devote its immense resources to the work. It opened a subscription. Funds poured in; and in a few weeks, Mr. Macdonald, a talented and energetic member of the staff, was on his way to the East, the dispenser of its bounty, with ample funds and unlimited discretion in their application. The hospital authorities were amazed at this unwonted assumption of their office; but the soldiers soon blessed the great English newspaper, when bales of clean clothing, enormous quantities of wine, sago, rice, tea, coffee, tobacco, and everything that could minister to their necessities, or add to their comforts, were bountifully supplied; and we may be sure many a sick man's prayer and dying man's blessing was bestowed upon the kindly Macdonald, and upon the slight forms of the gentle nurses, who smoothed his pillow, bathed his wounds, administered the restorative cordial, or the cooling draught, spake words of kindness, read to him, or wrote for him, and assured him, by the best of evidence, that in England, dear England, his courage was valued, and his sufferings sympathized with.

God's blessing on good women! The blessed time of the world's history was come round again. Our men were among the best and bravest; our women cheered their valour, tended their wounds, and opened to them those precious fountains of mercy and tenderness, which soothed their agonies, and blessed their dying beds. Heroism and love were united. May the occasion never again arise for such a union; if it should, may there still be as brave men, still as good women.

CHAPTER IX.

Russian preparations for a decisive battle.—Inkermann on the 5th of November.—Desperate valour of the British troops.—The fights for the redoubt.—Death of Sir G. Cathcart.—Another victory and its cost.—Burial of the dead.—Storm at sea and hurricane in the camp.—Loss of the *Prince* and *Hentz Quatre*.—Terrible privations in the British camp.

Two days after the repulse of the enemy's sortie by Sir de Lacy Evans's division, General Dannenberg, with a large Russian reinforcement, arrived at Baktchi-Serai from Odessa, which place he left on the 19th of October. In order that his men might reach the scene of action with the greatest practicable rapidity, and in good condition, every available cart and rustic conveyance was pressed into the service. They were thus comparatively fresh and vigorous after so rapid a march. On the 3rd of November, one division, under General Soimohoff, entered Sebastopol. The remainder, under General Pauloff, encamped at Tchorgoun, a short distance to the east.

Strengthened by this considerable reinforcement, the Russian generals decided upon an attack upon the position of the allies in such strength that it should be scarcely possible to make an effectual resistance. The Grand Dukes Michael and Nicholas, sons of the emperor, had arrived at Sebastopol, with the purpose of encouraging the garrison by their presence, and witnessing the total defeat of the haughty invaders. On Sunday, the 4th of November, solemn religious services were held in the town. Patriarchs and bishops of the Greek Church addressed the soldiery, urged upon them the importance of the trust which their good father the Czar had thought proper to impose upon them,—assured them that death in his service was only the road to a martyr's crown, and that the English were monsters of cruelty, who committed the most atrocious barbarities upon all prisoners of war. Finally, they said the British camp abounded in treasure, one-third of which should be the property of the soldiery. Incited by these promises,—stimulated by extra rations of ardent spirits,—and fanatically believing that the destruction of the English heretics would be a work of acceptable piety, the Russian soldiers mingled shouts of devotion to the Czar and death to the allies, and prepared themselves for the encounter of the morrow.

The plan of attack, as decided upon by the enemy's commanders,

was shortly this:—The extreme right of the British position, near the bridge which crossed the Tebernaya at Inkermann, was notoriously our weak point. Sir De Lacy Evans, whose division occupied this position, had repeatedly called Lord Raglan's attention to this vulnerable point; but so laborious were the duties devolving upon our men, and so extended the line of defence, that it was impossible to spare either men or guns for the establishment of works. The French, whose large numbers and secure position on the western plateau left them a far smaller share of the duty, had been early applied to for assistance, but had hitherto refused. Sir John Burgoyne had called the especial attention of General Biot to the danger of leaving exposed such an avenue to the camp of the allies; but the French commander seems to have been at this time but little disposed to relieve the English of any of the toil or danger they had so willingly undertaken, but which proved too much for their effectual performance. At length the English, by almost superhuman exertions, had erected a small work on the brow of the hill, intended to carry two guns, but they had not yet been mounted.

Towards this point, then,—of the unprotected nature of which the Russians were perfectly well aware, thanks to the newspaper correspondents, who, in their anxiety to satisfy the curiosity of the readers at home, contrived (unwittingly, we believe) to afford the enemy a very great deal of valuable information,—the attention of the Russians was naturally directed. It afforded a convenient access to the very centre of the English lines, and would, in all probability, offer but a feeble resistance. It was arranged that Gortschakoff should, at an early hour on the morning of the 5th, make a threatening demonstration in front of Balaklava, apparently renewing the attempt of the 25th of October. This would have the effect of drawing a considerable portion of the armies to the defence of that important position, thus leaving the front comparatively unprotected. On the extreme left of the line, General Timofseyer would also make a feigned attack, occupying the attention of the French. The actual assault was to be made by the recently-arrived army of General Dannenberg. The two divisions already named, according to the Russian computation (most probably understated), were of the following strength:—General Soimonoff's corps consisted of three regiments of the 10th division, three of the 16th, and one of the 17th, amounting altogether to 16,200 bayonets, with 22 heavy and 16 light guns; that of General Pauloff, numbering 13,200 bayonets, was composed of three regiments of the 10th division, two Chasseur regiments of the 17th, with 12 guns. The two corps thus numbered 29,400 bayonets, and 50 guns. Soimonoff

was ordered to march from the Malakoff Tower in a westerly direction, until he reached the Kilen ravine, under cover of which he was to penetrate into the English centre on the western side of the ravine. Five o'clock in the morning was fixed as the time for the assault. Pauloff's division was to cross the Tchernaya, force the English lines at the unprotected point, and cutting their way through the second division, join Soimonoff in the main attack, when General Dannenberg, with the remainder of the army, would appear upon the scene, and, it was fondly imagined, give the *coup de grace* to the invaders. Such was the plan of the Russian generals, carefully matured, and kept profoundly secret from the allies. We shall see the result.

All night the bells of Sebastopol rang loudly. The heavy November mist obscured the sound; and most probably, the English soldiers, far from considering the clashing from the belfries as the signal for the gathering of troops, imagined that one of the multitudinous festivals of the Greek Church was being celebrated with unwonted ostentation. Towards morning the mist thickened, and it was impossible to discern any object at above a few yards' distance. Taking advantage of the fog, the Russians conveyed their guns to the lofty eminences beyond the Tchernaya, facing the British position, and by almost incredible efforts, in a very brief time, had established a formidable battery in a most commanding situation. About four o'clock in the morning, intelligence arrived at head-quarters that Bala-klava was again threatened. General Bosquet was immediately on the alert, with his French chasseurs, and the indomitable Sir Colin Campbell was fully prepared to meet any force which might be despatched against him. It was no part, however, of the enemy's tactics seriously to attack this position. His purpose was fully served by the attention of the French being attracted to this point, and the English being diverted from the real point of assault. About five o'clock enormous bodies of Russian infantry, under cover of the heavy fog, silently passed the bridge across the Tchernaya, and stealthily crept up the hill towards the weak point of the English position at the newly-erected two-gun battery. The pickets of the 55th, on duty at this spot, suddenly found themselves in presence of an overwhelming force of the enemy. Desperately fighting, the courageous little band slowly yielded ground, contesting every step, and retreating up the hill towards the redoubt. Their smart firing, in reply to the tremendous volleys of the enemy's musketry, which were now poured into the handful of men the camp, and indicated the real nature of the enemy's
meral Pennefather, who commanded the second
the absence of Sir De Lacy Evans (who was com-

pelled by the debilitated state of his health to leave his active duties, and retire on board one of the ships in the harbour), immediately hastened to the scene; and the men of his division hastily shaking off their sleep, quickly responded to the alarm. In a few minutes all was bustle and activity. Officers and men alike hurried forward, some half-dressed, all unbreakfasted, many suffering from sickness, and none free from the effects of privation and over-toil. From the second division the intelligence of the attack was quickly carried to the camps of the first, fourth, and light divisions, and the duke of Cambridge, Sir George Cathcart, and Sir George Brown, instantly put themselves at the heads of their men, and lost no time in marching to the scene of action.

When the pickets were driven in, they retreated to the little two-gun battery, and fired through the embrasures at the masses of the enemy, now advancing in dense columns to the attack. The Russian batteries on the opposite hills opened a tremendous fire upon them, and the guns of the town and the ships in the harbour threw enormous volleys of shell and shot right into the camp of the second division, tearing up the ground, and destroying the tents. For a few moments the gallant fellows of the 51st held their ground, but no courage could long contend against such fearful odds. In spite of their fire, much too feeble to stay the advance of such massive columns, the Russians advanced at a rapid pace up the hill, the few shots of the undaunted defenders of the redoubt telling fatally in their ranks. Almost before the English could reload, the Russians were swarming around the battery, and leaping over the embrasure. Many were hurled back again by the bayonets of the undaunted picket, who at length, borne down by the weight of the attack, were driven from the work, and retreated down the hill. The 41st and 49th now came into the action, and forming into line, charged the advancing Russians, and drove them back to the redoubt. Again was this little work the scene of a tremendous contest. The two regiments discharging a brisk volley from their minié rifles, levelled their bayonets, and driving the enemy pell-mell before them, hurled them out of the battery, and once more the English were masters of the position. The retreating Russians were speedily met and reinforced by other columns of infantry, and then, doubled in numbers, again advanced to the attack. The fire, too, from their batteries, poured unceasing destruction into the thin ranks of the English regiments. Already the dead and dying were lying thick around, and many of the bravest and best among them had fallen beneath the intense fire of the enemy. The Russian masses literally surged up the hill, and hurled themselves once more at

nies, and then to breathe his last. Amidst a hurricane of bullets from the Russian troops, and exposed to a deadly storm of missiles from the enemies' batteries, the 20th and 47th fearlessly charged the opposing masses, and endeavoured to take the redoubt. They were successful in the attempt. The Russian lines trembled before their impetuous onset. The levelled bayonets, borne onwards by the resistless vigour of Englishmen, now maddened by the excitement of battle, cheered by their officers, and with the memory of Alma, swept down the hordes of irresolute Muscovites, and with a ringing cheer, the victorious Britons were once again in the earthwork. There, indeed, was a sight to rouse their hearts—if, indeed, further stimulants were needed—to deeds of vengeance. Not one of those who in the previous attacks had fallen wounded was now alive. The remorseless Russians—assassins rather than soldiers—had bayoneted every one who showed signs of life. The little battery was choked with heaps of dead. Englishmen and Russians lay as they fell stiff in their blood, and disfigured by the agonies of death. Not one was left to tell his victorious comrades, who leaped shouting into the redoubt, how bravely their companions in arms had disputed its possession, how dearly the enemy had purchased a temporary success, or how basely that success had been consummated by the most brutal murder of wounded and unarmed men. But the Russians were not disposed to submit to the loss of this important position which they had made so many efforts to retain. Fresh legions were launched against the two regiments who had been thus far successful; and in irresistible strength, still another attempt was made to regain the post. Against such numbers it was impossible to contend successfully. The brave holders of the redoubt fought desperately, with that unyielding pertinacity for which the British infantry, beyond any soldiery in the world, is distinguished. But the shot from the batteries on the hills beyond the river swept through their lines; on every hand brave fellows fell pierced with bullets, or mangled by exploding shells. The enemy was tenfold their number, and swept on like a torrent against their feeble defence. After a brief but most heroic struggle, the noble remnant of the gallant 20th and 47th yielded to a force they could no longer withstand, and retreated to the main body, leaving the Russians for the third time the masters of the two-gun battery.

The masters, it is true; but not the undisputed masters. A yet bloodier contest was to be waged for its possession—a contest which should make that small unfinished work, on which as yet no gun had been mounted, renowned throughout Europe. By the time that the 20th and 41st had been driven back, as we have just recorded, the duke of Cambridge had reached the

scene of action] with the brigade of Guards,—those renowned soldiers whose bayonets had carried the heights of Alma, and whose prowess was a theme of terror in the Russian camps. No soldier who had shared in or witnessed that tremendous fight could forget the terrible onslaught of those bear-skinned warriors, when the choicest troops of the Czar were trampled under foot, or scattered like chaff before their irresistible charge. The Coldstreams, no longer the magnificent battalion which a few months before left the shores of England, but reduced by the casualties of war and sickness to a few hundred badly fed and miserably-clothed men, though retaining all the ancient courage, heightened, indeed, by the hardships they had endured and the memory of their former achievements,—advanced in close ranks, at a rapid pace, and with fixed bayonets, against the living wall of the Russians, who held the crown of the hill. Though the enemy were as ten to one, they yielded and broke before that matchless onset. Scattering the foe before them, the valiant Guardsmen swept like a hurricane into the battery, and the defeated Russians were precipitated, a flying and disordered mass, down the hill. The Coldstreams had well avenged their comrades' fall, but they had not yet gained an undisputed success. On came fresh battalions of the Russians. The flying regiments were mingled with, or sought refuge behind the advancing legions. Again the dense mass struggled up the hill, and again did it devolve upon English valour to defend the post which had been so dearly won. Not less than 6,000 Russians advanced in a compact mass towards the two-gun battery. The defenders did not muster more than as many hundreds. Nothing daunted, they fired through the embrasures and from the brow of the hill smart volleys; and when their ammunition failed, as at length it did, many hurled stones at the enemy. But moment by moment the advancing host drew nearer and nearer. The summit of the hill is reached, they surround the fort, leap over the earthworks, and in an instant there is a hand to hand struggle, such as, perhaps, was never excelled in modern warfare. They are repulsed—literally dashed down the hill. Twice is the assault renewed; the second time they are again defeated: the third time they are once more in the battery. Bayonet crosses bayonet in rapid thrusts, fearful shrieks of agony are mingled with the shouts and curses of infuriated men, the floor is cumbered with the fallen and slippery with blood; the gallant Coldstreams are alone and unaided, and every moment fresh foemen rush into the deadly *mêlée*. Hundreds fall before the fatal
sts of the dauntless Guards—their places are supplied by
s more, fresh and unwounded. In front, on either side,
rm around, ferocious and malignant. Back to back,

the English heroes meet their tremendous charge. In all the horrors of that scene, amid all the carnage which surrounds them, their high courage never fails, their firm bearing is never relaxed. Though many fall mortally wounded, their comrades bestride their bodies, and there is still the bristling *chevaux-de-frise* of bayonets, against which the foe hurl themselves in vain, and only to fall in hundreds, thrust to the heart by the fatal steel, wielded by the hands of the most determined soldiers in the world. At length the limit is reached beyond which resistance is impossible, and slowly yielding to the immense superiority of numbers, the Guards give ground, and prepare to leave the battery once more in the hands of the enemy. They retreat from the spot, and then see that their path is barred by another and fresh force of the enemy. Death appears inevitable; other soldiers might lay down their arms, and few would doubt their courage, so great is the disparity of strength. But the Guards are not dismayed even then. Struggling into line, with rapidity gained only by their perfect discipline, they level their bayonets, charge the fresh foe, and in an instant are among them. Down go the Russian infantry, stabbed and trampled on. A brief struggle, and the invincible Coldstreams have cut through the masses of the foe, and sweeping all opposition from their path, have rejoined the main body of their comrades.

While this deadly contest was waging, the battle on the left of the position was rivalling it in intensity. Soimonoff's army had attacked, and the greater portion of the second division were bravely opposing their advance. The English artillery were ordered up to the support, and taking position on the hill, did good service, and sent many a Russian to his great account. But at length their ammunition was exhausted, and the enemy advancing in great force, after a stirring combat, in which Major Townsend, a gallant and experienced officer, was killed, and prodigies of valour were performed, succeeded in capturing four of our guns.

The battle had now assumed tremendous proportions. The whole of the second and fourth divisions were engaged, as well as portions of the first and light divisions, about 8,000 men in all. Including the fresh regiments which Dannenberg now brought into action, not less than 60,000 Russians were in the field. Against this overwhelming force the English bravely held their ground. The brigade of Guards, gallantly led by their royal commander, had again united, and waged a desperate warfare against unequal odds. In front, the light division and a portion of the second preserved a firm bearing, and opposed themselves fearlessly to the shock of the advancing battalions.

On the left, Soimonoff's *corps d'armée* was met by the remainder of the second division, who bore the assault of the enemy, inspired by their success in driving back the artillery and capturing the guns. Their exultation was fated to be of brief duration, for the gallant second, having repulsed their first attack, now assumed the offensive, and charging the Russian columns, after a sanguinary struggle, drove them back, and recaptured the guns.

The ground to which the struggle was now confined was hilly and covered with thick brushwood, sloping towards the harbour, the ships in which, moored so as to command the English lines, poured a destructive fire into our ranks. The brigade of Guards, forced by the enormous odds to quit the Two-gun Battery, after such a terrific contest, were now engaged in hand-to-hand conflict with nearly ten times their number of the enemy. It was impossible, from the fierceness of the contest and the nature of the ground, to preserve military order. The battle was a series of detached groups, sometimes a few dauntless Guardsmen, bare-headed and back to back, disputing every inch of ground, and with their bayonets inflicting terrible execution on the enemy; sometimes a young officer, rallying a few of his men around him, dashing with a ringing cheer at a phalanx of the foe, and as their dense mass was broken by the impetuosity of the attack, falling pierced by a dozen bullets, with his last breath cheering on his men to the charge. So fell Lieut.-Colonels Mackinnon and Cowell; so fell Sir Robert Newman; and so fell many another brave soldier and good man. The duke of Cambridge, affected almost to tears by the sight of so many lying in their blood, was every where in the thick of the fight, urging on his men, and setting them an example of the most daring courage. Almost alone, he dashed into the *mêlée*, amid a shower of bullets from the Russian rifles. Once he had nearly fallen a victim to his own enthusiasm and contempt of danger. Conspicuous by his uniform and fine person, he presented a prominent mark for the aim of the ambushed enemy. Reckless of the danger, he disdained even ordinary precautions. In this emergency, Dr. Wilson, anxious to lend his professional services to the wounded, saw the peril of the duke, and collecting a handful of men, dispersed the enemy's riflemen, and rescued the too daring leader. Nothing could exceed the deadly nature of the combat. The Guards fought as only men can fight, when utterly desperate. There seemed but small probability that one of that noble brigade would leave the ground unhurt. The Russians, strong in their numbers, inspired by intoxication and fanaticism, poured their legions in vain against the resistance of such unquenchable
am. Heaps of dead covered the ground, and the assassin

Muscovites, unable to subdue the living, wreaked a miserable vengeance on the fallen, bayonetting and madly disfiguring with their clubbed muskets every prostrate antagonist. When the battle was over, many a brave fellow, who had fallen wounded, was found an unrecognisable mass of mangled flesh and blood. Rendered nearly mad by the sight of such devilish atrocity, the survivors redoubled their almost supernatural efforts, and though pressed on every side, maintained the struggle with unflinching valour, still the same invincible Guardsmen so terrible at Alma, so heroic at the fight for the Two-gun Battery.

The light division meanwhile maintained its reputation in the vigorous struggle in which they were now engaged. Sir George Brown, their general, was severely wounded, and borne from the field, his white hair streaming in the wind, and his face deadly pale, from the acuteness of his suffering. A five-gun battery, under the direction of Sir Thomas Troubridge, major of the 7th Fusiliers, did good service against the advancing columns of the enemy; but the brave fellows who manned it suffered terribly from the fire from the batteries of the town. Sir Thomas himself had his right leg and left foot carried away by a thirty-nine pounder from the Round Tower, or Malakoff. Notwithstanding the severity of the injury, and the excruciating agony he must have endured, he refused to permit his men to carry him to the rear; but ordered them to lift him to a gun-carriage, whence, streaming with blood, he continued to give the word of command, nor quitted his post till the enemy were routed.

Seeing the desperate nature of the contest, Sir George Cathcart conceived the idea that by descending the side of the hill, he might take the enemy in flank, and so relieve the Guards from the unequal struggle in which they were engaged. He despatched General Torrens, with portions of the 46th and 68th regiments on this duty. They advanced rapidly, but from either hand rained the bullets of the Russian riflemen, concealed in the brushwood. The horse of General Torrens fell pierced by five bullets, and on every side, the number who were struck down attested the severity of the fire to which they were exposed. Torrens himself received a ball through his lungs, and was carried senseless from the field. Sir George Cathcart, seeing the fierce opposition which his brigade sustained, immediately dashed forward with the remainder of his men, and fearlessly charged the enemy. Too late he saw the error into which he had been led. He was perfectly surrounded by the enemy, who held the high ground commanding the valley into which he had led his brigade, in the hopes of making a vigorous flank attack. For some time, his little band returned sharp volleys to the enemy's rifles. Then a cry was raised that their cartridges were

exhausted. There was no retreat, and the fierce fire poured like hail into their ranks. "You have got your bayonets!" shouted their dauntless leader, and dashed forwards followed by his men. As he raised himself in his stirrups, a bullet pierced his brain, and the heroic Cathcart, the subduer of the Cape savages, fell headlong from his horse, quite dead. By his side fell Colonel Seymour, Adjutant-General of the fourth division, sharing his leader's fate. He was wounded before Sir George, but concealed his hurt. When the general fell, Colonel Seymour dismounted to render him assistance. The brigade had swept on, unable to pause in their career, and then the enemy rushing on the wounded Seymour, cruelly murdered him, as he stooped over the body of his friend, and consummated their infamy by basely stabbing with their bayonets the insensible body of the noble Cathcart.

It was now eleven o'clock, and it seemed impossible that the English could much longer withstand the terrible assault. They were driven back exhausted by the long struggle; hundreds of their best and bravest had fallen heroically; and the enemy was still pouring fresh legions into the fray. The fog and drizzling rain obscured the scene of action, so that it was impossible for the generals to concert a scheme of operations, or even to know accurately the state of affairs: it was rather a series of battles than one action. Lord Raglan and his staff were eagerly watching the fray, but unable to control the movements of the troops. Nothing could save the entire army but the self-devotion and valour of the men: tactics were unavailable, and generalship useless. Now, however, came the crisis of the struggle. General Bosquet had by this time discovered that the threatened attack on Balaklava was but a feint; and warned by the thunder of cannon and the roll of musketry of the real point of attack, hastened to the rescue. Two troops of horse-artillery were speedily despatched, and took up a position whence they could effectively play upon the Russian guns. Hastening to the spot, with his dashing regiments of Zouaves and Chasseurs Indigènes, he precipitated himself upon the left flank of the Russian hordes. General Canrobert, too, at the same time, ordered up several French regiments of the line to the assistance of the English second division, on the left.

Wearied, wounded, and almost disheartened, the English heroes were gradually giving ground to the foe, when their ears caught, above the din of battle, the rapid tread and loud shouts of advancing troops, and perceived through the mist the forms of massive columns, moving at a rapid pace, whether friends or foes they scarcely knew. In a few moments, a joyous "Hurrah!" rang from the broken lines, and a mighty cheer was echoed

through the fog: then they knew the French were there to help them. A new life seemed to animate them; no longer they retreated, but summoning up the last flashes of their failing fire, charged the foe anew. The Russians, staggered by the fresh assault, surprised by the sudden appearance of the warriors of Africa, hesitated and gave way. Then, uniting their ranks, the English and the French, with mingled shouts, loud "Hurrahs!" and "Vive l'Empereur!" dashed into the paralyzed columns, and drove the bayonets home through many a Russian breast. The Zouaves leaped through the tangled brushwood, and, with wondrous activity, scattered the confused and retreating battalions. Then came the tremendous fire from the ships in the harbour, and the guns from the heights, which almost swept them from the field, and forced them for a brief space to pause in their career. It was but for an instant. Renewing their charge, English and French once more dashed at the flying foe, and at the bayonet's point, with fearful slaughter, drove them, a disorderly mob, down the hill-side.

The moment had now come when Lord Raglan could effectively exhibit his generalship: for hours he had sat in his saddle, in a most exposed situation, unable to control the fluctuating fortunes of the day. Under his direction, General Strangways had opened a heavy fire of artillery upon the Russian guns upon the opposite hills, with the hope of silencing their fatal volleys. This was all he had been enabled to perform for the succour of the troops engaged. Many fell around him, but the brave old general refused to move from his exposed situation, anxious for the time to arrive when he might be enabled so to manœuvre his forces as to drive back the enemy. General Strangways was within a short distance of the commander-in-chief, when a shot, which had actually passed between the legs of Lord Raglan's horse, shattered his leg, and he fell to the ground. He was borne carefully to the rear, where, in a few moments, the gallant old man, who had survived the dangers of Leipzig, and a fearful wound at Waterloo, breathed his last; meeting his fate with a calm heroism that affected to tears many a brave man fresh from the honours of that sanguinary field. The Russians had left on the field two 18-pounder guns, and Lord Raglan now ordered them to be brought up to the front. Colonel Dickson had already anticipated the order, and the guns had been dragged by main strength to the fitting position on a ridge in front of the second division. Assisted by Captain D'Aguiar, a well-aimed fire was poured into the Russian batteries; the guns were overthrown, the gunners killed, and the fire for an instant quelled; but the fertility of the enemy's resources did not fail them even now; fresh gunners supplied the places of those struck down by

the English fire, and the deadly duel was resumed. Then came the retreating infantry—a headlong mass, and the fiery Zouaves and reanimated British in hot pursuit. Three times were the artillerymen swept away from their guns; as many times their places were supplied. Then, under cover of fierce volleys from the town and ships, they succeeded in carrying off their guns. The French batteries now advanced to the crown of the ridge, and opened fire on the retreating masses, flying pell-mell towards the heights. Hundreds fell beneath the deadly volleys—the thunders of the death-dealing artillery drowned alike the shrieks and groans of the wounded and the triumphant shouts of the victors, and the battle of Inkermann was won!

About 8,000 English and 6,000 French had thus utterly defeated more than 50,000 of the enemy, with the disadvantage of being taken by surprise. The English were enfeebled by sickness, imperfectly fed, and inadequately provided with necessary equipments and ammunition. The Russians were mostly fresh troops, prepared for the attack, and supported by the tremendous batteries of the town and ships. It is to the French unquestionably that we were indebted for the victory: no human courage could much longer have withstood such disproportionate odds. The gallant Bosquet, by his promptitude and the dashing valour of his African soldiers, saved not only the fortunes of the day, but the very existence of the English army. Our loss was 462 killed, including 43 officers, 1,952 wounded, and 198 missing; giving a total of 2,612 casualties. Three generals were killed—Cathcart, Goldie, and Strangways; and three—Brown, Torrens, and Bentinck—were wounded. If we reckon that only about 8,000 were engaged, these numbers show that nearly every third man was killed, wounded, or fell into the hands of the enemy. The Russians admit a loss of 2,969 killed, of whom 42 were officers; and 5,791 wounded, including 206 officers; giving a total loss of 8,760. There can be no rational doubt that their real loss was nearly double, and the number of Russians killed or wounded was at the least equal to the entire English and French forces engaged in the battle. Our brigade of Guards alone lost twelve officers killed on the field, besides many wounded. Truly the daring courage of the English gentleman has not deteriorated in these latter days! The chivalric valour which placed the officers in the very front of danger was nobly seconded by the unquenchable spirit of the men whom they led; they were mostly fasting, when they hurried to the scene of conflict, and for ten long hours were engaged in one of the deadliest struggles the military historian has ever recorded. Some were sick, all were gaunt—[—] emaciated. It was Agincourt once more. The starved met and overthrew five times their number of better-fed

soldiers; and when the victory was won, returned to their hard couch on the damp earth, and to a scanty supply of miserably cooked, and not unfrequently quite raw rations. But they knew that their deeds would be heard of at home, and the thought inspired them with a fierce exultation, which perhaps soothed their pain and sweetened their wretched fare.

While the great battle was raging, as we have just narrated, on the extreme right of the plateau, a lesser warfare was waged on the left of the line, occupied by the French. A sortie, in great force, was made by the Russians, more, doubtless, with the object of diverting attention from the Inkermann attack than with the hope of achieving any solid advantage. At an early hour, the infantry regiments of Miosk, under the command of Major-General Timofeieff, and supported by a considerable force of artillery, attacked the French trenches, and succeeded in spiking several guns before our allies had recovered from their surprise. They soon, however, rallied, and, under the command of General de la Motte Rouge, repulsed their assailers, killing more than 200. The alarm soon spread, and General Forey, commanding the siege corps, arrived with troops of the fourth French division. Unable to stand before the augmented force, the Russians fled, and the French eagerly pursued them, inflicting terrible punishment on the enemy. Led on by General Lormel, a dashing officer, the daring Frenchmen pursued them to the very walls of Sebastopol, and even entered into the town. Their leader fell mortally wounded, and it was with extreme difficulty General Forey could recall the troops, so reckless was their pursuit. In this affair, the enemy must have sustained a loss of at least 1,000 men.

Such were the results of the battles before Sebastopol on that memorable Sunday, the 5th of November, 1854. At home, in England and in France, millions, unknowing of the slaughter in the Crimea, had offered up prayers for those who were bearing the burden and heat of the day in that far off land, and while they prayed there were groans of agony, thunders of cannon, shouts of combatants, and muttered prayers of dying men. Thoughts wandered here, to the sound of Sabbath bells, to fathers and brothers far away; and *there*, amid the pealing volleys of hostile cannon and the shock of armed battalions, the dying soldier, while all the world was fading from his sight, thought, it may be, of those who were at that moment bending the knee in peaceful devotion in an English church, or in the lofty aisle or humbler village chapel of France the beautiful. Noted in our annals as an anniversary long since grown grotesque with age, henceforth the Fifth of November

will have a sacred memory—sacred to those who fought so well and died so heroically.

The day after the battle, a melancholy spectacle was afforded to the camp. A lofty eminence, in front of the fourth division, was appropriated as the burial-place of the more distinguished officers who had fallen in the battle. Hither was borne Cathcart, and hither Strangways and Goldie, and hither many another hero, who had met a like death. Amid the deepest silence, broken only by the distant thunder of the guns, the chaplain read the impressive service—never, perhaps, more impressive than then; the warriors committed to the dust and ashes the ashes and dust which, but a day before, had been the honoured leaders of the English army. In one grave eleven officers of the Guards were laid. For many years to come those who visit the Crimea may, perhaps, see the rough stones that mark this "Cathcart's Hill," placed over them by those who could command no better monument; but who shed tears over their grave enough to consecrate a thousand cemeteries.

We have already indicated the extreme privations endured by the allied armies, in consequence of the difficulties experienced in conveying to the front adequate supplies of provisions and necessaries. Since the battle of Balaklava these difficulties had been considerably aggravated. The result of that battle was that the English were deprived of the use of the only well-made road from Balaklava to head-quarters. This, the Woronzoff road, was now commanded by the enemy's pickets, supported by the large army, some 40,000 strong, under General Liders. The only path to the camp was now a bye-road, scarcely more than a track, winding among the hills, and wholly unfit for the passage of heavy carts. At this period of the year, too, the wet season had set in, and that which would have been but a wretched path in the height of summer soon became a quagmire, in which the horses and mules hopelessly floundered, dying by hundreds by the wayside. The commissariat, in this emergency, proved itself unequal to the occasion; and, though it is but justice to admit that tremendous exertions were used to supply the wants of the men, the rations were not unfrequently scanty, and almost habitually issued in a most uneatable condition. How soldiers, continually harassed by the enemy, with no covering but a thin canvas tent, and no flooring but several inches of mud, no fuel but roots grubbed from the damp earth, could cook their rations of raw pork or roast and grind green coffee, it is hard to guess. It is a fact that hundreds never attempted so difficult a feat. The ration pork was devoured raw, and the green coffee indignantly trampled in the mud. Some, more patient, strove to roast their berries in the lids

of the canteens, over the smouldering embers of rotten stick, and to pound them with a cannon-ball, and then with foul water produced a beverage officially called coffee, but from which a pig of any refinement would have turned with disgust. It is not surprising that, amidst such cold and damp and hunger, disease was rife. Cholera and dysentery were fearfully prevalent, and every day saw a melancholy procession of gaunt sufferers borne slowly down the muddy road to Balaklava, there perhaps to be left unattended for hours, then crowded into wretched transports, without food, filthy and unventilated, for shipment to Scutari—there, unless Miss Nightingale and the nurses had stimulated the authorities to unwonted exertions, to lie neglected on the beach or in the passages, or, when too late, be transferred to the miserable beds, shortly to be again removed to the dead-house, and their names to be chronicled in the melancholy lists which filled England with indignation and tears.

The battle of Inkermann, as may be expected, increased the wretchedness of our brave fellows to a lamentable extent: the number of wounded added not only to the misery of the camp, but also to the difficulties at the hospital. Much blame undoubtedly attaches to the authorities for want of proper organization in the departments; but we must in justice remember that, in the long peace, the departments had fallen into desuetude, and that an over-strict economy had prevented Government from maintaining them in efficiency. Thus stores were shipped at random; there was no deficiency of material, but there was the want of arrangement, which was as bad: medical necessities, food and fodder for the horses, were all in abundance, but none at the proper places. Men at Balaklava were dying for want of things stored and forgotten at Constantinople or Varna; cargoes were taken across the Black Sea and brought back again, because it was no one's business to attend to their unshipment. The harbour of Balaklava was crowded with vessels, and in the most horrible state of filth. Food rotted, cattle died, on board ship, before they could find room to discharge their cargo. The genius of misrule presided everywhere; and our poor fellows, the bravest soldiers in the world, died by hundreds for want of forethought and business tact.

On the 14th of November occurred an event which crowned the sufferings of the devoted armies. One of those tremendous hurricanes, for which the Euxine has an unenviable celebrity, broke over the camp, scattering the tents to the winds of heaven, and a deluge of rain for more than twelve hours completed the disasters the hurricane had commenced. The poor horses were almost swept away, dying by hundreds; the camp

became one huge quagmire; and the soldiers, deprived of shelter and food, cowered in wretched groups, vainly endeavouring to shield themselves, with their miserable rags of clothing and soaked blankets, from the "fierce pelting of the pitiless storm." At sea, the damage done was frightful. The ships were torn from their anchorage, and dashed upon the rocky coast. Against such a storm no seamanship could contend. The Cossacks, with characteristic baseness, lined the cliffs, and fired upon the crews of such vessels as were driven to shore. No nation but Russia, probably, could furnish soldiers capable of such atrocity. The *Prince*, a fine steamer, just arrived, and laden with winter clothing for the troops, was dashed on the rocks at Balaklava, and shattered to pieces; 137 persons perished with her. The *Henri Quatre*, a French frigate, went ashore near Eupatoria, a total wreck; her crew were saved, and many of the guns were afterwards recovered. The following transport ships were also wrecked:—

	Lost.	Saved.
Resolute	25	1
Kenilworth.....	Unknown	3
Wild Wave	25	1
Rip Van Winkle	57	3
Culloden	—	All
Wanderer	15	1
Panhola	—	All
Progress	15	7
Malta	13	1

Terrible as was the havoc among the merchant vessels engaged in the transport service, the fleet fortunately escaped damage. They were mostly securely anchored, and enabled to bid defiance to the storm. On the following night the Russians, thinking probably that the sufferings to which the allies were exposed would render success easy, made a sortie, but were driven back by the French.

Great as were the previous privations endured by our noble fellows, this fearful storm aggravated them terribly. The cold weather was setting in, the trenches were knee-deep in water, and so small were our numbers, that in addition to the usual day duty—arduous enough—every man was liable to duty in the trenches four nights out of the seven. Their clothing was a mass of filth and rags, boots were worn out, and no means of cleanliness existed. Officers and men alike swarmed with those disgusting parasites, the invariable followers of disease and dirt. The hospital tents had been blown down, and diarrhoea and

dysentery increased. Balaklava grew worse and worse: the wretched Turks fell dead in the streets, starved and plague-stricken; and the heavy rains had washed away the thin layer of soil in the extemporised burying-ground, laying bare hundreds of putrefying corpses, to add fresh poison to the already tainted atmosphere. Our poor cavalry—a lamentable remnant of the once splendid corps, strove, with their worn-out steeds, to struggle through the dismal swamp misnamed a road, and bear some succour of food to the camp. The ships, which bore clothing and food, had been dashed to pieces by the waves of the Euxine, and the drift-wood on the beach was all that remained to tell the tale.

The subject is repulsive, and though we believe the real suffering was much exaggerated at the time by the public press, enough assuredly remains to prove what extremes of misery our gallant army endured. The French suffered too, but not so much,—at least, not so much is known. Whatever might have been their actual privations they concealed them from the public observation and comment. They, too, had more commodious harbourage, and better roads: let us add, too, that they had more system and greater experience.

Until the end of the year there was but little of warlike action. A very gallant little affair, however, deserves to be recorded. The Russian riflemen had established themselves in some caves known as the Ovens, on the eastern side of the ravine leading to Dockyard Creek, whence they seriously annoyed both the English and French. On the 20th of November, Lieut. Tryon, of the Rifles, with a few picked men, endeavoured to dislodge them. In this he was successful, but at the expense of his own life. Many attempts were subsequently made by the Russians to drive us out, but with invariable success on the part of the defenders.

At a little before three o'clock on the following morning a sortie, resulting in a sanguinary struggle, was made by two strong bodies of Russians on both the right and left of the English lines. The last was probably a feint, the former being the real point of assault. The enemy succeeded in gaining the fourth parallel on the right, but were easily dispossessed by a party of the 97th regiment. On the left attack the enemy were in greater numbers: they approached the trenches unobserved, and before the men could stand to their arms, had secured their footing. It is impossible to acquit the officers on duty of some remissness in the matter. Colonel Waddy, the officer in command, however, collecting two companies of the 38th, charged them with the bayonet, and drove them from the works.

Thus, amidst misery almost unparalleled, was spent the Christmas of 1854 in the English camp before Sebastopol. At home, that season came the herald of festivity—the very emblem of plenty and social happiness. He was fortunate who got a small taste, there, in the bleak Crimea, of the good things. A few hampers reached the spot, and some secured a goose (very originally cooked), and perhaps a share of a bottle of wine; but the greater part of that large army gnawed a mouldy biscuit, or a lump of ration pork, and many lay unburied with their faces to the murky sky,—for the snow and frost had come, and English soldiers were dying frost-bitten in the trenches.

CHAPTER X.

The New-year in the trenches.—Letter of her Majesty.—Arrival of the railway corps.—Repulse of the Russians at Eupatoria.—Unsuccessful attempt of the French to storm the Mamelon.—Death of the Emperor Nicholas.—Contest at the rifle-pits and assault on the allies.—Armistice to bury the slain.—Renewal of the bombardment.—Another fight for the rifle-pits.—Completion of the telegraph to the camp.

FROZEN to death in the trenches! Not one, but many. Stricken down by starvation, cold, and disease,—three thousand miles from home,—a remorseless enemy in the front thirsting for their blood,—around them extremest misery and death,—behind them scarcely a prospect of relief! But seven miles from plenty, and yet dying with hunger; but seven miles from warm clothing and medical stores, and yet ragged, frost-bitten, and perishing for lack of help! Surely such misery was scarcely ever endured by a great army; surely such enduring courage was never before shown! Wretched death in view, but still obedience and discipline; suffering, but not dismay; unmitigated wretchedness, but yet undaunted bravery. The accounts which reached home of the condition of the British army at the opening of the year 1855 were unquestionably exaggerated; but no doubt can exist that there was in them a lamentable amount of fact. The road from Balaklava to the camp was in the most wretched condition, from the constant traffic and the heavy rain and snow. By the most strenuous exertions, sufficient rations were conveyed to the front to save the men from actual starvation, though not from privation. The horses and mules were fast perishing, and

the road was encumbered with hundreds of their carcases. The crowded harbour of Balaklava was filled with vessels, unable to discharge their cargoes; and on shore a confusion existed among officials almost defying description. The huts which had been sent from England were arriving but slowly, and the authorities had been compelled to appropriate the few which were available as hospitals for the sick, who were daily borne in melancholy procession from the camp. For a time, the few cavalry horses and the private horses of the officers struggled through the almost impassable roads laden with provisions; but by degrees they died off; for days they had no forage, and were picketed in the open air, exposed to the piercing severity of a Crimean winter. The men were ragged and filthy to a degree; and the hospitals at Balaklava and Scutari had not yet benefited by the devoted labours of the lady nurses. The desperate and almost perishing condition of our fine army seemed utterly to stultify the authorities, who might by energy and promptness have alleviated many of the evils. At the very time when deaths were daily occurring through exposure and cold, transports laden with clothing and boots and shoes, huts and stores, were bandied about from port to port, unable to discharge their cargoes, without proper instructions—the captains uncertain of their destination, and the officials on land ignorant of the contents of the vessels.

So opened the year upon an almost perishing army. The French had their share of the suffering; but they modified it by somewhat better arrangements, and had no busy correspondents in their camp to make Europe ring with their privations, encourage the enemy by a picture of their own weakness, and exaggerate every shadow, and misrepresent every effort made by those who nobly shared the sufferings they could not alleviate. At home, in England, the excitement was intense. Mr. Roebuck, the member for Sheffield, gave notice of a motion to appoint a select committee to inquire into the state of the army; and upon this, Lord John Russell resigned his seat in the cabinet, avowing himself unable to oppose the motion, and defend the shortcomings of the ministry. This secession destroyed the administration; and animated debates, such as are seldom witnessed even in the House of Commons, ended in the assumption of the premiership by Lord Palmerston, and the acceptance by Lord Panmure of the office of Secretary of War, pledged to reform of military departments and strenuous efforts to save the army and carry on the war with energy.

Meanwhile, our heroes were cheered by the publication of a letter from the Queen, addressed to Mrs. Sidney Herbert, expressing her sympathy with their sufferings, and a true

womanly tenderness. The letter, which is worthy of being preserved, ran thus:—

"Would you tell Mrs. Herbert that I begged she would let me see frequently the accounts she receives from Miss Nightingale or Mrs. Bracebridge, as I hear no details of the wounded, though I see so many from officers, &c., about the battle-field, and naturally the former must interest me more than any one. Let Mrs. Herbert also know that I wish Miss Nightingale and the ladies would tell these poor noble wounded and sick men that no one takes a warmer interest, or feels more for their sufferings, or admires their courage and heroism more, than their Queen. Day and night she thinks of her beloved troops. So does the Prince. Beg Mrs. Herbert to communicate these my words to those ladies, as I know that our sympathy is much valued by these noble fellows.—VICTORIA."

This exhibition of royal sympathy was subsequently followed up by frequent visits to the bedsides of the wounded men on their return to England, and many acts of personal kindness, as graceful to the woman as they were honourable to the Queen.

Mr. Roebuck's committee met for the first time on the 5th of March, and continued its investigations until the 15th of May. The witnesses examined included the late premier, the duke of Newcastle, Mr. Sidney Herbert, and Sir James Graham; the duke of Cambridge, Sir De Lacy Evans, the earls of Lucan and Cardigan, recently returned from the seat of war; Lord Hardinge, and a host of other witnesses of lower rank, who were able to afford any insight into the real condition of the army. When finally the committee made its report, it dwelt largely upon the evils of conflicting authorities, on the want of departmental system, and the wretched management of the transport service. During the sittings the public mind was agitated to excess; and the press exhibited a license of criticism and audacity of expression seldom indulged in. The *Times* had already calculated our daily loss from sickness and wounds, and prophesied that by the end of February our army would be extinct! In January, said the leviathan of the press, there were not 2,000 men fit for duty. This was a gross exaggeration. There were really at that very time more than 15,000 ready for service, though certainly the privations they had endured might well have annihilated soldiers of less mental determination and physical stamina.

With the new ministry came prospects of better things; and in the camp time began to work its wonders. By degrees warm clothing arrived, and the men were enabled to oppose to the

frost and snow comfortable suits of furs and weatherproof boots. Huts were gradually erected, and provisions were more abundant. Active generals were despatched from home to succeed those whom sickness or wounds had forced to return to England; and General Simpson, an experienced veteran, as chief of the staff, relieved Lord Raglan from much of his duties of mere routine, and enabled him to attend more exclusively to the comforts of the men and the carrying forward of the siege. The duke of Newcastle had, previous to his retirement from office, initiated the formation of a railway from Balaklava to the camp, and Lord Panmure eagerly carried out the idea. Messrs. Peto and Brassey, the eminent railway contractors, undertook the contract, patriotically declining any remuneration beyond the actual cost of material and labour; and towards the close of January the novel expedition sailed. Seven steamers and two sailing vessels bore to the Crimea 500 stalwart "navvies," inured to toil; 600 loads of timber, 6,000 sleepers, and 3,000 tons of rails, trucks, waggons, implements, &c. The railway was commenced on the 8th of February, conveyed stores to Kadikoi on the 23rd, and three days later deposited its first cargo of shot and shell to head-quarters. Thus were the appliances of practical science brought to bear in the extremity, and for the first time a railway was laid down in a hostile country, and made subservient to the purposes of war. Mr. Beattie, the active director of the railway corps, also turned his practised mind to the improvement of the town of Balaklava. Lime-kilns were erected, and the carcasses of men and horses, left exposed by the melting snow, covered with lime, which effectually counteracted the fatal results of their putrefaction. With the improved state of affairs, the men's spirits enjoyed a commensurate reaction. Their sufferings were almost forgotten in the hope of better things. They were once more well fed and clothed; sickness was diminished; and for those still suffering from illness or injuries, clean and comfortable hospitals, carefully tended and amply provided, offered a delightful contrast to the frightful scenes of a few weeks previous. The saddest chapter of this Crimean history was about to close; and Englishmen began again to feel a just pride in the noble army before Sebastopol.

The first intimation of the resumption of warlike operations in the Crimea was the news of a vigorous attack by the Russians on Eupatoria. About 25,000 Turks, under Omer Pacha, the veterans for the most part of the army of the Danube, had occupied the town, and strongly entrenched themselves, assisted by a small force of English and French, and supported by the presence of a naval squadron under the command of Captain

Hastings, of the *Curaçoa*. For some days previous to the 16th of February, large bodies of Russians had been observed in the vicinity; and on the morning of that day, a strong force of artillery, supported by bodies of cavalry and infantry, estimated at about 40,000 men, opened a smart fire upon the town, at a distance of 1,200 yards, subsequently advancing nearer. The small squadron under Captain Hastings was enabled to do good service; the *Valorous* pitching shells and shot among the enemy on the left; and the *Viper*, an active little gun-boat, smartly seconding her efforts on the left. The enemy's infantry approached to the right of the town, through the cemetery. As they advanced from the burying-ground, they were met by a vigorous fire of musketry from the entrenchments. The *Furious* had detached a rocket-party, which coming round among the windmills to the right of the town, met the advancing Russians with a succession of volleys. The enemy advanced to within twenty yards of the ditch, and then fell into confusion. Selim Bey, the leader of the Egyptian contingent, seizing the opportunity, threw forward his brigade in a rapid charge with the bayonet upon the disordered columns, but fell mortally wounded at the head of his men. Unable to stand the terrific fire to which they were exposed, and yielding before the vigorous charge of the Egyptians, the Russians gave way, and the repulse was complete. The artillery limbered up their guns, and with the cavalry, drew leisurely from the spot. The enemy's loss must have been immense, considering the short time the skirmish lasted, as the ground was strewed with the bodies of the slain, who were quickly despoiled by the ever ready Bashi-Bazouks, and left stark naked in their blood. The loss to the defenders of the town was 101 killed, and 286 wounded. The Turkish artillery suffered greatly from the enemy's fire, 19 men being killed in one battery. Thus did Omer Pacha initiate his campaign in the Crimea, and in some degree redeem the Turks from the odium which they had incurred at Balaklava.

A week later the French had an opportunity of distinguishing themselves before Sebastopol. The enemy, taking advantage of the weakened state of the allied armies, had never ceased to strengthen their defences, and advance their works towards our lines. Since the battle of Inkermann the French had undertaken the defence of the extreme right of the position, thus relieving the English from an amount of labour to which they were obviously unequal. Their lines now were gradually approaching, though still at considerable distance, the round tower, or Malakoff, hereafter to play such a distinguished part in the operations of the siege. The enemy were perfectly aware of the importance of this work—really, as was afterwards proved, the key to

Sebastopol—and spared no pains to strengthen their position. On the night of the 22nd of February, a strong party of Russians crossed over, and threw up, under cover of the darkness, fresh works, about 300 yards in advance of the Malakoff, and in very dangerous proximity to the French trenches. General Niel and Sir J. Burgoyne at once saw the advantage which would accrue to the enemy if they should establish themselves in such a situation, and resolved to drive them from the works. At two o'clock on the morning of the 24th, 1,600 Zouaves, two battalions of Infanterie de la Marine, and about 400 volunteer sharpshooters, stealthily left the French trenches, and advanced in the profoundest silence towards the Russian works. It had been arranged that the marines should act as a reserve, to advance when the Zouaves should have obtained a footing within the work. Everything appeared propitious for the undertaking. The stillness of death reigned around; not the smallest sound indicating that the enemy had any knowledge of the movements of the attacking body. They had reached within twenty yards of the parapet, when suddenly a loud word of command resounded through the trenches, and in a moment a fatal fire was opened upon the advancing Zouaves, and forty or fifty fell to rise no more. The enemy had evidently been well aware of the plans of our allies, had prepared to receive them, and permitted them to approach within the distance which would make the Russian fire most deadly. Though taken by surprise, the brave Zouaves soon recovered from their temporary panic, and with loud shouts dashed forward and forced their way into the work. A fierce opposition awaited them; and a desperate hand-to-hand combat ensued, resulting at length in the defeat of the Russians, and the possession of the left side of the redoubt by the gallant Frenchmen. Meanwhile the marines, confused by the darkness of the night, and the sudden combat waging in their front, were uncertain in their movements, and found themselves surrounded by about 2,000 of the enemy. For a few moments they made a stout resistance, but ignorant of the numbers to which they were exposed, and daunted by the unexpected attack, they gave way, and retreated in great disorder and with heavy loss. The Zouaves, thus left alone in the work, were again attacked by a tremendous force of the enemy, and notwithstanding a most determined resistance, were compelled to yield ground, and fall back to their own lines, their brave general, Monet, receiving a wound as he was animating his men. Nothing daunted by their repulse, the Zouaves mustered again, and by a tremendous effort dashed once more into the work, and again drove the Russians from the place. The batteries of the town now opened upon the works, and literally

rained fire upon the victorious Zouaves, who, sheltering themselves as they best could, returned a smart rifle fire against the embrasures. Some few, animated by their success, even advanced to the Malakoff itself, and actually penetrated the fort, spiked several of the guns, and killed the artillerymen. They were, however, soon driven back by overwhelming numbers. It was evident to the French commander that it would be impossible to hold the captured works, enfiladed as they were by the enemy's batteries, and the order was consequently given to destroy them, and draw off the men. As they withdrew from the entrenchment, the Russian batteries ceased firing, and the enemy's columns advanced, and charged the retreating Zouaves at the bayonet's point. The French troops met the assault splendidly, though the carnage was enormous. General Monet, who throughout had set his men a noble example of courage, was again wounded in the stomach. At length both parties, as if by mutual consent, ceased the contest, and drew off. The loss to the French was about 500, including 15 officers.

On the 2nd of March an event occurred, the intelligence of which thrilled throughout Europe, and in its interest overshadowed every other topic. The Emperor Nicholas, that stern, bold man, whose ambition had been the cause of the war,—who ruled with iron hand the destinies, and wielded with consummate ability the resources of the most extensive empire in the world,—who bade defiance to united Europe, was dead! He had been for some days suffering from an attack of influenza; and the news of the unsuccessful attack on Eupatoria, it is presumed, hastened his death. He met his end bravely and calmly. No thought of the thousands slaughtered to gratify his ambition,—no pang of remembrance of millions suffering from his greed of universal dominion, disturbed his dying moments. He received with placid countenance the last offices of religion, and then with his failing breath committed to his successor the charge of maintaining the policy of Peter and Catherine, in the support of which he himself had involved Europe in bloodshed. He died as he had lived, a calm-souled, strong man, with many virtues, but an indomitable will, and an ambition which no success could satisfy, and no reverses daunt.

A hope arose that the death of the great autocrat might end the war,—that his successors might bring less personal feeling and less determined will to the task of adjusting European differences; but this hope was soon dispelled. The young Czar Alexander pledged himself to his father's policy; and henceforth the issue depended, as before, upon the prowess of the opposed armies.

On the night of the 22nd of March, the enemy, about 7,000 strong, made a sortie from the works of the Mamelon, which the French, as already related, had so gallantly endeavoured to wrest from them. The distance between the advanced parallels of the opposing forces was not more than sixty yards; and the Russians were fully alive to the necessity of preventing, if possible, any further advance on the part of the allies. The French and English generals were equally aware of the importance of the position, and not less than 6,000 or 7,000 French soldiers were nightly marched down to the trenches; our working and covering parties numbering about 1,500. Advancing stealthily in two columns, the enemy attacked the head of the French sap, and were gallantly met by a division of the 3rd Zouaves, under Chef de Bataillon Balon. Three times was the attack made, and three times repulsed, not without great loss both to assailants and defenders. Finding themselves unable to force the French lines in this direction, the enemy changed his front, and threw himself against the left of the French position; but here, too, our brave allies were equally on the alert, and a sharp volley assured the adventurous Russians that but little success was to be hoped for in that quarter. Rapidly extending their attack, they succeeded in occupying the nearest English parallel, and thence poured a murderous fire into the French lines. General D'Autemarre, the officer in command, seeing the fierce nature of the attack, now ordered up the 4th battalion of the Chasseurs à Pied, who, in a vigorous bayonet charge, drove the enemy from his position.

While this was going on in the French trenches, to the right of our lines, our troops were also engaged in repelling an equally determined attack. A portion of the Russian columns advanced under cover of the darkness, and succeeded in approaching the English lines. The first intimation our men had of the threatened attack was from the advanced sentinels, who quietly fell back with the intelligence that a large body of the enemy was approaching our position. The English troops engaged that night in the trenches consisted of detachments of the 7th, 34th, 77th, 88th, 90th, and 97th regiments, under the command of Colonel Kelly, of the 34th. The advanced posts on the right nearest the French lines were composed of men from the 77th and 97th, led by Captain Vicars, who, hearing the approach of the enemy, ordered his men to keep silence. On came the Russians, and when within a few yards of the English trenches, they rushed forward and leaped into the works. They were immediately met by the brave defenders of the lines, who, hitherto motionless, now made an irresistible charge upon the advancing foe, and, after a few moments of desperate hand-to-hand conflict, literally pitched them from the parapet. Captain Vicars, who

led his men with distinguished courage, met his death in this vigorous repulse. Major Gordon, of the Engineers, who commanded the detachment on the right, was severely wounded. While the attention of the defenders of the trenches was thus drawn to the conflict in this direction, the enemy made another attempt to penetrate our lines farther to the left, where two mortars had been established for the defence of the trenches. Here they succeeded in gaining a footing, notwithstanding a most brilliant resistance from a few men of the 90th, who actually drove them from the battery, though they were unable effectually to oppose their advance. The 7th and 34th, under the command of Lieut.-Colonel Tylden, were now brought up to the scene of action, and gallantly met the fierce assault. After a severe contest, the Russians gave way, and were precipitated from the works. A general attack was now made upon the retreating masses, who fled utterly beaten. The French followed them so far as to be enabled to destroy some of the rifle-pits they had established on the slope of the Mamelon, which had been the means of such constant annoyance to our allies. In this pursuit Colonel Kelly was killed. The Russian loss must have been very great. On our side, the casualties were not more than 38 killed and wounded; the French lost over 300.

On the next day an armistice, for the purpose of burying the dead, was requested by General Osten-Sacken, the Russian commander. This was granted, and for two hours, on the 24th, the guns ceased firing, and the officers and men of the opposed armies enjoyed a brief respite from their deadly contest. There was a natural desire on each side to approach as nearly as possible the lines of the other; and the soldiers mingled freely in the open space between the allies on the one side and the entrenched sides of the Mamelon in front. Burial parties were formed, and the dead and wounded of either army borne away by their comrades. Meanwhile the officers chatted and exchanged cigars, and the men passed equivocal compliments—such as their very limited acquaintance with each other's language would permit; the Russians making kind inquiries as to when the allies would favour them with a visit at Sebastopol; and our fellows requesting them not to trouble themselves with special preparations, as they intended to make themselves quite at home when they did come. The dead and wounded, in every variety of attitude, were a frightful spectacle, even to those inured to scenes of strife and bloodshed. At length the armistice expired, the white flags disappeared from the parapet of the Mamelon, the stragglers hastily ran to the protection of their works, and in an instant the boom of hostile cannon again thundered on the ear, and clouds of white again obscured the scene of the brief truce.

The bombardment was re-opened on Easter Monday, the 9th of April, soon after daybreak. Heavy rain fell all day, and the dense atmosphere prevented our men from observing the effect of the fire. This time the fleets did not share in the bombardment. At the close of the day, it was evident that our weight of metal, though greatly superior to that employed on the occasion of the first bombardment in October, was yet inadequate to the task of destroying the colossal works of the enemy. In vain our artillery pounded the earthworks and batteries. In vain showers of shell were poured into the town. The Russian engineers proved themselves consummate masters of their art, and every morning fresh guns poured forth a deadly reply from the repaired embrasures. Their resources seemed literally inexhaustible, and their courage was fully equal to the occasion. For more than a week the tremendous bombardment continued, and notwithstanding the intensity of the fire from the French and English batteries, comparatively little effect was produced. In the meanwhile both armies worked assiduously at the trenches. The French succeeded in carrying their parallels yet nearer to the Mamelon, a large rounded hill, in front of the Malakoff Tower, and covered with rifle pits and earthworks; while the English gradually extended their lines towards the formidable Redan. Their great difficulty lay in forming a trench which should connect the ~~signals~~ ^{signposts} leading on the right towards the Malakoff, and on the left towards the Redan. In order to obstruct the formation of this work, the enemy established a series of rifle-pits which enfiladed the new parallel, and whence considerable loss was inflicted upon our working parties. In addition to the fire from the rifle-pits, the enemy brought down a twelve-pounder gun which swept our trenches, and effectually hindered the progress of the work. It became necessary, therefore, to attempt to drive the Russians from their 'vantage-ground'; and on the night of the 19th of April, Colonel Egerton, at the head of 250 men of the light division, attempted the exploit, dashed from the breastwork, and, taking the enemy by surprise, drove him out. The successful English immediately established themselves in the pits, but the Russians were too sensible of the value of the position to permit the advantage to remain undisputed, and marched down a column, 1,000 strong, to attempt the recovery of the pits. Our troops met them with a well-directed volley, which shook their ranks, and then closed with them in a deadly contest. The enemy was, after an obstinate fight, completely routed, and the British had secured an important advantage, though not without the loss of the gallant colonel. On the following night, the second line of rifle-pits was also carried, after a feeble resistance; and our working parties

were thus enabled to pursue their labours in comparative security.

On the 19th, Lord Raglan, General Canrobert, and Omer Pacha (who had arrived from Eupatoria, with the great body of his Turkish army), and a large force contributed by the three armies, amounting to 2,000 cavalry, 10,000 infantry, with 18 guns, made an extensive *reconnaissance* of the position of the Russian army in the field towards and beyond the Tchernaya. Small pickets of Cossacks, who retired on the approach of the allied troops, were the only indications of the presence of the enemy on this side of the river. The villages of Kamara and Tchergoum were found to be deserted, and the huts which the Russians troops had occupied were destroyed by our men. Beyond the Tchernaya the hills were strongly fortified, and evidently occupied by a large army. A few rockets were thrown among them, but the enemy showed no symptoms of a desire to accept the offered combat, and the expedition returned to Balaklava, without having had the chance of an encounter with their wily enemy. Two days later the Turkish cavalry had a slight skirmish with some Cossacks in the direction of the Tchernaya.

The allied armies were now in admirable condition; and, notwithstanding the ineffectual bombardment, entertained high hopes of ultimate success. The calamities of the winter were already forgotten, and, abundantly provided with provisions, clothing, and munitions of war, the men of both armies were in excellent health and spirits. Very considerable reinforcements had arrived, and there must have been not less than 150,000 of the finest troops in the world before Sebastopol. The combined energies of France and England, working in the most perfect unanimity, were employed to further the operations of the great siege; and the English marine, warlike and commercial, was busily employed conveying French and English troops, stores, and ammunition to the seat of war. The railway was in full operation, and quickly transferred the enormous accumulation of material from Balaklava to the front; and at that port itself, Admiral Boxer and Captain Christie, two much abused but really energetic men, had made such regulations and improvements as transformed that filthy town and harbour into the scene of well-arranged and systematic exertion. The telegraph, too, was now established to the head-quarters; and, with the exception of a few miles uncompleted near Varna, an uninterrupted communication was established, which enabled the Government at home to be in instantaneous communication with the generals in the Crimea.

CHAPTER XI.

Resignation of General Canrobert.—Pelissier in chief command.—Arrival of the Sardinian contingent.—Battle in the French trenches.—Departure of the Kertch expedition.—Naval successes in the Sea of Azov.—Return of the troops.—The Quarries and the Mamelon carried by the allies.—Attack on the Malakoff and the Redan.—The English and French repulsed.—Death of Lord Raglan.

THE month of May bade fair to be initiated by some brilliant exploit on the part of the allies. An expedition to some part of the Crimean coast was arranged; but so well was the secret preserved, that it was not until large bodies of English and French troops, including the Highland regiments, and accompanied by a small body of Turks, were marched down to Balaklava, that the main body of the army were aware of the projected operations. On the morning of the 4th of May, about 8,000 French and 5,000 English embarked, under the command of Sir George Brown. A considerable fleet of ships of war and gun-boats, including Sir E. Lyons' flag-ship, were included in the expedition. Though no precise orders were publicly issued, it became known that Kertch was the destination; and the prospect of a brilliant movement on the enemy's flank inspired the expeditionary force with the highest spirits. Already the ships had sighted Kertch, when, to the intense disappointment and even disgust of all on board, a swift French steamer overtook them with peremptory orders for an immediate return. There was no alternative but to obey, and the vessels altered their course, and returned upon their track to Balaklava. A sudden telegraphic message from the French Government was the cause of the recall of the expedition. The real motives of the home authorities are of course shrouded in impenetrable obscurity; but the interference with the plans of the generals at the seat of war would appear to have been equally unwise on the part of the ministers and disrelished by the French commander-in-chief. Almost immediately General Canrobert requested, on the plea of ill-health, to be permitted to resign his command in favour of General Pelissier. The Emperor Napoleon at once accorded the desired permission, and nominated Canrobert to the command of the *corps d'armée* previously held by his successor. Probably the French Government really desired a more energetic commander, and suggested to General Canrobert the propriety of an honourable retirement. The new leader had acquired a some-

what unenviable notoriety for remorseless energy in the Algerine campaign, which seemed peculiarly adapted to such a war *à l'outrance* as that waging before Sebastopol.

The allies received an important addition to their numbers on the 8th of May, by the arrival of the first portion of the Sardinian contingent, under General De la Marmora. The chivalrous king of Sardinia had boldly taken part with the Western Powers; and although his little kingdom was surrounded by the covert friends of Russia, set a noble example to the rest of Italy, by casting in his lot with the champions of freedom and progressive civilization. Fifteen thousand well disciplined and seasoned troops, the flower of the Piedmontese army, were his contribution to the general cause; and few more important acquisitions could have been made by the allies than these daring and expert riflemen and light cavalry, commanded by a general who had won his laurels nobly in the contest with Austria which led to the establishment of constitutional liberty in the kingdom of Sardinia.

While the allies had gained the solid advantages we have described, and pushed their advanced trenches to within a few yards of the Russian works on the extreme right of their extended line, they had not been idle in the opposite direction. The works on the left, opposite the Quarantine and Flagstaff batteries, had been regularly advanced, and were now in such near proximity to the defences of the town as to excite considerable apprehension in the enemy. The Russians skillfully and rapidly formed lines of counter-approach, and endeavoured to connect their works, thus inclosing and protecting a large area, well calculated for the assembling large bodies of troops for sorties upon the French trenches. So formidable were their preparations, that it became imperatively necessary for General de Salles, commanding the first corps, to attempt to carry the works and prevent their completion. At 9 o'clock at night, on the 22nd of May, 500 Chasseurs, 200 of the Imperial Guard, and about 1,200 Zouaves, were told off as the attacking party. A body of 2,500 Guards and Zouaves was held in reserve. The assaulting party quitted the trenches in two columns, about 500 yards apart; and the right division, under General Paté, succeeded in carrying the nearest ambuscades. The left wing advanced with great difficulty over the broken ground, which presented almost insurmountable obstacles to their progress. They were exposed to a most destructive fire, which poured into their confused ranks; but in spite of which they struggled forward, though with great loss, and reached the breastwork of the Russian trenches. Here a most desperate conflict ensued: four or five times the French succeeded in gaining a footing in the

work, and were as many times repelled at the bayonet point by an overwhelming force of Russians. The batteries, too, opened upon them with fatal effect. Still the indomitable Frenchmen maintained the unequal strife, sending messengers for reinforcements, but undauntedly holding their ground. By this time the right column had arrived to their assistance, and the reserve were hastening to the scene. The two fresh bodies of troops precipitated themselves upon the masses of the enemy, and then began a contest almost unequalled even in this record of close and perilous encounters. It was a close fight of stabbing with bayonet and sword; and, after a most sanguinary struggle, the French succeeded in uniting their forces, and attempted to throw up a breastwork to defend the position. But the enemy's grape and shell showered into their ranks, and a murderous fire of musketry from the trenches was opened upon them. Twice they rushed out, and endeavoured to repulse the enemy, but their numbers were unequal to the task; each time were they driven back with loss. At length, after six hours of most unequal fighting, they received the order to abandon their position, and, bearing off their dead and wounded, they retired, having lost about 1,300 men killed and wounded. The enemy, doubtless, suffered nearly as much.

On the following night, General Pelissier himself directed a renewed attack. This time three columns, each 3,000 strong, were chosen for the assault. The hour chosen was just after dusk, and while one column advanced against each of the covering trenches, the other steadily approached the centre or cross trench. After a short struggle, both of the side works were carried; and then the assault was made upon the centre one. Here the contest was intensely fierce: the Russians defended their ground with extraordinary tenacity; and when at length they yielded to the impetuous energy of the French, they were exposed to a raking fire from the side works, now held by our allies, and fled in the utmost confusion, pursued for upwards of half a mile by the victorious French. Then the order was given to halt, they having already advanced farther into the enemy's lines than they had ever been enabled to penetrate before. A new battery was discovered, which had been recently formed, and not yet brought into play. It was instantly occupied by the French troops, who spiked the guns, demolished the gun-carriages, and effectually destroyed everything the place contained. Then the whole force, about 2,000 strong, threw down the gabions and earthworks, and, in an incredibly brief space of time, levelled the battery with the ground. Nine or ten long guns, four mortars, and a number of cohorns, were in the battery thus speedily destroyed. The Russian batteries continued

to play upon the trenches; but the French threw up defences, which shielded them from the fire, and retained possession of their conquest. By morning the advanced body had rejoined their comrades, having achieved a most decisive advantage. That night they lost about 400 men; the Russian casualties must have amounted to nearly 1,500. On the 25th the Russians demanded an armistice to carry off the dead, which was granted.

Notwithstanding the recall of the expedition to Kertch in the early part of the month, the allied generals were resolved to carry out the project of a descent upon that part of the coast; and, on the 22nd of May, another expedition departed; the English force under Sir George Brown, and the French under General D'Autemarre. The two admirals, Sir Edmund Lyons and Bruat, accompanied the land forces. The troops engaged numbered 15,000, with five batteries of artillery. It was apprehended that a serious resistance would probably be made at Kertch, and that the fleets would have difficulty in forcing the straits into the Sea of Azov, if they were exposed to the fire of the powerful batteries of Kertch and Yenikale. In order, then, that the town might be attacked from the land side, Sir George Brown landed his force at Kamiesch Bournu, a few miles to the south of Kertch, and advanced overland. The enemy, however, had no intention of risking a contest, and evacuated the town, destroying the magazines, and blowing up the fortifications. When the troops entered Kertch, they found it deserted by nearly all the inhabitants; and the ships in the straits hurriedly endeavouring to escape into the Sea of Azov. In this attempt they were frustrated by the activity of the allied fleets; and the admirals, finding the depth of water more than they had anticipated, started in full pursuit, capturing and burning every vessel they could approach. Yenikale was, like Kertch, deserted by its garrison; and in a few hours the allies were in undisturbed and bloodless possession of the two towns commanding the outlet of the Sea of Azov, and the fleets were in full chase of the Russian navy in those waters.

Admiral Lyons despatched his son, the brave Captain Lyons, in command of a squadron of the smaller English and French steamers, with directions to destroy every ship and naval magazine they could approach. The directions were faithfully executed. From the straits they darted across to Berdiansk and Mariapoul; thence to Arabat and Yenitchi, and Taganrog, everywhere achieving a signal success. In a few days not a Russian vessel was left in those waters, above 300 having been destroyed by the allied fleet. The bulk of the provisions for the Russian army in the Crimea had hitherto been conveyed

across the Sea of Azov. In less than a week, including what the Russians had themselves committed to the flames when they evacuated Kertch, about four months' rations for 100,000 men were deducted from the resources of the enemy. The bulk of the troops shortly returned to Balaklava, leaving a sufficient garrison, mostly Turks, to maintain possession of Kertch and Yenikale, which, previous to their departure, the allies had strongly fortified. The fleets still threatened the coasts, effectually preventing the accumulation of fresh stores of provisions.

The success of this expedition was a most serious blow to the enemy. Thenceforth the entire coast of the Crimea was at the mercy of the allies; and the only road for reinforcements or provisions was by the route through Perekop, over dreary wastes and barren steppes, where horses and cattle died by thousands, and where troops in their transit lost nearly a fourth of their number from privation and disease.

A third general bombardment opened on the 6th of June. At half-past two o'clock in the afternoon, the fire of 157 English and 300 French guns and mortars simultaneously opened upon the town. The Russian reply was feeble, and inflicted but little damage upon our batteries. A fierce cannonade was maintained by the allies during that and the following day, and towards evening on the 7th, a grand combined attack was made by the English on the quarries, and by the French on the Mamelon. The former of these works, as the name implies, were pits from which stone had formerly been excavated for the buildings in the town, and occupied a position between the head of our advanced sap and the Great Redan, the most formidable work of Russian defence, and which in the general plan of attack had been apportioned to the English. The Mamelon, as it was specifically called—the general term *mamelon*, a rounded hill, describing its appearance—was the foremost of two similar eminences, at a short distance from each other. The one nearest the town was surmounted by the Malakoff tower and works, and was the most elevated and commanding position of the enemy's line of defence; the Mamelon, or Mamelon Vert, as the French designated it, had long since lost all claim to the latter name, being excavated into trenches and rifle-pits, from which a most annoying fire was maintained upon the French lines. Our allies had already, as we previously recorded, made a very gallant though unsuccessful attempt at its capture; and it was under the cover of its guns that the Russian sortie of the 22nd of March was made.

It was, then, absolutely necessary that an endeavour should be made by the besieging army to carry these formidable works,

which presented such obstacles to their advance; and accordingly the evening of the 7th of June was fixed for the assault. At about six o'clock the French battalions, chosen for the assault, consisting of the Algerine Zouaves, detachments of the 61st, 7th, and 50th regiments of the line, and of the Chasseurs-à-Pied and Imperial Guard, about 1,200 men in all, moved up to the front, closely followed by the reserve or working party, to follow the attacking column, and secure possession of the works. This second column, commanded by General Brunet, comprised a battalion of the Chasseurs-à-Pied, and the 11th, 25th, 69th, and 16th regiments of the line. General Bosquet was entrusted with the entire direction of the assault.

Our attacking force was composed of detachments from the light and second divisions. About 400 men from the 18th, 7th, 47th, 49th, were told off to lead the assault, under the immediate command of Colonel Shirley, of the 90th regiment. The working parties were selected from the remaining regiments of the light division; the main body remaining under arms in reserve.

Immediately the signal rockets took their flight towards the town, the attacking columns darted forward. The active French troops swarmed up the sides of the Mamelon, and in a few moments were in hand-to-hand contest with the Russian defenders. With an unusual supineness the batteries of the town offered no impediment to the advance. It might be that the fierce bombardment to which for twenty-four hours they had been exposed, had temporarily silenced them. Whatever might be the cause, but little opposition was sustained by, and scarcely any loss inflicted on, the attacking columns, who reached the parapet on the crown of the hill at a rapid pace. Here the enemy made a stand, and for a brief space struggled bravely to maintain their position. It was, however, but an ineffectual effort. The French fought with the utmost daring; and the enemy giving way before the impetuous onslaught, retreated down the hill, the French in eager pursuit. In the valley, however, the Russians received large reinforcements from the Malakoff Tower on the opposite eminence, and a fierce fire was opened on the French from the batteries of the Malakoff. Then the tide of battle turned; and the hitherto assailants, outnumbered, were driven up the hill, contesting every foot of ground. Some of the Zouaves, with characteristic daring, evading the attacking force, pressed onwards, and, as on the previous occasion, positively entered the Malakoff, and spiked some of the guns. Our allies, unable to bear the vigorous charge and overwhelming numbers of the enemy, who now pressed upon them, were forced to relinquish the hold they had

obtained upon the Mamelon, and retreated over the brow of the hill, reluctantly relinquishing the advantage they had gained. The French, after a brilliant attack, were driven back by the reinforced defenders of the hill, and the Russians were once more masters of the Mamelon.

General Bosquet, however, was not the man to accept a repulse as a final defeat. Reforming the column in the trenches at the foot of the hill, and sending fresh troops to their assistance, he prepared for a second assault. This time the French, eager to retrieve their disaster, rushed forward with emulous bravery, and again the hill side was covered with the advancing columns, pressing onwards to the attack. Trench after trench was carried; and in a few moments the assailers again occupied the topmost parapet. The Russians fought desperately; but no courage could withstand the fierce valour of the French. The enemy were hurled down the hills, and our allies, mad with excitement, rushed after them, in a rapid bayonet charge, covering the ground with the killed and wounded, and driving the flying enemy to the refuge of the Malakoff. Meanwhile the working party in their rear had speedily thrown up parapets and breastworks on the Russian side; and, although the guns from the town and the shipping in the harbour played vigorously upon the hill, they were enabled to hold their important acquisition.

Farther to the right, the French had also attacked and carried, after considerable resistance, a line of works leading to and defending Careening Bay, and connected with the works of the Mamelon, known as the White Works. A number of guns were taken, and the French were thus in possession of an access to the great harbour, and enabled to throw up works commanding the shipping.

We have thus far related the varying fortunes of the French attack. Let us now turn to the English assault on the Quarries. Simultaneously with the advance of our allies, Colonel Campbell threw his small force into the Russian works, experiencing but trifling opposition; and congratulating himself upon having so easily achieved his object. Advancing beyond the Quarries towards the Redan, there is no doubt the adventurous English might even have entered that great work itself, so great was the confusion among the Russians, caused by the attack on the Mamelon, had they been in sufficient force to warrant such a feat. The enemy, however, soon mustered their strength, and Colonel Campbell was forced, after a stubborn resistance, to yield his position. Three times did the small British force retreat from the Quarries, and as many times they retook them with the bayonets. At length they were enabled to throw up an earth-

work, which ensured their possession of this important position. In one of the Russian attacks, an instance of individual prowess occurred, which obtained for the performer of it the rare honour of being named, though a non-commissioned officer, in Lord Raglan's despatch. The assailing party had wavered a little before the sharp fire from the British muskets, when Lance-Corporal Quin, of the 47th, darted out of the work towards a Russian officer and four men, who had advanced somewhat in front of the main body of the enemy. With the butt-end of his musket he brained one of the soldiers, bayoneted a second, and the other two precipitately fled from the doughty corporal. Then collaring the officer, and administering a gentle stimulant with the point of his bayonet to quicken his advance, he dragged him a prisoner into the work, in less time than we have occupied to tell the tale.

The enemy's loss must have been very great, judging by that which the victors sustained in the two attacks. The French lost about 60 officers, and 2,000 men killed and wounded; and the British, 35 officers, and 365 rank and file.

The new positions thus obtained by the allies were of the utmost importance, and materially affected the fortunes of the siege. No time was lost by the engineers of both armies in securing their advantage, and strengthening by fresh works the advanced trenches. New zigzags and parallels were opened, approaching the enemy's works, and the guns on the Mamelon were reversed, so as to bear upon the defences of their late masters.

Ten days later, the working parties of both armies having been incessantly employed in completing the trenches and establishing new batteries, Lord Raglan and General Pelissier decided upon making a grand effort to obtain possession of the town, by a combined assault upon the Malakoff and the Redan. It was proposed to open a crushing fire from the allied batteries on the 17th of June, and immediately upon its cessation, before the enemy should have time to repair the damage done to his works, to assault in overwhelming force the two great works. Had this plan been adhered to, the result would doubtless have been a triumphant success. On the night of Sunday the 17th, the fire slackened, when darkness made it no longer possible to maintain it with precision. At daylight it would be renewed, and then, after two hours' more cannonading, the assault was to be made. For some reason, however, General Pelissier sent word to Lord Raglan that he should not wait for the renewal of the bombardment, but should order his troops to the attack at daybreak. This, of course, disconcerted the plans of the English general. He felt bound in honour to support the

French attack, while he was fully aware of the great disadvantage under which the assaulting columns would labour, it being notorious that the Russians were unflagging in their efforts to repair by night the damage sustained in the day, and would in all probability be prepared with fresh guns to meet the assault.

General Pelissier divided his attacking force into three columns, numbering altogether about 25,000 men. The first, under General Mayran, was to assault the extreme left of the Russian line; the second, in the centre, led by General Brunet, was to turn the Malakoff on its proper left; while the third, under General D'Autemarre, was to operate upon its right. The Imperial Guard was held in reserve, and two batteries of artillery occupied the Mamelon. The signal for advance was to be three rockets fired from the Lancaster battery, which General Pelissier had chosen as his position of observation. By an unfortunate mistake, General Mayran mistook the flaming fuse of a bomb-shell for the rocket, and eager for the fray, led his division rapidly forward. It was now apparent that the enemy had full notice of our intended attack. Not only the batteries were fully armed, but the steamers were anchored so as to be able to pour their broadsides upon the French columns. Generals Saurin and De Failly, obedient to the commands of their general, dashed forward, followed at an impetuous pace by their troops. Then the Russians opened fire from their batteries and steamers, and a hurricane of shot and shell arrested the career of the brave French; and their leader, General Mayran, paid the penalty of his mistake, falling mortally wounded at their head. General Pelissier had now arrived upon the scene of action, and perceiving the error, at once ordered up reinforcements to the threatened division, which, strengthened by the addition of the voltigeurs of the Guard, some regiments of the line, and a battalion of grenadiers, was enabled to maintain its position under the orders of General De Failly, who succeeded to the command, though prevented by the deadly fire of the enemy from advancing further. The centre column, under General Brunet, had little better success than the other division. In fact, the unlucky mistake of Mayran, in precipitating the attack, had disordered the entire plan of advance, and aroused the Russians, and enabled them to concentrate their strength for defence. General Brunet himself was struck in the chest by a musket-ball; and his division was forced to retire to the trenches with great loss. General D'Autemarre, who commanded the left attack, no sooner saw the preconcerted signal, than he gave the word to advance, and the 5th Foot Chasseurs and the first battalion of the 19th regiment of the line, deploying to the left, along the crest of the ravine which

there enters the town, carried the entrenchment which connects it with the Malakoff, and succeeded in entering the fortification. The sappers who accompanied the advance immediately planted ladders, the remainder of the regiments hurried forward, and the eagles of the French army waved aloft, encouraging the repulsed troops of the other divisions to renewed exertions.

While the French were thus straining every nerve against tremendous odds, and with fearful loss, to perform their parts in the achievements of the day, the English were none the less eager to win their laurels before the Great Redan. Sir George Brown, just returned from the Kertch expedition, was intrusted with the direction of the assaulting party, composed of detachments of the light, second, and fourth divisions. The plan of attack was, that the force should be divided into three columns: the light division to storm the right of the Redan at the re-entering angle; the fourth division was to attack the left flank of the fortification at a similar position; while the second was to storm the apex of the Redan, as soon as the other divisions had established themselves in the work. Colonel Yea, of the 7th Fusiliers, led the storming party of the light division, composed of the 7th, 23rd, 33rd, and 34th. Colonel Shirley held the 19th, 77th, and 85th in reserve. The troops advanced in good order from the trenches, preceded by a covering party of Rifles, and dashed forward to the attack. They had, however, several hundred yards of broken ground to cross; and the enemy, well prepared for their reception, poured from every embrasure such a storm of shot and shell as effectually broke their ranks. Colonel Yea and the regimental officers gallantly endeavoured to animate their men to the assault, and led them fearlessly forward against the belching fire of the batteries. As the brave old colonel was cheering on his men, a shower of grape swept along, and he rolled in the agonies of death, struck at once in the head and stomach. His brave companions fell around him dead or wounded; and the regiments, unable to face such a sheet of fire, fell back disordered to the trenches, leaving nearly a third of their number on the field.

On the left attack, Sir John Campbell, with the fourth division, exhibited extraordinary courage, and led his men forward to the attack with tremendous energy. Here again was the tragedy of the light division repeated. The men were mowed down as they left the trenches, and Sir John, like Colonel Yea, fell cheering on his men. The loss was terrific. The second division, to whom had been reserved the duty of attacking the apex of the Redan, seeing the failure of the flank assaults, desisted from the attempt, and withdrew to the trenches, though having suffered dreadfully from the enemy's fire.

The only success of the day was that achieved by the third division under General Eyre, who had been ordered by Lord Raglan to attack the Cemetery Batteries, at the head of the ravine leading to the Dockyard Creek. The brigade consisted of the 9th, 18th, 28th, and 44th regiments. Four volunteers from each regiment, under Major Fielden, of the 44th regiment, were selected to feel the way, and cover the advance. The 18th Royal Irish formed the storming party. They possessed themselves of the Cemetery with but little difficulty; and then four companies of the 18th dashed forward, so eager were they for the fray, and actually entered the town, and established themselves in the Russian houses. They were followed by the 9th, under Colonel Borten. The enemy's batteries now opened a fierce fire on the daring handful of men; and although they could not drive them from their position, effectually prevented their retreat, from four o'clock in the morning until eight at night. During that time they suffered terribly from thirst, and some of the brave fellows actually crawled from the houses, reached the English lines, and returned with cans of water to their comrades. In this way a letter was conveyed asking for reinforcements; but General Eyre had already retired from the spot, and the two gallant regiments were left unsupported, to bear the brunt of the enemy's fire until nightfall, when the remnant of them withdrew from their dangerous post, and rejoined the main body.

The failure of the English attack enabled the Russians to draw from the Redan reinforcements to repel the French under General D'Autemarre, who were so nearly redeeming the fortunes of the day at the Malakoff. Unable to contend against the forces now brought against them, the French were compelled to retire from the commanding position they had obtained. General Pelissier sent reinforcements; but it was impossible a single division, exposed to an appalling flank fire and an immensely superior force in front, could long sustain such an unequal contest. They fought bravely; but on that fatal day bravery availed but little, and they, too, added to the numbers of the defeated.

Such was the great disaster of the 18th of June, the anniversary of that day when the two nations, now brothers in defeat, were opposed to each other on the plain of Waterloo. Want of concert between the generals—and to Pelissier the blame is mainly due—resulted in a most disheartening repulse, and the loss of thousands of brave men; the English casualties amounting to no less than 251 killed (including 21 officers); 70 officers and 1,130 men wounded; and 22 missing. The French loss must have been greater.

On the following day a truce was requested by the allies, for the purpose of gathering and interring the dead, and recovering the wounded. A melancholy task it was; and many a manly eye dimmed, as the disfigured form of general or comrade, struck down in the heat of that dread combat, was slowly borne past. There were Yea, and Campbell, and Shadforth, and hundreds of brave fellows besides, whom England could ill spare, whose devotion and valour could not retrieve the fortune of the day, but whose noble deaths lent a lustre even to defeat.

Throughout the army as well as among the public at home a profound feeling of grief and disappointment was experienced, only to be followed by a general mourning for the death of a more illustrious soldier than any whose fate we have yet recorded. Lord Raglan, the chivalrous and venerable chief of the English army, had long struggled against the vicissitudes and fatigues of an almost unexampled campaign. An old soldier of the school of Wellington, he shared some of his great master's strength of constitution and indomitable determination. With a noble pride he had disdained to reply to the calumnies, which are always ready to be showered by Englishmen upon those who serve them best; but he would have been more than a man if he had not felt them. Hitherto the English army, led by him, had been a victorious though suffering band; now the scales had turned; and for the first time, it had sustained a great defeat. The noble chief, deeply sensitive, hid his grief in his own brave and tender heart; but there it rankled and corroded, and disease, so long defied, insidiously approached the frame weakened by anxiety and disappointment. A dysentery, which had just carried off one of his dearest friends, General Estcourt, the adjutant-general, attacked him, and prostrated him on a bed of sickness. From time to time he rallied; but his advanced age and shattered constitution at length gave way; and on the 28th of June, ten days after the repulse of the Redan, Fitzroy James Somerset, first Baron Raglan—perhaps the most popular soldier in the British army, the hero of the Peninsula, and the maimed of Waterloo, for years the confidential friend of the greatest general of his country, and himself the leader under whom Alma and Inkermann had been won—breathed his last three thousand miles from home and those he loved best, an old man, but covered with glories won in many a bloody field, and truly mourned by every man in the army.

The corpse was borne in solemn procession to Kamiesch Bay, attended by a long line of English and French soldiery. Generals Pelissier, De la Marmora, Omer Pacha, and Simpson, the chief of the English staff, rode by the coffin, borne on a gun-carriage. While a solemn salute boomed from all the guns, the

corpse was shipped on board the *Caradoc*, to be conveyed to England.

This is not the place to defend Lord Raglan from the imputations which have been so freely cast upon him, both as a soldier and a man. When his death was known, many were retracted; and even while he lived some were disproved. Amateur generals disapproved of his tactics, and virulent journalists charged him with cruelty and neglect of his men, in the terrors of the winter before Sebastopol; but those who knew him best, exalted his prudence, his tact, and his heroic courage; and the soldiers knew that he shared their dangers and privations, and deeply sympathised with their sufferings. To our allies he was a brave and courteous companion, soothing irritations, dispelling envies, and by his dignified deportment and happy temper doing more, perhaps, than any other man to ensure hearty co-operation and mutual good feeling. History will record his memory as that of a man who united the unselfish courage and chivalry of the Cids and Bayards of romance with the courtesy, kindness, and enlarged understanding of the modern gentleman. There have been greater generals—few better entitled to the character of a great, good man.

CHAPTER XII.

Assumption of command by General Simpson.—Preparations for a grand attack, and construction of new batteries.—Battle of the Tchernaya, and defeat of the Russians.—The last act of the drama.—Final assault.—Capture of the Malakoff Tower by the French.—Repulse of the English at the Redan.—Evacuation of the town by Prince Gortschakoff.—Destruction of the fleet.—The fall of Sebastopol.

THE death of Lord Raglan caused the duties of commander-in-chief to devolve upon General Simpson, the chief of the staff, an experienced soldier, who had seen much service in various parts of the world, having been wounded at Waterloo, and acted as second in command to Sir Charles Napier in the war against the hill tribes of Scinde. The Government at home confirmed him in his office, and expressed confidence in his abilities and energy. The position of the allies at the beginning of July was as follows:—In the front they were pushing their advances to within a very short distance of the Russian defences. On the left of the plateau in front of the Quarantine and Flagstaff batteries, the division of the French army gradually drew nearer and nearer to the walls of the town. The English, in the centre of the attack, were working hard to carry forward their parallels towards the Redan, which, however, they were prevented, by the rocky nature of the ground and the formidable fire from that great work, from approaching too nearly. The French threw up batteries on the Mamelon, and were enabled, under cover of the guns of that work and the English batteries, to reach almost to the abattis of the Malakoff, some of the outer works of which were carried by the working parties. Having possession of one side of the Careening Bay, they threw up a strong work, which not only enfiladed the Malakoff, but prevented the Russian ships from occupying the position from which they had fired so fatally upon the occasion of the attack upon the Redan and previously. A large portion of the French army, under General Canrobert, accompanied by the Turks under Osman Pacha (Omer Pacha having been called to Constantinople, in consequence of the threatening aspect of affairs in Asia), and the larger portion of the English cavalry, moved out into the plain of Balaklava, and occupied the valley of the Tchernaya, thus doubling the area of ground occupied by the camp,—a proceeding highly essential, considering the large reinforcements which had recently arrived.

The Sardinians, who had on their first arrival encamped near Balaklava, and had suffered much from cholera and fever, also advanced into the valley, one division crossing the river and occupying the village of Tchorgoum. Altogether nearly 100,000 men, in excellent condition, were in the open field, ready to meet any attack the enemy might make, and as many more were before the town, to carry on the siege operations.

The months of July and August were assiduously employed in preparations for renewing the bombardment upon a scale hitherto unheard of in the annals of warfare. Mortars of an enormous size were brought up to the front, and stores of ammunition prepared of the most colossal character. Nor was the contingency of another winter in the field overlooked. An Army Works Corps, of skilled artisans and labourers, was formed and sent to the Crimea, and under their superintendence the railway, which had got somewhat out of order, was repaired, roads made, and a number of other works performed to relieve the toil of the soldiers. Nor were the Russians idle. A bridge of rafts was thrown across the harbour near Fort Paul, to facilitate the communication between the town and the forts on the north side, and immense convoys of provisions, stores, and reinforcements of men were daily brought in. In the field, the enemy occupied the Mackenzie heights and the country towards Baidar in great force; though there was every reason to believe that the soldiers suffered severely from want of food, the occupation of the Sea of Azov by the allies having interposed such serious difficulties in the way of procuring supplies.

Driven to desperation, as it would appear, rather than animated by any rational hope that they would be enabled to drive back the French and Sardinians from the position they held, and thus seriously embarrass the allies, the Russian army in the field, under the personal direction of Prince Gortschakoff, at early dawn on the morning of the 16th of August, advanced in great force from the hills beyond the Tchernaya, with the intention of offering battle. General Pelissier had some days previously received an intimation of the probability of an attack, and was accordingly prepared. The Sardinian outposts, for the first time brought into contact with the enemy, slowly withdrew to the main body, and gave the alarm of the Russian approach.

The enemy, in dense columns of infantry and cavalry, supported by 160 guns, advanced from the heights towards the river, here crossed by two bridges, the larger one being known as the Traktir Bridge. They carried pontoons, and appliances for crossing the stream; and there were also several places in which the Tchernaya was fordable. Favoured by the dim light of

early morning, they succeeded in throwing several battalions unobserved across the river, and attacking the division led by General Camon, on the extreme left of the French line. Though taken by surprise, the French made a brave resistance, and the 3rd Zouaves and 50th of the line, assisted by the 82nd, which attacked them in the flank, succeeded in repelling them with considerable loss.

In their second attempt the Russians were somewhat more successful. They advanced across the Traktir Bridge. The *tête du pont* was guarded by the 20th regiment of the line, who were too weak to offer any effective resistance. They bravely disputed the ground, and lost twelve officers before they would give way. The dense masses of the Russians now thronged across the bridge. In their train followed three guns, which were promptly got into position to sweep the road along which the French would advance. The infantry swarmed across the bridge, or waded breast high through the stream. Quickly forming into heavy columns, they advanced in gallant style up the hill in front of the French centre. General Herbillon was fully prepared for the attack, and the enemy was promptly met, and, after a very animated contest, driven back across the bridge by the 2nd Zouaves, the 97th of the line, and one battalion of the foot Chasseurs. The slaughter was terrific; the French and Sardinian guns playing on the retreating mass, and the French pursuing them in a vigorous bayonet charge.

The right of the French position occupied some low hillocks, defended in front by the river, and by the aqueduct used to supply the Turkish army with water. The Sardinian army was encamped on their right, and had manned a very effective battery. General Faucheux was the French commander at this portion of the line, and a considerable body of artillery was under his command. While the Russians were attacking the French centre, as already related, another column of enormous strength advanced across the river and aqueduct, and attacked the French right. The artillery and the rifles of the Sardinians made dreadful havoc in their ranks; but the Russian officers cheered on their men to the advance, and, in defiance of dreadful loss, charged gallantly the French position. The Zouaves, who held the brow of the hill, retired slowly to the main body, which was partially hidden by the nature of the ground, and the enemy came on with loud cheers, imagining an easy conquest. Then the French suddenly formed up into line, and charging forward with an impetuosity that defies description, literally crushed the enemy in their tremendous rush, and hurled them down the hill. Many rolled into the aqueduct and were suffocated; others had their limbs broken by the fall; and the main body turned and

fled precipitately towards the bridge. As the broken and flying mass poured onwards, the batteries opened upon them, and a scene of fearful massacre ensued. The bridge was choked with the troops endeavouring to pass across, and the river was crowded with the fugitives. Among them poured the iron hail of the Sardinian batteries; and when they struggled into the open ground, hundreds more fell mortally wounded. Never was there a more complete or ignominious defeat.

The remnants of the infantry withdrew behind the cavalry, and retreated to the hill; the Russian artillery covering them by a heavy fire against the French batteries. Prince Gortschakoff manœuvred his cavalry for some time in sight of the allies, hoping apparently to draw our dragoons in pursuit among the hills, where a second Balaklava massacre would probably have awaited them. General Scarlett, commanding the English cavalry division, eagerly proffered the services of his splendid warriors; but General Pelissier wisely declined to hazard such valuable troops in such a perilous adventure.

Towards evening the Russians drew off, leaving about 3,000 dead upon the field, and their wounded could not have amounted to less than 5,000. The French carried off in their ambulances, 1,626 soldiers and 33 officers, besides 400 prisoners. Among the dead was General Read, a very distinguished Russian officer, upon whose person was found a plan of the attack. The French lost 9 officers killed and 61 wounded, 172 men killed and 1,163 wounded, besides 146 missing. The gallant Sardinians, besides the death of General the Count of Montevecchio, sustained a loss of 250 men. The Turkish battalions arrived too late to take any part in the affair.

The battle of the Tchernaya, thus bravely won, was the third great assault upon our lines in the open field, which the Russians had attempted. At Inkermann they had been terribly defeated; at Balaklava they reaped but a barren advantage; and now, at Traktir Bridge, had sustained an enormous loss. Henceforth the allies were impregnable in their position, and the battle remained to be fought out beneath the guns of Sebastopol.

And there the battle *was* fought and won. We have arrived at the closing act of the great drama whose events we have undertaken to recount, and must now relate the story of the Fall of Sebastopol.

Such a fire opened from the batteries on the left French attack, on the morning of Wednesday, the 5th of September, exactly one year since the allies sailed from Varna on their desperate expedition, as had never been witnessed even by the veterans of that memorable siege. The approaches had been driven so close to the Russian lines, that at some points a

stone might easily have been thrown into the works of the defenders. At four o'clock in the morning three fougasses were hurled against the counterscarp of the Central Bastion, and on the signal of their explosion, a sheet of fire flashed from the line of French batteries, and a roar that shook the earth apprised the Russians that the deadly strife was begun. They appeared to be taken by surprise, for some little time elapsed before their guns replied. The thundering bombardment was continued on the left attack alone until a little after noon, and then the English in the centre, and the French before the Malakoff and along their line to the extreme right, took up the firing. The effect upon the town must have been immense. The Russian gunners replied bravely, returning volley for volley in quick response. When the smoke cleared for an instant, and permitted a glimpse of the harbour, it could be seen that the bridge of rafts connecting the northern side was crowded with vehicles and dense bodies of men, while numerous small boats glided about the harbour, in communication with the vessels and the shore. About eight o'clock in the evening, a burst of flame in the harbour threw a sudden glare upon the dark outline of the buildings of the town. A ship was on fire, and, fanned by the breeze, the flames quickly mounted, till hull and masts stood grandly out against the evening sky, in lurid magnificence. Shortly after midnight the decks fell in, and a pillar of flame shot aloft, and then a cloud of black smoke settled over the spot as the wreck sank. The cannonade had ceased at twilight only to be renewed on the following morning with unflagging vigour. During the Thursday, fires were observed in various parts of the town, and when the guns were silent for the day, the damage inflicted was apparent. The Malakoff had evidently suffered greatly; large portions of the abattis had been swept away, and many of the embrasures destroyed; the Redan was less damaged; but in the town itself the heaps of ruins, where previously rows of well-built edifices had stood, attested the severity of the storm of shot and shell to which they had been exposed. At five o'clock on the afternoon of Friday, another ship was discovered to be on fire, and several conflagrations were observed in the town. Shortly afterwards an explosion of the most appalling character occurred in a Russian magazine, which must have been disastrous in its effects. That the loss of the enemy was very great, from the severity of the bombardment, was amply attested by the long procession of wounded borne across the harbour. That night there was no cessation of the firing; and it became known throughout the camp that the assault was to be delivered on the following day.

Generals Pelissier and Simpson had arranged to commence the assault at noon on Saturday. The French were to commence by an attack on the Malakoff tower; if they established themselves in that work, the English were to throw themselves upon the Great Redan, while simultaneous assaults were to be made on the right on the Little Redan, towards Careening Bay, and on the extreme left on the Central Bastion and Flagstaff Battery. General Bosquet was entrusted with the direction of the Malakoff attack, which was to be approached on the left flank by General MacMahon, with a powerful corps of Zouaves, Chasseurs, and regiments of the line; the right attack on the Little Redan was to be led by General Dulac, who had a strong body of Chasseurs, and four line regiments, with another powerful force in reserve. General De la Motterouge, with five regiments, was to assault the middle of the curtain connecting these two works. General De la Salles conducted the assault on the extreme left. Five regiments, composing Levailant's division, were in front of the Central Bastion and its lunettes; while to its right, General D'Autemarre, with Niel's and Breton's brigades, were to penetrate in the track of Levailant's division, and seize the Mast Bastion. The Sardinians, anxious to share in the honours of the day, contributed a brigade under the orders of General Cialdini, which was to attack in conjunction with D'Autemarre's division. Finally, ten regiments, under the command of Generals Bouat and Paté, with some troops from Kamiesch, were held in reserve, ready for immediate action. On each attack, a competent number of sappers were provided with materials to form bridges, and handy tools; and the gunners had abundant implements for the spiking of guns; field artillery was also posted in commanding positions to render any assistance the fortunes of the day might render necessary.

The English storming party was comprised of detachments from the light and second divisions. General Codrington, of the light division, assisted by General Markham, commanding the second, had the direction of the assault. The first stormers, 1,000 men, were selected in equal numbers from each division, Colonel Unett and Windham leading. The Highland brigade and Guards were ordered up to the post as a reserve. General Herbillon, commanding the French *corps d'armée* on the Tchernaya, had made every preparation to meet any attack which might be made by the Russian army of observation; but the enemy had experienced the prowess of the allies in the open field too bitterly again to attempt defeat.

Early in the morning, squadrons of cavalry took position on the roads leading from Balaklava and Kadikoi to the camp, to prevent stragglers and spectators from crowding to the front.

and impeding the movements of the troops engaged in the assault. Every precaution, too, was observed to prevent the enemy from having any intimation of the movements of the soldiers. Parapets were heightened, and the regiments, French and English, moved up before daylight, with such promptness and secrecy that many even in the camp were unaware of the nature of the contemplated operations.

The plan of attack had originally included the co-operation of the fleet, but a brisk gale from the north-west forbade them to leave their anchorage; and except some French and English gunboats, which did good service in throwing shells and rockets into the forts, the sailors were unwillingly mere spectators of the fray.

Precisely at twelve o'clock General MacMahon's division left the French trenches, which were within a few yards of the Malakoff tower, and advanced rapidly up the rugged and steep ascent. It proved that very great damage had been inflicted on the tower, and nearly all the guns dismounted. In a few minutes, with the loss of only one man, the French had leaped into the work, and the tricolour waved triumphantly on the summit of this great fort—the key to the town. The Russians contested their ground with great bravery, renewing again and again their attacks, but every time repulsed with enormous loss. General Bosquet was early wounded, and retired from the field.

The signal was now given by General Pelissier for the commencement of the English assault on the Redan; and the first stormers, led by Major Welsford of the 97th, and Captain Grove of the 90th, dashed from the trenches, followed by the remainder of the troops. The great work was distant about 250 yards, and the ground was so broken that it was impossible to preserve order. The enemy, who had been taken by surprise by the suddenness of the French attack upon the Malakoff, were now thoroughly aroused, and manned every gun. Showers of grape and shell poured among our men as they struggled across the open space; General Shirley, the brigadier of the light division, was compelled to retire, and hundreds were shot down. When the foremost men reached the Redan, the ladders were too short to reach the breach; but in spite of every obstacle our brave fellows climbed the broken walls, and poured into the salient angle of the work. Major Welsford was shot down as he entered the Redan. Colonel Windham, with his brigade of the second division, followed quickly after, and in a few moments the triangular apex of the work was thronged with men. Then a new obstacle presented itself. An inner work commanded the position, and a terrible array of embrasures

frowned upon the assailers. For the first time English troops quailed before an enemy's fire, and notwithstanding the daring courage of Colonel Windham and the other officers, retreated to such cover as they could obtain, maintaining an ineffective fire from their muskets. In vain Colonel Windham hurried from side to side, crossing with amazing courage the line of fire, and endeavoured to form his men for another assault. The few who answered his appeal were swept away by the terrible fire of the enemy. For nearly two hours was the little band exposed to such a fearful risk; and from some unaccountable remissness no reinforcements were sent. Three messengers were sent by Colonel Windham, but all were wounded in the attempt to reach General Codrington. At length the dauntless colonel resolved to go himself; and passing across the open space, succeeded in obtaining the desired help. It was too late; the men inside the work, unable longer to hold their position, were in full retreat; and the Russians, pouring out of their cover, charged them with the bayonet, till the ditch was filled with the bodies of the English soldiers.

While the English attack was thus disastrous, the French assaults on the Little Redan and the Central Bastions were equally unsuccessful. The divisions of Dulac and De la Motterouge three times carried the works to which they were exposed, only to be repulsed by the heavy fire of the inner defences, and of the steamers, which ran up, and poured their broadsides into the ranks. General De la Salles, on the extreme left, attacked with great energy the Central Bastion; but the intense fire to which his division was exposed daunted his men, many of whom were fresh troops, unused to the stern realities of battle; and after a sanguinary struggle, he was forced to abandon the attempt. General Pelissier having obtained possession of the Malakoff, suspended farther attacks; and, at length, night closed in, leaving the armies in anxious expectation of the events of the morrow.

It was the intention of General Simpson to renew the assault on the Redan with the Highlanders and Guards on the next morning. When daylight broke, a few soldiers crept forward to seek for wounded comrades, and found the work was deserted! In a brief space, flames arose from every quarter of the town; and long lines of troops could be seen passing to the north forts. Then tremendous explosions rent the air—the great forts on the south side were exploded; and, covered by a conflagration which effectually prevented pursuit, Prince Gortschakoff evacuated the town. A few hours later, and the ships in the harbour—the steamers excepted (and a few days afterwards they, too, shared the same fate)—burst into flames, or were scuttled, and sank

slowly beneath the waters of the once crowded inlet of the sea, where had ridden the fleet with which Russia hoped to rule the Euxine, and from which had darted forth the murderers of Sinope.

In this final assault the English lost no fewer than 29 officers and 356 men killed, and 124 officers and 1,762 men wounded; 1 officer and 175 men were missing: total of casualties, 2,447. The French suffered a loss of 5 generals killed, 4 wounded, and 6 hurt; 24 superior officers killed, 20 wounded, and 2 missing; 116 subaltern officers killed, 224 wounded, and 8 missing; 1,489 sub-officers and soldiers killed, 4,259 wounded, and 1,400 missing: total, 7,551. The Russians admit a loss on the last day of the assault of 2,684 killed, 7,263 wounded, and 1,754 missing. Between the battle of the Tchernaya and the opening of the final bombardment, they lost 18,000 men.

Thus did Sebastopol fall! The strongest fortress in the world, garrisoned by the most colossal military power, after a siege unexampled in modern history, had succumbed to the efforts of the armies of the Western Powers. Three great battles had been fought beneath its walls, and four bombardments of hitherto unknown fierceness had been directed against its bastions. The siege occupied very nearly twelve months; and more than 100,000 men must have perished by wounds and disease in and before its walls.

The besieging army had, in its different attacks, about 800 guns mounted, which fired more than 1,600,000 rounds, and the approaches, dug during 336 days, of open trenches through a rocky ground, to an extent of fifty-four English miles, were made under the constant fire of the place, and with incessant combats by day and night. During the siege we employed no less than 80,000 gabions, 60,000 fascines, and nearly 1,000,000 earth bags.

To the French unquestionably is due the honour of its capture; but who can forget the courage which the English exhibited, the fortitude they displayed, or the sufferings they endured? The first victories of that eventful year are claimed by British valour, and if at the last they failed, let us remember there are some tasks no ability can execute, some difficulties no skill can surmount, and some opposition no valour can subdue.

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